

America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

MARCH

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HOLLYWOOD,
LOVE YOU!

By J. P. McEvoy

CHEVALIER'S SECRET :: THE STARS SELECT *their own* FAVORITES

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Helen Ludlam : Benjamin De Casseres : Rosa Reilly



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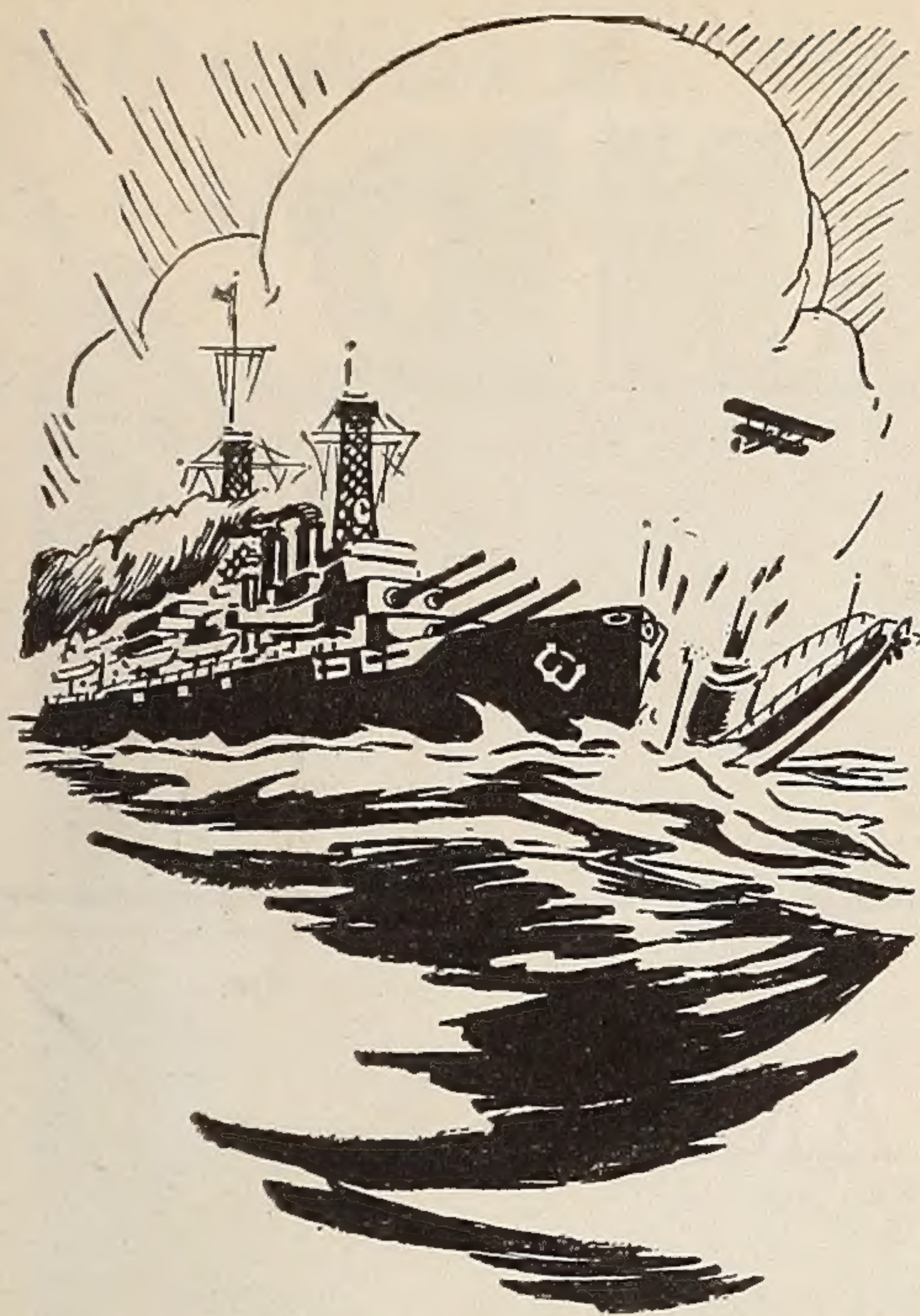
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JOHN FORD'S "MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"

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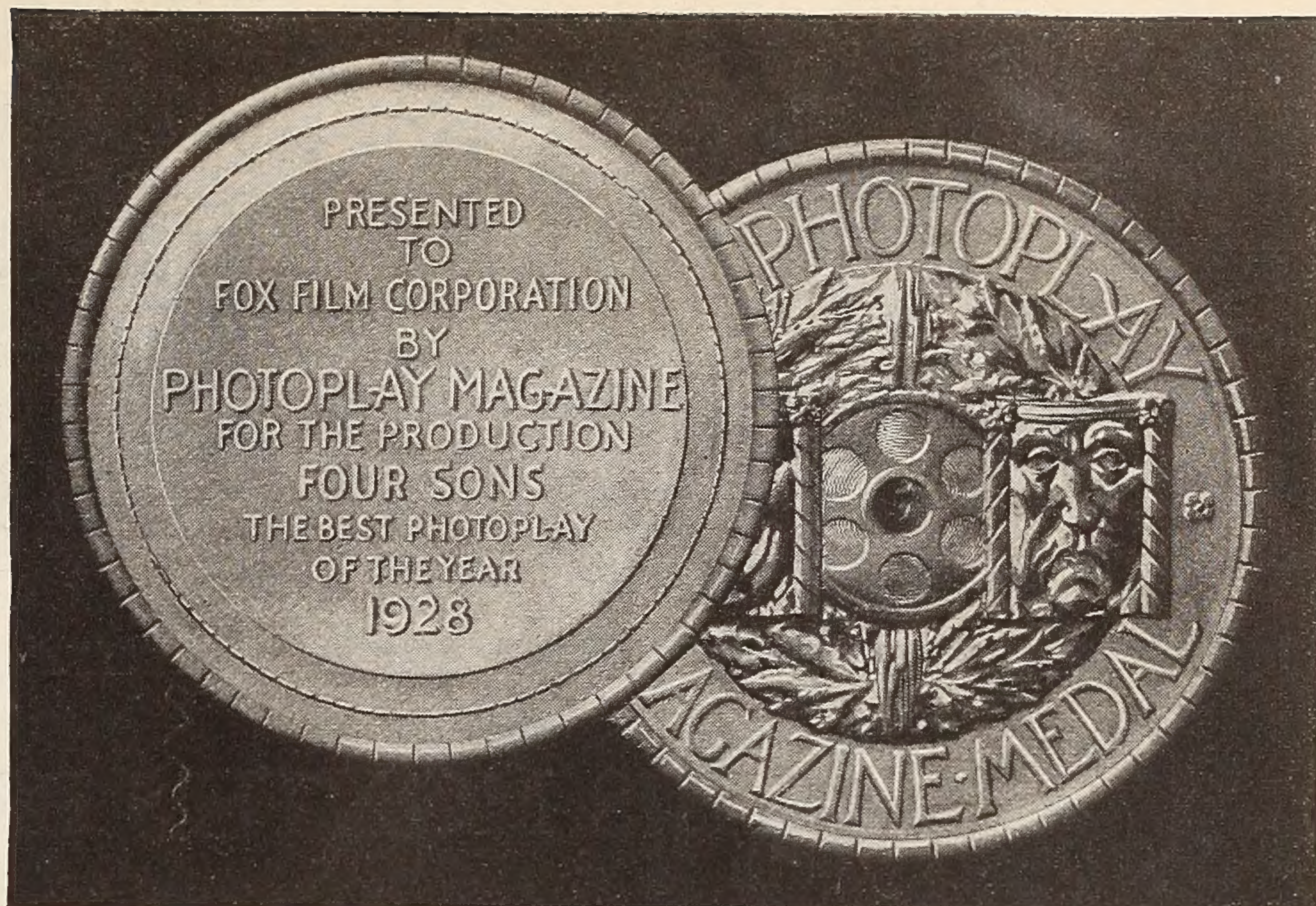


Sixteen men are caught in a disabled submarine. Faced with inevitable death, all their talk and thoughts center on the eternal subject—women. The amours of a thousand nights flash across memory's mirror. Then in the supreme, climactic moment, when one man must die to save the rest—woman is revealed as the motivating force that sends the hero to his sacrificial death.

But not a woman appears in the cast! This is a picture of *men* and their varying reactions to the elemental urge of the Universe, persisting even in the face of death itself!

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"—without a doubt John Ford's finest achievement—will be remembered as one of the greatest pictures the screen has ever known. Don't miss this

FOX
MOVIETONE



AGAIN THE HONORS GO TO FOX

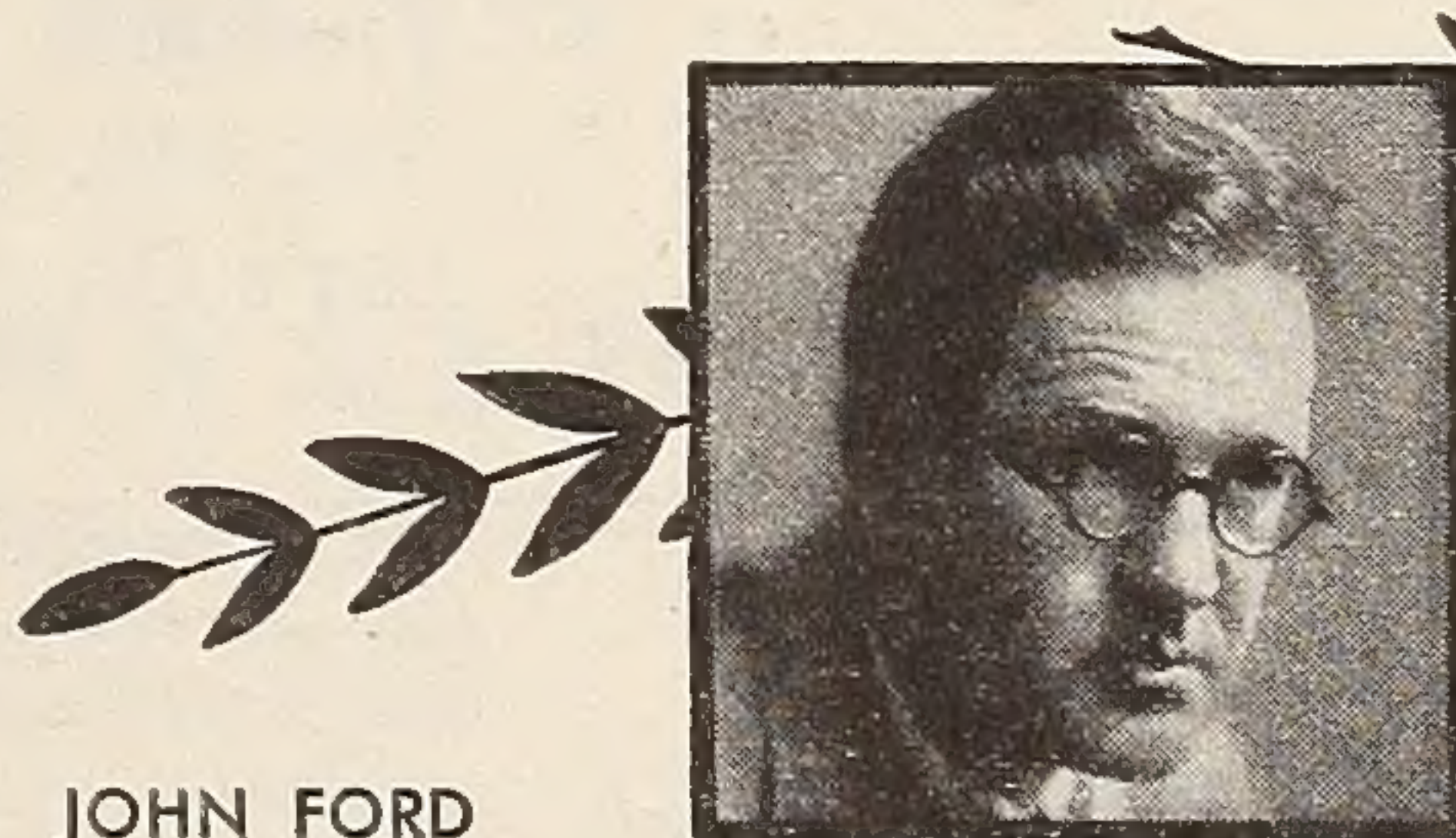
For the second time in two years, Fox has been awarded the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the finest motion picture of the year. This is the first time any producer has ever won this award twice in succession.

Awarded on the basis of an actual poll of its readers, Photoplay's Gold Medal is literally a symbol of the approval of a most important and critical portion of the great motion picture loving public.

Last year this significant award for the most distinguished picture of the year was won by Frank Borzage's Fox production, "7th Heaven".

And now another Fox picture—John Ford's outstanding artistic achievement, "Four Sons"—has received the award.

Although the winning of the Gold Medal for two successive years is an unprecedented achievement, the Fox organization is not resting on its laurels. The obligation to live up to the standard set in the past will continue to be its inspiration to still finer achievement in the future. Expect great things of Fox!



JOHN FORD

Director of this year's Gold Medal winner "Four Sons". He will also be long remembered for his direction of "The Iron Horse", "The Black Watch" and "Salute".



FRANK BORZAGE

Director of "7th Heaven" and "Humoresque", first Photoplay Gold Medal winner—not to overlook "Street Angel", "They Had to See Paris", and John McCormack's first singing and talking romance, now in production.

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

March, 1930

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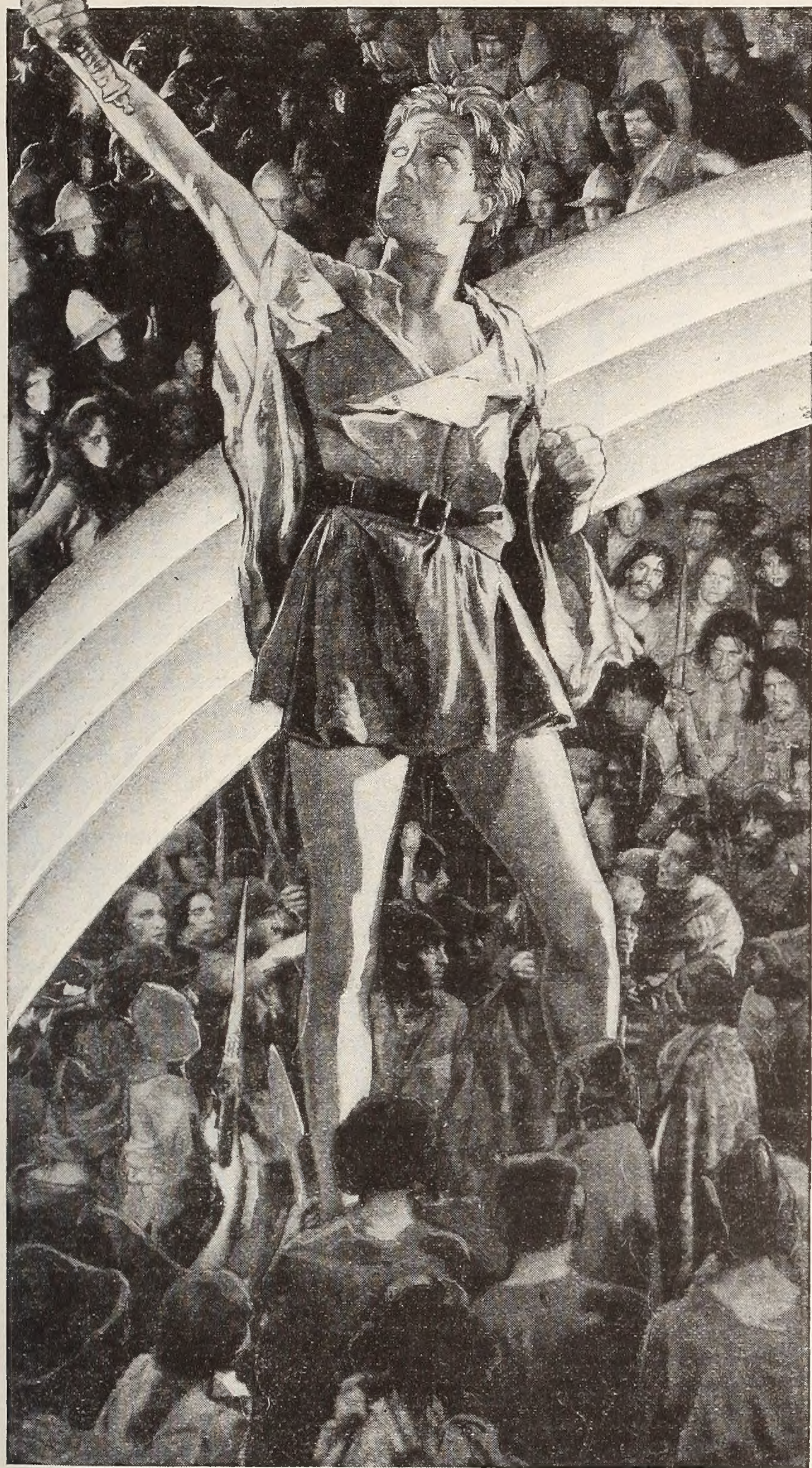
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**“Onward, onward swords against the foe!
Forward, forward the lily banners go!”**



IT lives again! — the thundering throb of “Song of the Vagabonds,” in the glorious golden voice of Dennis King, star of Paramount’s all-color musical romance, “The Vagabond King”! Once the greatest triumph of the Broadway stage, now the supreme triumph of the talking, singing screen — Paramount’s New Show World. ¶ Blazing with gorgeous Technicolor throughout . . . vibrant with stirring melodies . . . packed with thrills and adventure, excitement, romance! ¶ With Broadway’s favorite romantic stars, Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald in the leading roles, and a great cast. The New Show World of Paramount at its most brilliant height! ¶ And only Paramount, with matchless resources and unrivaled manpower, could unfold before your eyes this glittering panorama of song, color and romance in all the blazing glory of the original, the greatest of all musical romances! ¶ Don’t miss the outstanding eye-and-ear treat of the year. Ask your Theatre Manager now when he is planning to show “The Vagabond King”. “If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!”



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“THE VAGABOND KING”

WITH

JEANETTE MACDONALD

Warner Oland and O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Ludwig Berger Production. From “If I Were King” by Justin Huntley McCarthy and “The Vagabond King” by William H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph Friml.

Paramount  **Pictures**

SOUND NEWS

By
Evelyn
Ballarine



Forecasting the Picture Program

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FOR YOUR
EYES

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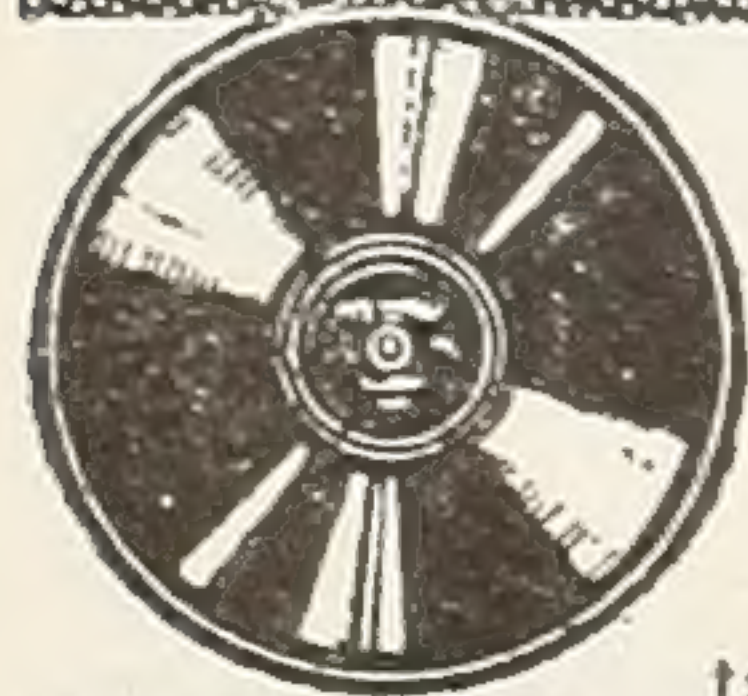
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THE PRONUNCIAPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 6323, Chicago

THE most interesting bit of news circulating around is that George Bernard Shaw's play "The Devil's Disciple" has been purchased by Paramount for Dennis King, with Ernst Lubitsch to direct. This is interesting because in the past Mr. Shaw has refused to allow his plays to be made into pictures. Apparently the talkies did the trick. We sincerely hope that Mr. Shaw and Paramount go through with the plans and produce "The Devil's Disciple" and that it won't be just another idle rumor.

Lillian Gish is said to be headed for Europe for a conference with Eugene O'Neill. She may do "Strange Interlude" as her next talkie, or perhaps it will be an original screen story written especially for her. The screen is going highbrow at a rapid rate.

John Gilbert's next starring vehicle will be Ernest Hemingway's novel of the war, "Farewell to Arms," considered one of the best books of the year. It is highly possible that this may turn out to be the talkie "Big Parade."

Frances Dade has been selected as the feminine lead opposite Ronald Colman in "Raffles." Of course, you've never heard of her—but you will. She is the newest screen Cinderella. She is only eighteen years old and has only played extra parts in pictures. Her screen test was successful and now Miss Dade is starting on the road to screen success. Bon Voyage!

Players have to be linguists as well as good actors these days. Claudette Colbert was selected for the feminine lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond" because she can speak French. There's a nice fat rôle waiting for a character actress who can speak both Italian and English fluently, for George Bancroft's next, "Ladies Love Brutes." Most of the stars are studying foreign languages. Lois Moran speaks several, and she'll be given a chance to prove it in her next talkie. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are taking Spanish lessons. The same applies to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. They are making Spanish versions of all their very funny comedies. Victor McLaglen is studying French. Antonio Moreno's accent proved valuable to him. He plays a French-Canadian, and a villain, in "The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted," with George O'Brien and Helen Chandler.

Seven foreign nationalities, a whole League of Nations, are presented in "One

Mad Kiss." Don Jose Mojica, the star, is Mexican; Mona Maris, leading lady, is a native of Argentine; Tom Patricola is of Italian birth, Antonio Moreno was born in Spain; Marcel Silver, director, is a native of France; Frank Merlin, stage director; was born in Ireland; and Alexander Kahle, cameraman, was born in Prussia. And yet it has been said that the talkies were eliminating foreigners!

The vogue for westerns continues. The newest cowboy of the screen is none other than William Haines—and not one of the drug-store variety either. He's going to be a real out-door he-man in his next. Paramount is making "The Border Legion" with Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Fred Kohler. Gary Cooper is to make "The Texan" as his next. This will serve as a companion vehicle to "The Virginian."

Sue Carol captured one of the most sought-after rôles of this season—the lead in "The Golden Calf." And for two good reasons—according to Director Millard Webb, the measurements of Sue's legs are nearly perfect.

Mitchell Lewis is one talkie player who doesn't have to worry about memorizing his lines. He plays a deaf mute in Rod La Rocque's next, "Strictly Business."

Lila Lee is a close runner-up to Betty Compson for talkie rôles. No sooner do these girls complete a film for one studio than they are rushed into another for another company. Warner Brothers have cornered both of them for "His Woman" with Monte Blue and Jack Mulhall.

William Powell holds the record for having played in the most mystery dramas. He was Philo Vance in several of the screen versions of S. S. Van Dine's novels. His next is the lead in Rupert Hughes' mystery novel, "Ladies Man."

Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray are completing their third co-starring picture, "Song of the Flame." "No, No, Nanette" and "Spring is Here" are the others.

Joe Cook is the latest Broadwayite to desert the bright lights for the western front. "Rain or Shine," his stage success, will be his first contribution to the talkies.

Here's something to cheer about—Milton Sills is fully recovered from his nervous break-down and is looking for a suitable story for his come-back.

And Rin-Tin-Tin has made his last barkie—he is retiring from the screen.

John
BARRYMORE
*Yesterday a speechless shadow--
To-day a vivid, living person--
thanks to*
VITAPHONE

Until you've heard him in "General Crack" you can but guess at the full force of the flaming personality that is the *real* John Barrymore.

Not figuratively, but literally, John Barrymore "comes to life" in "General Crack".

For here for the first time, Vitaphone restores the pent-up power of the thrilling voice that made him the star of stars of the speaking stage... And resplendent scenes in COLOR show you what he really looks like as he storms recklessly into the vortex of cyclonic romance and adventure, breaking heads and hearts and sweeping monarchs from their thrones to suit a gypsy whim!

This tense and virile love story from George Preedy's famous novel, has been dressed by Warner Bros. in extravagantly sumptuous trappings to celebrate this greatest of all Vitaphone events.

THE STAR of STARS of the SPEAKING STAGE

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HIS *first* TALKING PICTURE!



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"General Crack" is another example of the treats that await you every week at theatres that feature Vitaphone pictures, produced exclusively by
WARNER BROS. and
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MOVIES *in the* AIR

When Screen and Broadcasting Studios Get Together

By Julia Sharwell

RECENT consideration of plans for the establishment of a government radio university in Washington at an estimated cost of \$10,000,000 has an important bearing not only upon the radio industry but upon the movies so far as the improvement and advancement of the talkies are concerned. It affects everybody and every company in both industries. It has a direct bearing on the financial futures of Adolph Zukor, Joseph Schenck, Sam Goldwyn and the Warners. It affects the careers of Clara Bow, Billy Haines, Buddy Rogers, Greta Garbo and all the rest. It has an influence on the directorial efforts of Lubitsch, D'Arrast, Milestone, Vidor, Crosland and all the other megaphone wielders. It is one of the most important steps taken since radio and the movies learned they were related and actually dependent upon one another.

While the plans have been temporarily shelved on the advice of commercial leaders who were called to the conference at the capital, the object has not been abandoned. The construction of a radio university has been postponed because the heads of the big radio groups throughout the country insisted that the industry has not sufficiently progressed to warrant any government outlay of such proportions at this time. Their idea is to keep experimentation in the hands of private organizations and groups or to leave the educational phases to institutions of general learning.

Such an idea has its good and bad features. No doubt the remuneration possible in private exploitation is an incentive which any governmental benevolent move might not have. And yet the control of scientific development and research in the hands of a few big companies has its dangers also.

The general public idea of a radio university is an institution for gray-haired scientists to act as professors of young men who are desirous of becoming gray-haired scientists as quickly as the years will permit, and where terribly involved problems, mysterious and impossible to the layman, are studied. That, as they say on the Hollywood lots, is just an order of bologna! Such a school would certainly take an altruistic attitude on technical research now going on under the financial guidance of companies controlling radio patents, and therefore controlling movie equipment.

But there would also be a less detached and more practical purpose for such a school. It would tend to improve the mechanics of voice recording and transmission so that foreign sounds in projection would be eliminated, so that feminine voices would record with more personality, so that camera movement would not be so

stilted to meet the microphone requirements. It would advance the whole business of vocalized picture making. It would train men as talkie directors and would educate technicians so that they would use to full advantage such inventions and experiments as have been made and are now owned by the electric and radio companies.

The present trouble is that the mechanical equipment for the talkies has been developed in advance of its use. Experts familiar with the equipment know nothing of camera technique and the veterans of the silent days are just learning what to do with the new appliances on their sets.

When M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, was asked for his opinion he voted against the idea of a radio college at this time on the ground that radio education had not advanced to any degree which would call for a government appropriation for such a purpose. Aylesworth represented the most powerful interests in the field. The N.B.C. through its connections with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the Radio Corporation of America and with the General Electric Company has been the biggest factor in developing every branch of the industry. He, more than any other man, was in a position to know conditions at this time. And yet, neither Secretary Wilbur nor any other government official could expect Mr. Aylesworth to approve of any public, general scheme which might interfere with

the private experimental pursuits now going on within the companies associated with his great broadcast chain.

Warren H. Pierce, educational director of the Columbia chain, suggests the creation of a division of education by radio in the office of education at the Interior Department.

When talkies came into the films, the movie industry was a baby crawling on its hands and knees to another alien industry which it had considered its arch enemy. It had to go to radio not only for its mechanical equipment which made talkies possible but it had to draw from the same field all its technicians. Talkies are not in the third year of their consistent commercial existence and yet great developments made for their improvement have come out of the laboratories of those electric companies associated with the radio groups.

Men who had grown up with the movies were novices in a new field. The most important directors were apprentices in the voice-recording rooms. Talented actresses didn't know the little tricks which song-plugging females had accumulated in the broadcast studios and which brought out the voice appeal. The film executives were dealing with a new force about which they knew nothing except its tremendous commercial possibilities. In the first few months of making talkies in Hollywood, the radio men brought on from the research laboratories of the east were the tin gods. A sixty-dollar a week radio operator who got no consideration in his own field was a personage in the flicker studios where even his limited knowledge gave him the edge on brainy men who were new at dealing with microphones.

That was the period for the establishment of classes and schools. I remember one day being taken through Fox Movietone City out in California. Architecturally and mechanically it is a fine accomplishment. I was impressed by the amazing speed with which Fox and the other companies had corralled the new medium.

But I had seen my first broadcast studio before I was sixteen and had closely followed the growth of broadcasting ever since, so that technical appliances which were a marvel to these celluloid moguls were an old story to me. If they had been with me on the roof of the old Westinghouse building in Newark when WJZ was the only eastern station and when we had to crowd into little cubby holes on the roof to speak into crude mechanism which transmitted voices over wireless waves, they would have known the money, brains and time which had gone into the improving of radio transmission and sound recording.

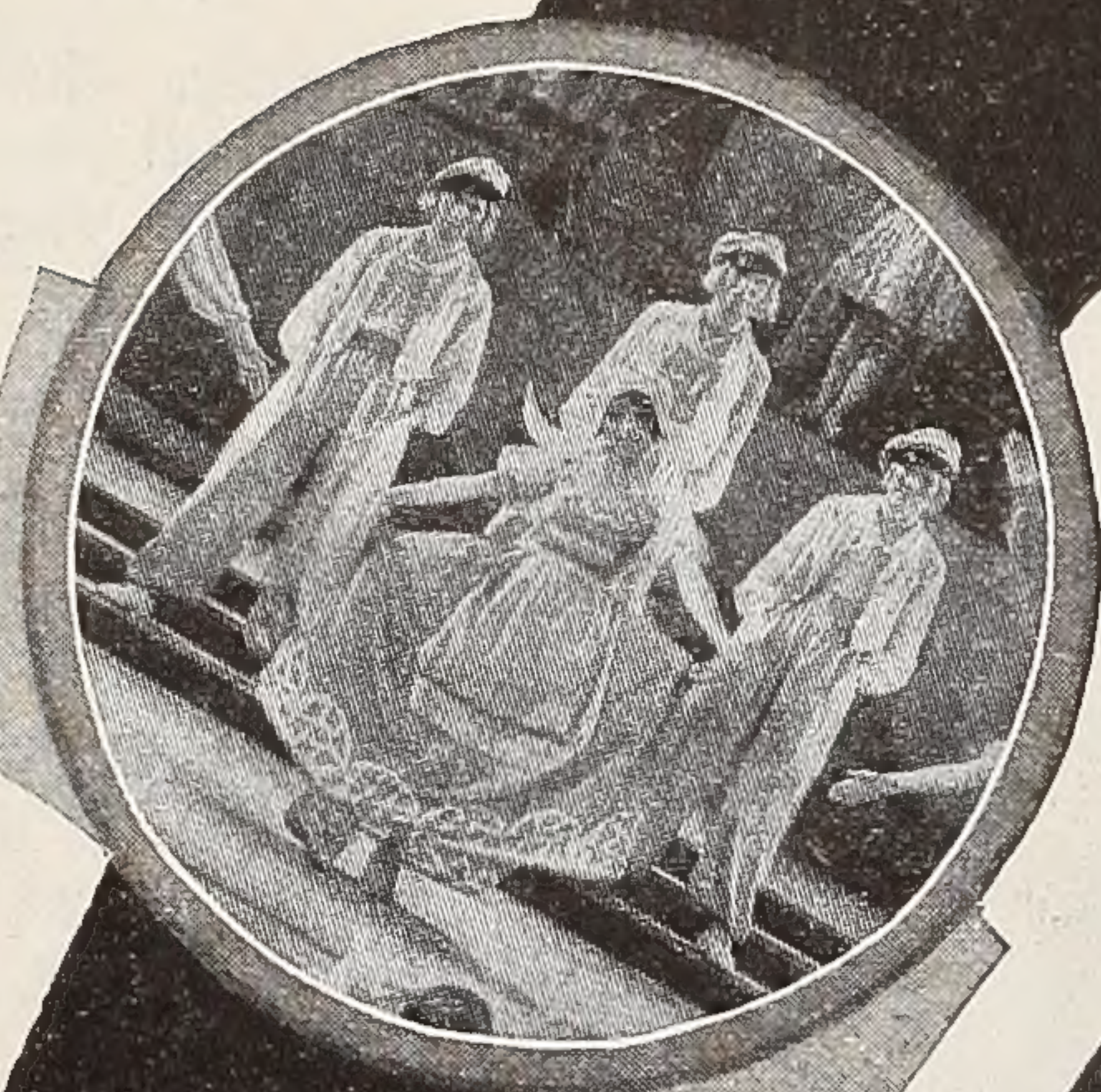
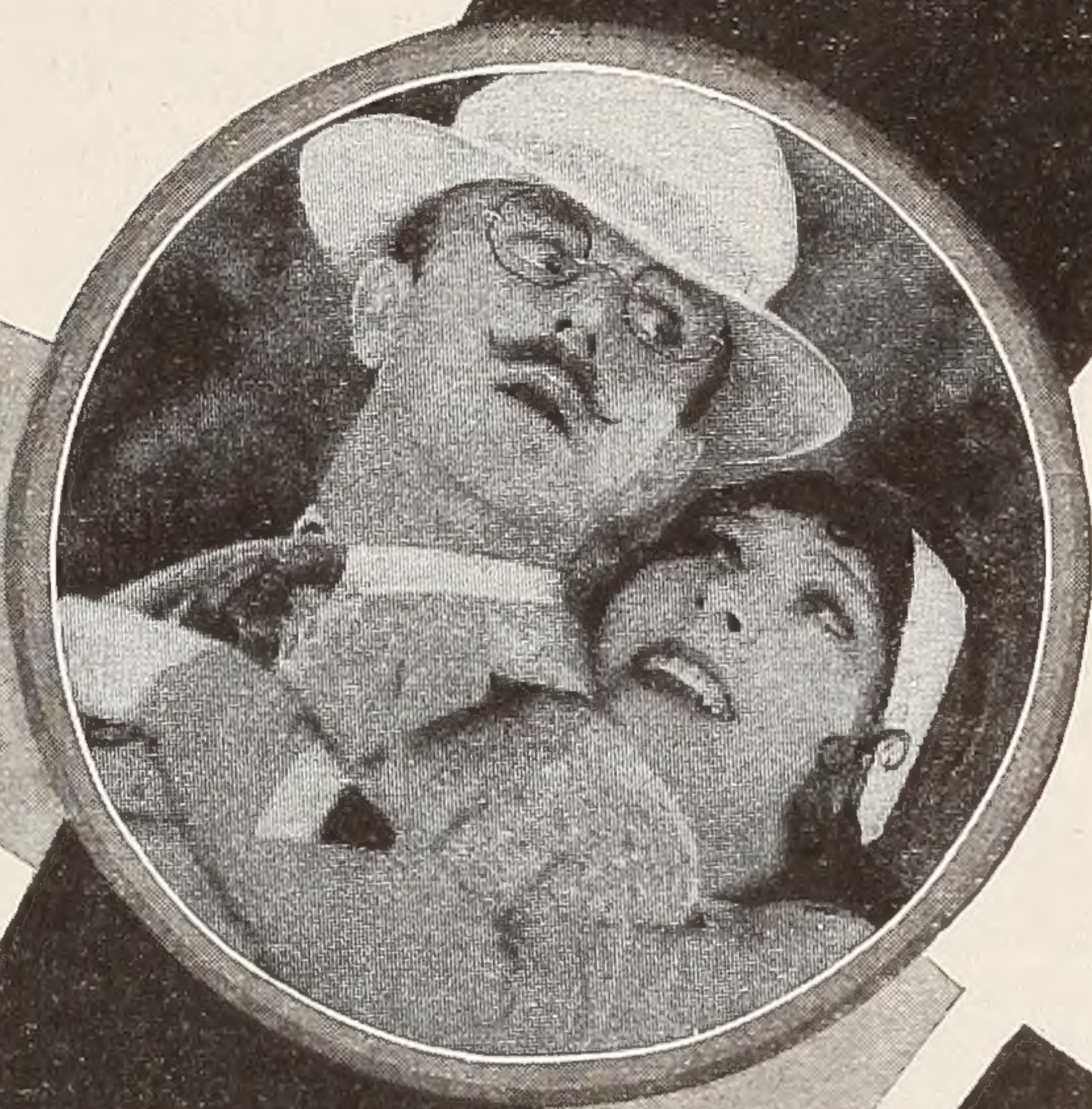


Helen Kane is a radio favorite as well as a screen star. Her inimitable songs delight all audiences.

Here it comes!—The hit that made "Tea for Two" a national anthem . . . The smash that shattered all musical romance records in its one-year run on Broadway . . . Brought to you on the screen in all its glory—and more!—More girls—more song-hits—more stars—more stupendous settings than the stage production! . . .

A unique round-the-world romance with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray—convulsing comedy by Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, and Lucien Littlefield—studded with the most sumptuous song-and-dance scenes ever filmed, in full COLOR! . . .

Directed by Clarence Badger. From the musical comedy by Frank Mandel, Otto Harbach, Vincent Youmans, Emil Nyitray. . .



"NO!"

NO!



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NANETTE

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CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

Movies have a definite place in the lives of my husband and myself. Along with the other items of our budget are listed two shows a week. We believe this to be as necessary an item as any of the others.

If my husband has had a day of business worries, we choose a gay, laughing picture. If something is being featured of a more dramatic type and both of us are feeling fit, we go to that. Again, we choose a picture because of the fine music—whatever fits our mood. If my husband likes a player and I do not, we compromise by going as his taste dictates on one occasion and as mine the next. Always, we 'dollar up' a bit and feel that it's our evening out. When we come home, we discuss the picture, its good points and its defects.

Movies fill a part in our lives. We have no home because my husband's business requires us to move often; so, like seeking old friends, we hunt our movie favorites. They play the parts and we look on—but there is a kinship between us. Their emotions are ours. They triumph and fail and begin again as we do.

Mrs. Leslie Johnson,
General Delivery,
Louisville, Kentucky.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

"There's so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To speak ill of the rest of us."

The behaviorist says we are no better than the good we do, but we all have a sneaking idea that we are much better than the bad we do. This touch of nature makes movie fans kin. We differ about plays and players, of course, for we attribute to others our own qualities and adore in others our own ideals.

Quite recently I was criticized by a dear soul who had her doubts about a girl who spends time and money going to shows when she might be learning something useful. Movie fans, however, are not troubled by doubts, inhibitions or suppressions. They live all their potentialities—scale the heights with heroes and lovers, plumb the depths with villains and fools, and learn that goodness is loving-kindness; that happiness doesn't happen, it's created; that morality is a matter of common sense, and freedom the power to choose.

Dorothy Dickson,
514 South Seaward Avenue,
Ventura, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

The writers in this department express from many and varied viewpoints their reactions to the talkie pictures of today.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes March 10, 1930. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

But perhaps no one can really appreciate them as one who has spent several years in a state of semi-invalidism.

To have the best part of one's youth snatched away and replaced with a long dreary procession of sanitariums and health treatments; to be always fighting down a restless spirit that strains impatiently at the bonds of physical ailments; to want with all one's heart life with its beauty and adventure—to have everything, seemingly, taken from one! Yet, on very special and gala occasions I can and do, go out to a movie and, for a few hours, forget.

Oh, glamorous people of the screen, I



Garbo is a star about whom the fans never tire of talking—and writing. Here is Greta in a scene from her first speakie, "Anna Christie."

love you all! You bring us with your gay laughter the things we might have lost. You bring life to us when, perchance, we could never go to meet it.

Kathryn J. Chisman,
Canastota, N. Y.
R.D. 4.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

Foreign lands, foreign skies, and all that savors of the exotic hold a peculiar fascination for all. There is in each of us, to a greater or lesser extent, the longing to set sail on strange seas and an unsatiable desire to learn about this world of ours. As Emerson so fittingly said, "Every ship is a romantic object except that we sail in." We crave the new, the varied.

Motion pictures have brought to us the people, the scenes of faraway lands. To those who eke out their living in noisy factories, who cannot afford to visit other places, who, at the end of a day amid whirling machines that gradually sap their vitality are too weary to improve their minds by reading, pictures are a blessing.

Instead of dry text books we glance at the silver screen and there is depicted for us great historical events.

Besides being of great historical and educational value, pictures bring a relaxation that is invaluable. All our moods can be satisfied, there are tears and laughter for all.

Educationally, historically, morally—what a god-send!

Marian Virginia McFetridge,
Box 579,
Eustis, Florida.

'Beyond Our Ken'

I am particularly interested in pictures which have been adapted from the world's great books. And as I have traveled over the world a great deal, I take great interest in a picture which has a distant field, or is based on some romantic or historical event.

When I read and later saw "The Divine Lady" my mind recalled the vivid blue of the Mediterranean, the lure of its ships. The characters were portrayed true to life and one's imagination was carried beyond the present into the great beyond.

When I saw Tolstoy's "Resurrection" I thought of those trails in Siberia, with vast prairies of snow stretching far, where I had been for twelve months. And I thought that nothing was more beautiful than "White Shadows in the South Seas," once a paradise to me.

When I saw these pictures I lived over again happy years of the past for, as Rudyard Kipling writes:

"When you hear the East a-calling
You won't ever heed nothing else."

To read about these things, to see the scenes portrayed is wonderful; but when we



The Fountain of Youth— is Mirth

PONCE de LEON made an old man of himself searching restlessly for the Fountain of Youth. He might have stayed young and happy many years more, in his own sunny Spain, if he had *only learned to laugh.*

Mack Sennett is a wiser and a happier man. He recognized that Laughter is the Fountain of Youth, and he has tapped this golden

spring for an endless stream of mirth that will help to keep you young.

Have you seen and heard Sennett's latest talking comedies—"Clancy at the Bat," "The New Halfback," "Uppercut O'Brien" and "Scotch"? In these and in *Educational's* many other talking comedies you'll find a real Fountain of Youth, as near as your favorite theatre.

MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES

These Jack White Productions mix speed and thrills with laughs.

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TALKING COMEDIES**

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**JACK WHITE
TALKING COMEDIES**

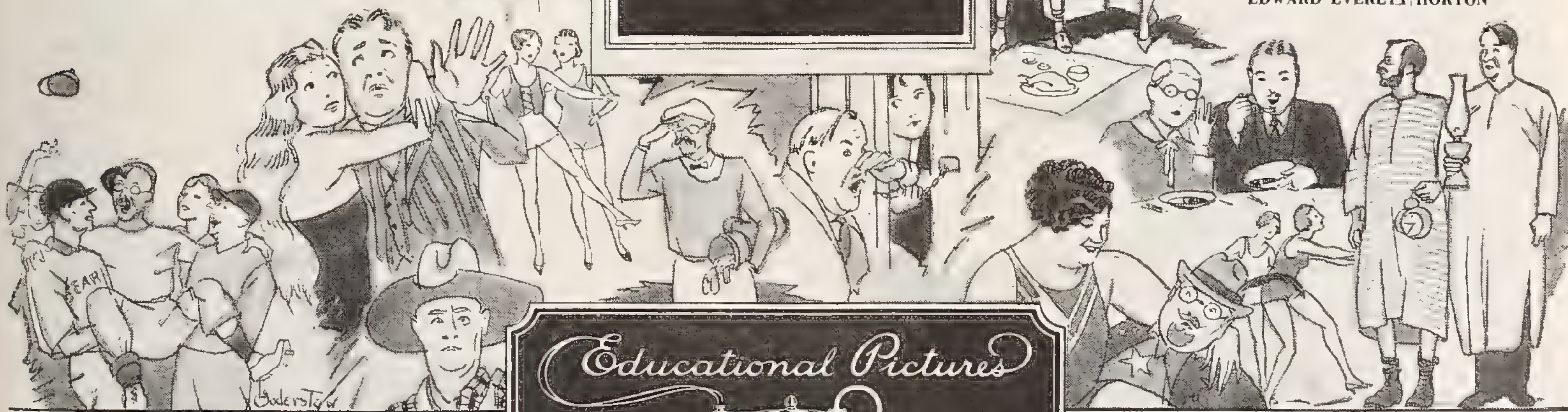


You'll find your favorite stars, too, in *Educational's* Talking Comedies.

**LLOYD HAMILTON
TALKING COMEDIES**

**LUPINO LANE
TALKING COMEDIES**

**CORONET
TALKING COMEDIES**
with
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON



Educational Pictures

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive Offices:
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

have actually seen the scenes we are indeed 'carried beyond our ken.'

Herbert Warner,
2139 W. 111th St.,
Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

A Tribute to "Disraeli"

Of the more serious type of picture seen this year, "Disraeli" is outstanding. "Hallelujah" I believe, would come next. George Arliss as *Disraeli* was perfect. Never have I heard the English language so liquidly and perfectly spoken. His acting too, was beyond criticism. He was at once clever, brilliant and witty; then with dazzling quickness he was a commanding, imperialist Prime Minister whom one hastened to obey. Mrs. Arliss as *Lady Beaconsfield* was as lovely as she could possibly be—and the juvenile rôles—if one may call them that, were portrayed to perfection.

Pictures after the type of "Disraeli" with historical background and a plot that concerns nations and men of importance, make an ideal subject. And when such great actors as Arliss portray the parts, the result is something for producers to brag about!

Edward H. Connors Jr.,
Rumford, R. I.

Wants Foreign Stars Silent

Because of talking pictures we have lost one of the greatest actors who ever lived—Emil Jannings; and a very great actress, Pola Negri.

Pictures, more rightly called classics, "The Way of All Flesh," "The Patriot," "Forbidden Paradise," "La Bohème," "The Scarlet Letter" have given way to bits of nonsense like "Three Week Ends," "Wild Party" and "Broadway Babies."

Please, Mr. Producers, give us silent pictures like "A Woman of Affairs," "Where East is East," "Dream of Love" and "West of Zanzibar." They are more glamorous and colorful than any talkie of their kind



George Arliss' distinguished interpretation of "Disraeli" has made that film one of the most popular pictures ever released.

could ever be.

Give us Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Vilma Banky and Nils Asther silent. They are all fascinating—but I shudder to think of their speaking English. And please bring back our Pola and Emil Jannings.

Ruth Whitman,
2102 Grape St.,
Abilene, Texas.

For Irene Rich

The other day a group of my sorority sisters were discussing the new fashions which mark a reaction against flapperism, and a change in the whole attitude and manner of the modern girl. As we are all movie fans, someone asked, "What movie star best expresses the new, more feminine tendency in women?" Immediately someone answered, "Irene Rich"; and someone else said "Right!"

To this group, Irene Rich represents the ideal modern woman. We are heartily sick of the hard, ill-mannered, pseudo-sophisticated young person, and turn with keen appreciation to the sweetness, graciousness and charm of Irene Rich.

We were so fortunate as to see her in vaudeville, and the rest of the audience seemed as impressed with her personality as we were. One heard, 'Isn't she beautiful?' as Irene entered; and 'Charming' as the curtain fell.

Her ability as an actress has been unquestioned for so long that it is trite to mention it, so we hail her only as the loveliest person on stage or screen, and the embodiment of the new mode.

Claire Ferguson,
218-19 139 Ave.,
Springfield Gardens, N. Y.

Good Work, Norma

While seeing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" I became interested in the conversation of two young girls who sat near me.

Said one: "Norma Shearer is my favorite screen star." The other agreed: "Yes, she is beautiful."

"It isn't that," said the first girl. "It's because she is so well-bred. She speaks so beautifully, she has so much dignity. I like to study her and try to be more like her."

I wanted to say "Good work, Norma! A star who can rouse an ideal in a young girl to be well-bred is doing something worthwhile."

Their next comment concerned a handsome male star. "I just adored him," said the first girl, "until I heard that he was cruel to his wife." "Perhaps it was not true," ventured the other.

"Maybe not," said the first girl, "but anyhow it made Harry look good to me!"

Inwardly, I gave a whoop of glee—and every young chap who, like myself, has to compete with screen heroes will understand why!

A. Mair,
2444 Marion Avenue,
New York City.

A Worthwhile Gift

Much has been written in praise of the talkie but one virtue remains unsung.

For weeks, stimulated by enticing bits of advanced news I have awaited the arrival of a new picture featuring my favorite actor or actress. Finally, it is no longer advance, but current news. The show is opening! I am on hand early and then, kind, long-suffering friends, the utter joy of giving my whole attention to the enjoyment of the picture without even once during the entire evening having to stifle a desire to murder some person or persons who read in a loud voice each subtitle from the opening scene to the final clinch. This, in my opinion, is the most worthwhile gift of the talkies!

Eleanor F. Brandy,
2712 Oak Street,
Baltimore, Md.



Irene Rich's loyal following had the pleasure of seeing her in person on her recent vaudeville tour. Now she's back in pictures.



Norma Shearer, always a favorite, has won new friends through her outstanding performances in talking pictures.



The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where beauty, wealth and fame gather to pay tribute to the world's greatest voices.

The Great Voice of the
Metropolitan Opera Now Yours
Lawrence
TIBBETT



**THE
ROGUE
SONG**

with

Catherine Dale Owen
Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy

Directed by

Lionel Barrymore

Music by

Herbert Stothart

and

Franz Lehár

The Greatest Operetta Ever Produced

A GAIN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proves its leadership by being the first to present an operatic genius of such outstanding reputation as Lawrence Tibbett in a full length motion picture production. Now you can hear in your favorite theatre the same glorious baritone that has thrilled thousands at the Metropolitan Opera House—that has carried his fame around the world!

And what a magnificent picture Lionel Barrymore, the director, has built around Tibbett as the singing, fighting, carousing Bandit Chief! Follow this fascinating story of wild, barbaric passion that knows no restraint—that defies convention—that gets what it wants whether it be revenge, loot or love!

See also Laurel & Hardy, the funniest team on the screen today, as a couple of singing bandits! And what a help to the Chief they turn out to be!

ENTIRE PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



Gary Cooper is a real, not a synthetic Westerner. He welcomed the opportunity in "The Virginian" to make the clean country his family helped to build live again. And he did a good job.



Above: Gary as he looks when he isn't working in a western. He is a quiet, shy, genuinely modest young man. This Honor Page will probably embarrass him painfully.



Right: western hero, new style. Cooper does not cluck to his horse nor hold lengthy conversations with 'Old Pardner.' Yet he learned to ride as soon as he could walk and his horse is to him what golf is to other actors—and maybe more.



That steely look in Gary's eyes signifies that he has run into a bad hombre on the screen, like Trampas in "The Virginian," and means business.



Just after the battle, when Gary has finished off his man and is looking around for more rustlers to wipe out of the oh, so golden west.

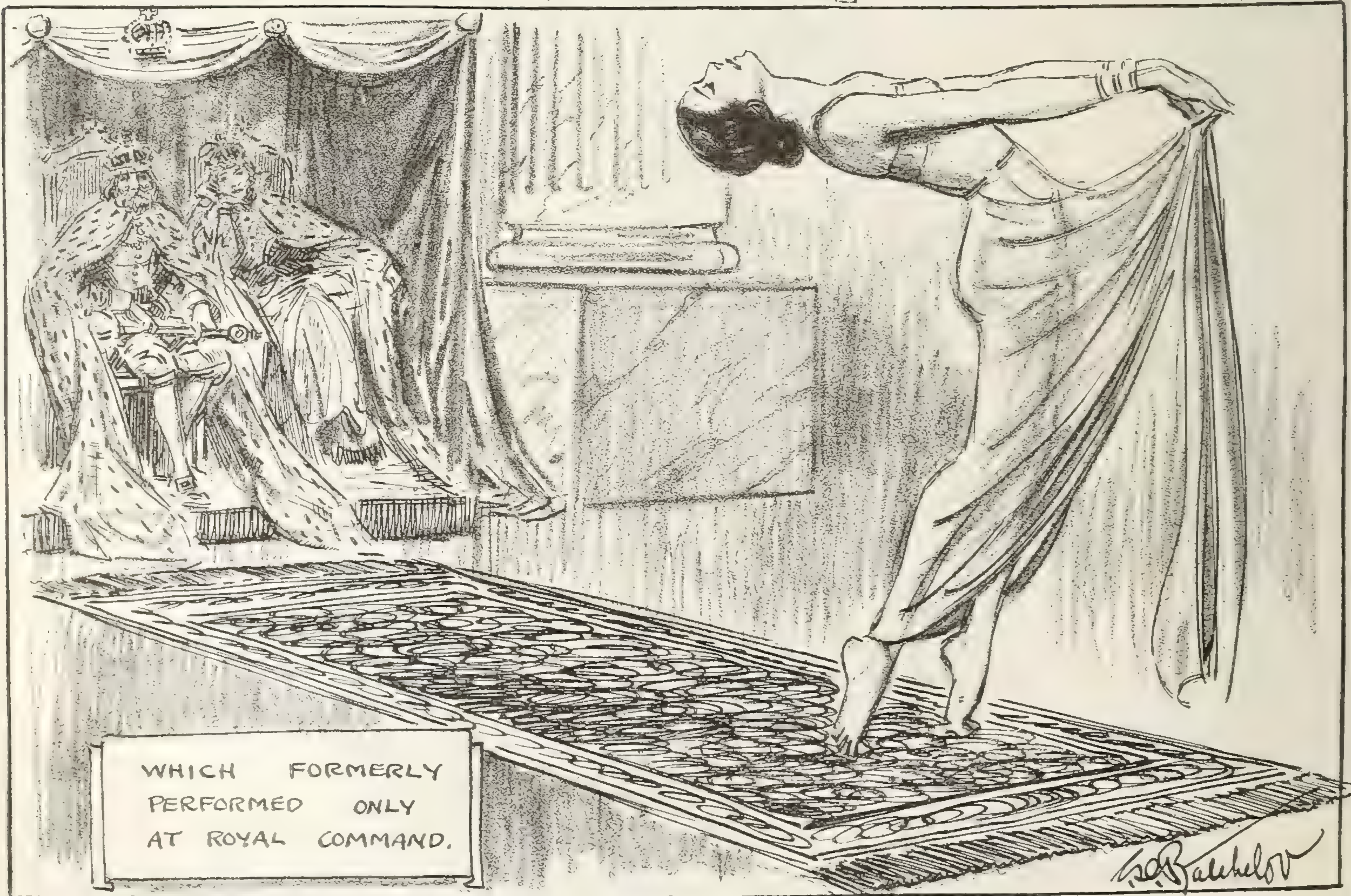
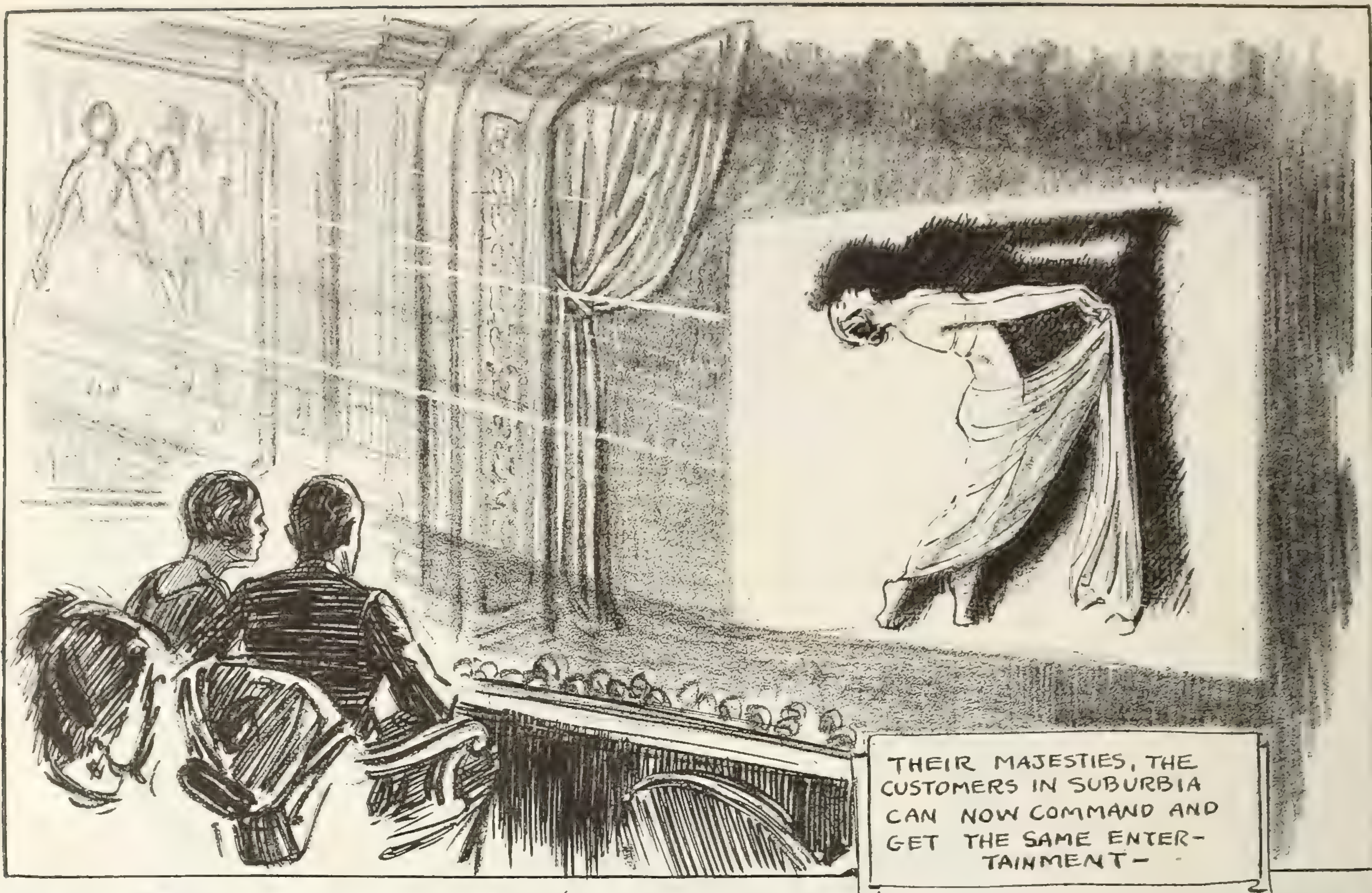


When you see a Cooper close-up wearing this expression, it's time for you to duck—that is, if you have anything at all on your conscience.

Howdy, Gary!
Ride Up and
Get Your Re-
ward for Your
Work in "The
Virginian":
the Long and
Lusty Ap-
plause of All
who have Seen
the Film



You Have
Helped Revive
the 'Western,'
Most Ameri-
can of all Mo-
tion Picture
Entertain-
ment. And for
This, Young
Man, We
Thank You



This Is Progress!

DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

WHAT, no more love scenes?

It may happen. The Hollywood wise men, with their ears to the ground listening for audience reactions, have heard us snickering! You and your friends and I and mine have been behaving in an unseemly manner when the love scenes flash on the screen. You giggle, we hoot, you titter, we guffaw. The more ardent the celluloid lovers, the more hilarious you become. A certain handsome and fiery young star, who formerly called forth only romantic sighs, in his first talking picture inspired downright ridicule. The audience couldn't stand the audible "I love you's." It had to laugh. Embarrassed or bored, disgusted or merely amused—who knows? But the result was the same—laughter, the death warrant of the matinée idol. This star is now casting about for a good, virile story in which the love interest will be conspicuously absent.

☞ Love scenes were the silent drama's big moments. Gilbert and Garbo, Colman and Banky, reigned supreme. Ecstatic audiences stayed through pictures twice just to revel in those burning close-ups. Came the speakies; and the dawn of a great awakening. The very first audible amorous episode brought snickers which deepened into unrefined howls of mirth as the scenes grew warmer. Until, the other day, the audience I sat with acted as if the emotional Don Juanings of the famous male star were Chaplin kicks. They laughed, and I laughed with them. The talkies truly are sounding the death knell of the too-romantic movies.

☞ What to do? Well, orders have been issued at the studios to soft-pedal the hot scenes. Unless they are of the frankly humorous calibre of "The Cock-Eyed World" or "Hot for Paris." Novarro, formerly pensively tender, brings buoyancy and careless kidding to his love making in "Devil May Care." McLaglen kids a girl even as he kisses her. There is no beating about the rose bush for Bancroft. Colman is none too serious even with Ann Harding in "Condemned." Barthelmess, almost



alone among the romantic lads of the screen, seems to be surviving the anti-amorous movement. His sweet nothings whispered to a fair heroine are still well received and believed.

☞ But the trend is distinctly in the direction of realism. There is even a picture called "Men Without Women" which lives up to its title. Talkies leave little to the imagination, you see. They have robbed love scenes of their mystery, hence of their fascination. We wrote our own dialogue for the Gilbert-Garbo kisses. Now we have to look at and listen to a deliberate and diagrammed dis-

sertation on the technique of the love scene. Gone is the mystery, the mood, the enchantment. And if you want a further explanation of why this is so, I can offer none better than this sent in by a SCREENLAND reader, Miss Eleanor Clark, of Chicago: "Those talkies love scenes make us self-conscious! It's like being in the same room with a couple who are madly in love with each other and cannot restrain their feelings. Silent love scenes are beautiful. We don't need the talkies to tell us what they are saying. But don't put beautiful love scenes in front of us unless the lovers are silent, because we're going to laugh for lack of a better way to express our embarrassment. We can't help it. We're too human!"

☞ Your laughter at comedy talkies costs the motion picture industry approximately \$100,000 every year. This is the story: about 5,000,000 feet of film is used to permit audiences to laugh at the funny business perpetrated on the screen. Silent footage must follow the wise cracks or gags offered by the talkie actors in order that you and I will not drown out the players' voices as they proceed with the dialogue. The boys and girls up there on the screen pause politely while we laugh; then, timed by experts, go on with the show until slowed up by the next laugh. They call these pauses in the dialogue 'laugh gaps.' The time out for laughter occasioned by love scenes doesn't count.

D. E.

HOLLYWOOD,

A Theme Song—*Sung*
By J. P. McEvoy

(An interview by Wanda Vallé)



Stowall

Read J. P. McEvoy's impressions of 'Hollywood, the sun-kissed madhouse,' as he affectionately calls it.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—I want you to meet J. P. McEvoy. He is one of the most amusing men in America. He wrote "The Potters" and we chuckled. He dashed off "Show Girl" and we howled. His latest is "Show Girl in Hollywood"—crammed with chuckles, howls, and gasps. McEvoy has authored two plays, five revues, three books to say nothing—he doesn't—of greeting cards and short stories. He has wiry black hair, a swell smile, and a penchant for being photographed in black shirts.

"**N**ow I'll tell you all about Hollywood," he said, so I sat very still and let him tell me.

"You should go to Hollywood just as you would go to a circus. It isn't that they do what they do so well, it's that they do it at all.

"It is not a naughty place. There is no night life unless you call having a sandwich at Henry's and then getting yourself weighed afterwards nocturnal whoopee. There are parties, of course, where you always meet the same people who, if you handle your cards just right, can be coaxed into talking about pictures.

"The days are full of sun—oh, there is so much sun! You begin feeling dusty when you get off the train at Pasadena and you don't get over it until you are five hundred miles east of Kansas.

"One of the most disconcerting things about Hollywood is the way they move the scenery around. The palm trees are pulled up like onions and set down any old place. One morning you go by a vacant lot and when you come back in the evening birds are building nests in the cocoanuts—some of them have three or four little birds out on the limb teaching them how to fly. Climate is the answer.

"Pretty girls? It's a man's paradise. When I came back east I dropped in on a rehearsal of a Broadway show and it looked like an Elks' carnival in comparison.

"I don't know why men of a certain age should yearn for the South Seas. I prescribe Hollywood for them. Is there anything wrong in that? Sue me!

"Who did I like out there? Clara Bow, Lupe Velez,



Alice White, the lucky girl who created Dixie Dugan in McEvoy's "Show Girl."

McEVOY ON HOLLYWOOD:

"It's a man's paradise. When I came back east I dropped in on a rehearsal of a Broadway show and it looked like an Elks' carnival in comparison.

"There is no night life unless you call having a sandwich at Henry's and then getting yourself weighed afterwards nocturnal whoopee.

"Last night I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed I was back there!"



Leading attractions of Hollywood: Renée Adorée, Renée Adorée, Renée Adorée.

I LOVE YOU

Let "Show Girl's" Literary Daddy Conduct You on a Tour of Hectic Hollywood—Meet the Stars—Look and Learn

Gay's Lion Farm—I don't know why Lupe Velez reminds me of that—Eric Von Stroheim, Janet Gaynor—and you really couldn't imagine two people who look less alike than Von Stroheim and Janet Gaynor—Renee Adoree, Renee Adoree and Renee Adoree—I'm sorry. When I get started like that I can't stop. Oh, yes, Bessie Love—and nice, too; and, of course, Alice White.

"Let me tell you about Alice White. When I met her she was in tears. She was getting ready to be Dixie Dugan in 'Show Girl.' Every half hour a day they were having a conference over whether she should be blonde or brunette. So they would say, 'Let's see how you look blonde.' So she would have to dash upstairs and dye her hair. By that time they were having another conference and deciding that she should be brunette so she had to dash upstairs and change it back again.

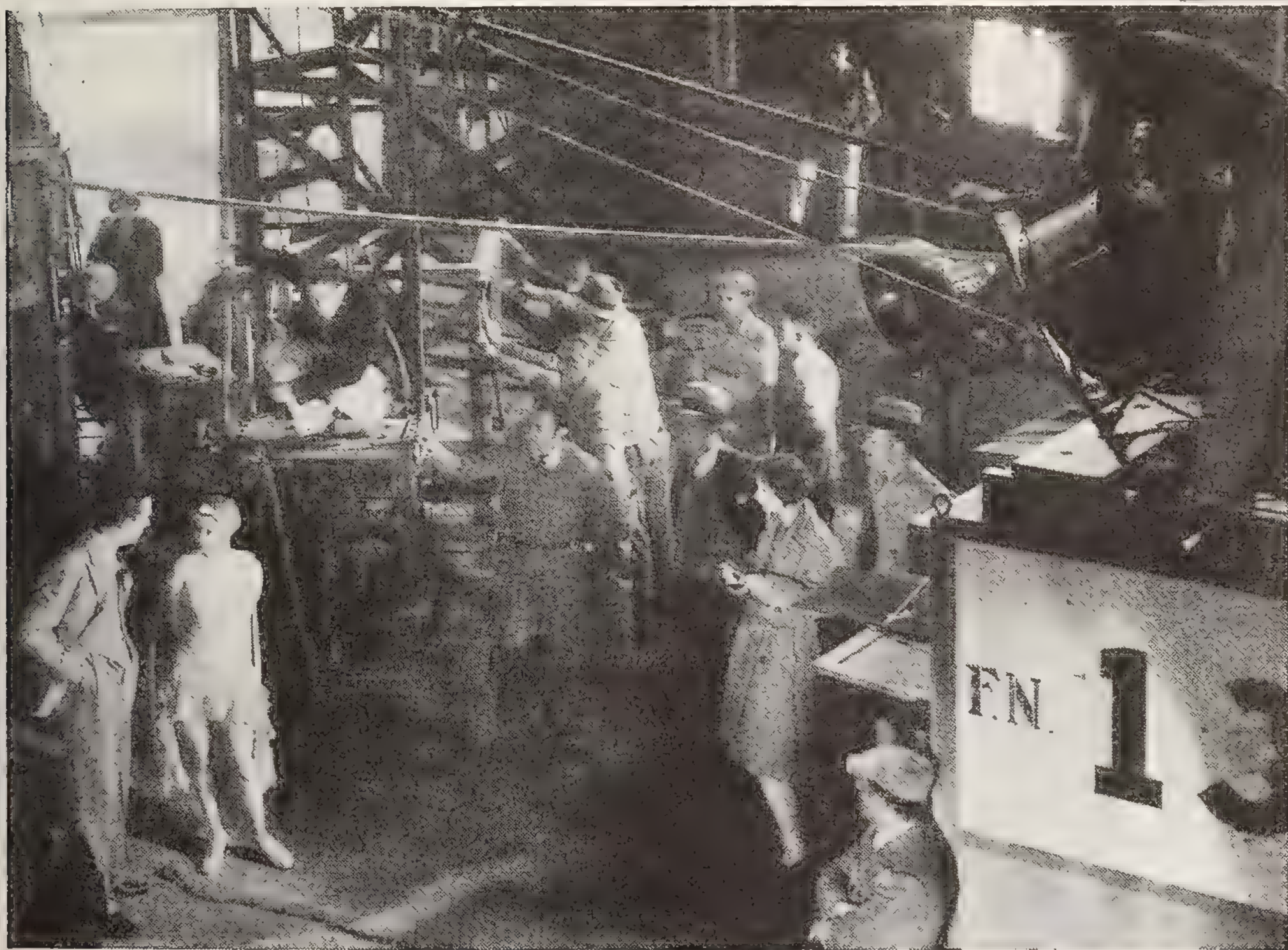
"Right after lunch some one had a bright idea. Why not a red-headed Dixie Dugan? Well, Alice is nothing if not obliging so she dashed upstairs and came back in a little while with red hair. By this time most of it had fallen out. That's when I met her—she was in tears.

"'If I keep this up,' she said, 'I won't have any hair.' 'I wouldn't like you like that,' I (Continued on page 123)

"I like Eric Von Stroheim and Janet Gaynor," says McEvoy. "And you really couldn't imagine two people who look less alike than Von Stroheim and Janet Gaynor!"



"Who did I like out there? Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Gay's Lion Farm—I don't know why Lupe Velez reminds me of that."



"Oh, yes—and Bessie Love. Bessie Love is nice, too." Miss Love, above, smiles her appreciation.

Making a scene for "Show Girl in Hollywood," First National's picturization of McEvoy's latest book, which continues the adventures of Dixie Dugan. Alice White, the star, is being directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

And now They Get

If You Can't Find Your Favorite on the Set, Look Room. The Sound-Conscious Stars are Taking the

By Sydney



Bessie Love helps Jimmy McKay, cutter, look over 50,000 feet of talkie film shot for the baseball scenes in "Take It Big," Bessie's latest picture with Van and Schenck. Talkies made Bessie and now she wants to know how talkies are made.

"TIMES have changed," the assistant director told me as we puffed noon-day cigarettes in the sunny corner right around from the boot-black stand at the studio.

"How come?" I asked.

"It's these actors," he said, waving an arm in the general direction of scores of players, roaming to or from the studio commissary. "A year ago you never saw one of them around the studio when they weren't working and now they get in your hair!"

All of which classified the assistant director as a very accurate observer. This is exactly what has happened to Hollywood.

For nearly twenty years it was the fashionable thing for a screen actor to know as little about technical details as possible. When they had time off you rarely saw them on the 'lot,' unless it was for a conference on a new contract. If some one in their organization invented a marvelous new camera effect, they knew about it only when they saw it on the screen.

It was the way of Hollywood. It was not fashionable to take an interest in the technical work of another department, unless, of course, you had become tired of acting and wished to become a director. Then sound films came along, and overnight the situation changed.

Without warning, previously blasé players became as ingeniously eager for knowledge outside acting, *per se*, as the youngest and most callow of college freshmen.

It became very evident to all actors that they were in for a period of stiff competition; a period during which only the fittest would survive. Stars, therefore, once seen only on their sets or in their dressing rooms, suddenly blossomed all over the lot. Call boys grew used to searching for John Gilbert in the laboratory; Greta Garbo in the experiment room.

Get us straight. We do not wish to leave the impression that actors were careless about the technical side of their work in the days of the silent picture. Not at all; only matters of photography and lighting had become well explored, and the various machinery developed had been brought to a fool-proof stage. Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, all the stars had grown used to trusting cameramen and directors with whom they had worked for years.

And then this talking thing upset the apple cart.

A lot of new and keen-eyed young men invaded the cinema lots with a flock of unintelligible new words like



Anita Page and Benny Rubin are a self-appointed reception committee to welcome Lew Fields and Joe Weber to the studio and initiate them into the mysteries of the talking picture camera.

In Your Hair

in the Laboratory, the Prop Shop, or the Monitor
Talkies Apart to Find Out What Makes Them Click

Valentine

'gamma,' 't.u.,' 'high frequency,' et al.

Nice boys, these sound men; but they were strangers to the stars, who began to hesitate about trusting their artistic future to their hands.

And so, today, you see more stars and featured players, stage and screen, around a lot on an off day, than when production is at its height.

They are everywhere, in all the sound rooms, the prop shop, the electrical department, the music department, the laboratory.

Scores of them are attending lectures one night each week on 'sound reproduction,' and laboriously inscribe in collegiate notebooks erudite stuff about 'acoustic coefficients,' 'reverberation time,' 'light valves,' 'photo electric cells,' 'articulation units,' etc.

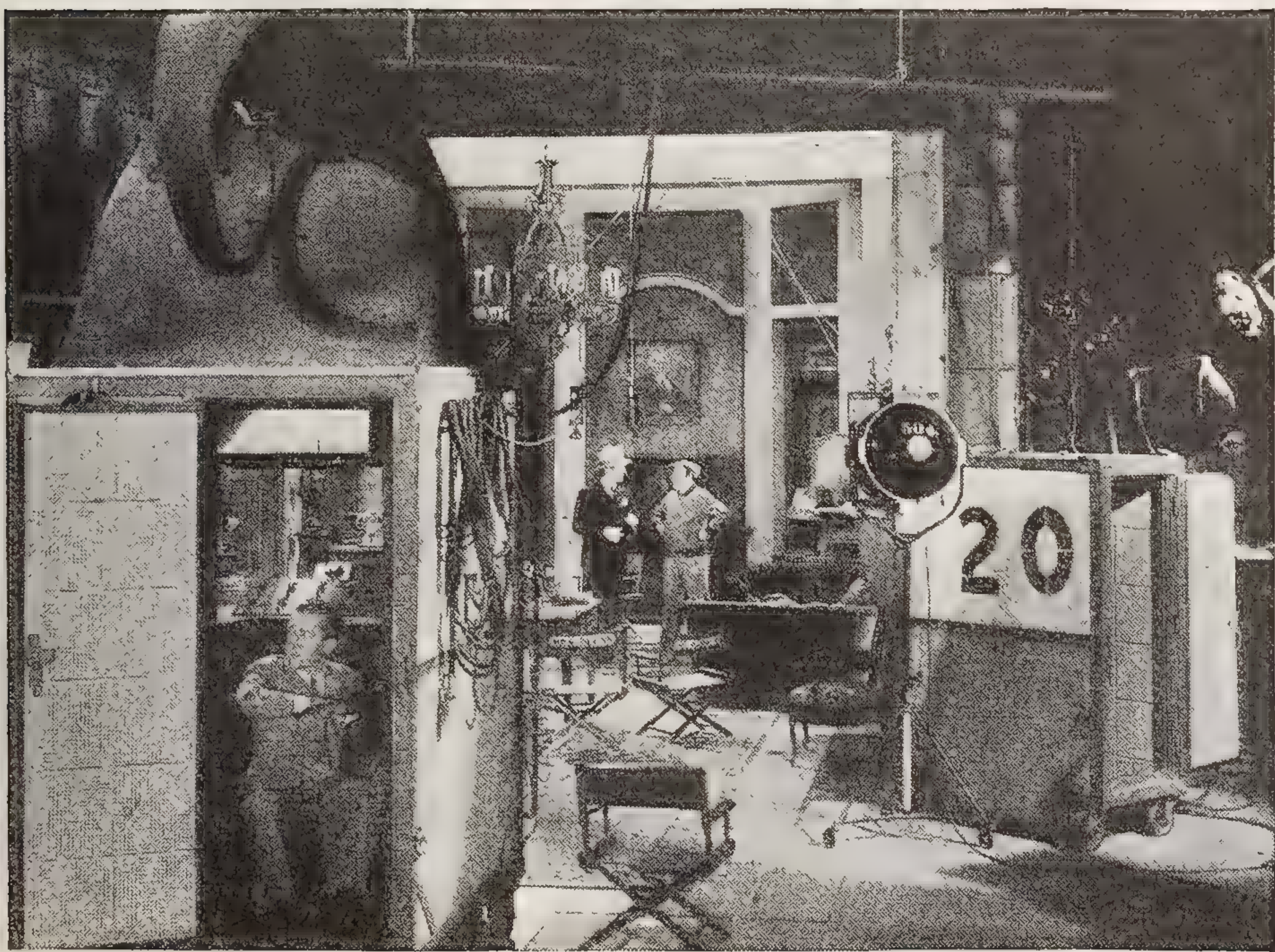
And don't you think for a minute this is confined to the screen actor.

The stage player is digging in just as hard. He, too, didn't bother his head about technical details in the theater. But he does now, plenty!

Norma Shearer, under the tutelage of her brother, Douglas, chief sound engineer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, is said to have grown fully conversant with all the pet names of the complicated apparatus used in making sound photoplays. Not only is she well versed in the nomenclature of the machinery, but she also knows



Norma Shearer examines a recording of her voice made by her brother, Douglas Shearer, chief sound engineer at the Metro studios. The disc is of soft wax upon which the voice is directly recorded through electric impulses.



Jack Mulhall learned about talkies by snooping. He can usually be found between scenes hanging around the soundproof camera booth gathering more technical knowledge about the audibles.

to what use each of the pieces are put, and this gives her great confidence when working before the 'mike.'

Any day now the studio executives expect young Johnny Mack Brown, who has the lead with Joan Crawford in the musical Western, "Montana," to become a sound engineer. From the very beginning this young leading man has shown a deep interest in the mechanics of the new art. He knows enough about the recording apparatus to be of use in helping to repair it whenever it breaks down. Because of this only one sound engineer was taken along on the recent location trip from which the "Montana" company has just returned. Mal St. Clair, the director, figured that Brown could help out with the sound recording work in case of trouble. And he could. He's a constant visitor to the various monitor rooms, and is reported to have an excellent judgment as regards tone and tonal qualities.

Needless to say, Greta Garbo, whose vibrant personality is so (Continued on page 122)



Maurice Goldberg

THAT CHEVALIER SMILE

A new portrait of Maurice Chevalier, who has been the idol of the European music halls for years. But what is it the man possesses which has won the heart of America? In the story on the opposite page Rosa Reilly defines his charm and analyzes his appeal.

CHEVALIER'S SECRET

What is the Real Reason
for Maurice's Hold on his
Audiences? Read the Answer

By
Rosa Reilly

WHAT is it about Maurice Chevalier that has conquered the heart of America?

He isn't handsome like Ramon Novarro.

He isn't insinuating like Chester Morris.

He hasn't the reserve of Ronald Colman.

Nor the heartiness of George Bancroft.

And yet, since the opening of his second picture, "The Love Parade," he seems to be in danger of becoming more popular than any male movie star in the world!

Of course, all of you who go abroad now and then have seen Chevalier. He has been the idol of the Paris music halls for years. London loves him. Also Vienna, Berlin, and Bucharest. He can walk out on the stage with his shiny straw hat tilted on one side of his head, sing a little song—quite a naughty little song, by the way—do a little dance, smile—and the continental world is at his feet. Nobody cares *why* he is such a big hit. They only know they love him.

But being a beloved stage star in Europe and a big screen hit in America, are two different things, Maurice, as we have seen so many times when famous foreign actors have been brought over—and sent home.

Therefore, along with fifty million other American women, I couldn't rest until I had discovered what Chevalier's secret was. I wanted to pin down his charm on paper. So I hopped into a taxi-cab, and rolled over the bridge to the Paramount Studio in Long Island City, where, at present, the great Gallic star is making a third talking picture, "The Big Pond."

It was in the dining room of the studio that I had my first personal contact with Chevalier. He was sitting at a little table, eating a Swiss cheese sandwich and drinking cup after cup of black coffee, maybe to take the place of the *vin ordinaire* which every gallant Frenchman drinks with his meals.

He was dressed in full evening clothes, long tails and all. His eyes were shining just as

if he had discovered some new, irresistible and slightly devilish secret. His smooth light brown hair was so alive with vitality that it refused to stay slicked down as he evidently wanted it, and he kept patting it back into place with a long, strong, sun-burned hand.

His shirt front, collar and cuffs were yellow instead of white. No, that's not a quaint old French custom. He wore yellow because it develops a whiter white than plain white—if you get what I mean—in the finished film.

I hadn't spoken with Chevalier two minutes before I knew his secret. But before I tell you what I think is his secret, let him tell you what *he* thinks it is!

"How can I answer zat question—w'at my secret iss?" Chevalier answered with the whole-hearted laugh which shows all his superb white teeth. I cannot hope to put down for you his accent. It is inimitable.

"My singing is not so wonderful," he went on. "My dancing—it would not upset the world. The answer to my success, well, the answer is so simple I am ashamed to say it—I just try to make my audience happy. That's it," he slapped his knee and laughed again—"to make and keep my audience happy.

"Perhaps, if I go back a bit you will understand better, *hein?*"

His voice rose on that last phrase as caressingly as if it had been a love word. That is part of his secret. Every word he speaks, every gesture he makes, seems made for you alone. The shine of his hair, the sparkle of his eyes, the healthy glow of his cheeks probably come from exercise and plenty of sleep, but when you look at him, talk to him, you think it is because you are the one woman in the world as far as he is concerned.

And it is sincere with him. He is not play acting. What he is doing at the moment is the only thing in the world to him. He concentrates!

Chevalier went on to speak of his early life, how he was born in the Menilmontant quartier (Cont. on page 117)



Claudette Colbert is Chevalier's leading woman in "The Big Pond," his third talking picture. For this lovely little American-French actress Maurice predicts a glamorous future on screen and stage.

COLOR Makes the

Color is changing the Contour of Hollywood, Form-Curves on Costumes and — oh, well, Read this Story



Walter Pidgeon, a mere star, in the act of looking a gift horse in the mouth—that is, examining part of the delicate mechanism of the technicolor camera which will photograph him so handsomely for "Bride of the Regiment."

LIKE bees in a haystack, socked by a boy with a stick, Hollywood is buzzing furiously and flying frantically in all directions.

Color has done it.

The motion picture business grew steadily and conservatively for thirty years, making no more fuss than a healthy oak tree. Then—as they used to say in the titles—then suddenly out of a thundercloud came shrieking women, raging men, panic, riot, seething maelstrom, sleepless nights . . . Sound!

And just when Old Lady Movies had the sound thing all put to bed and the house straightened up, and settled herself for a peaceful evening—Zowie! A bomb went off in the cellar. It was Color.

So now she's a jumpy old lady. Every time somebody says "Boo!" she yells for help. She doesn't know what's going to get her if she doesn't watch out! Maybe it's wide film and big screen,

maybe it's third dimension, or television.

But right now, Hollywood is most concerned about Color.

After seeing "The Vagabond King," entirely in technicolor, Jesse L. Lasky predicted that within two years all motion pictures will be in color. Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus, president of the Technicolor company, upon his recent return from Europe, where he started work on laboratories to furnish color to European producers, announced that more than 100 feature pictures in technicolor will be showing in the United States in 1930.

New technicolor cameras and laboratories are being built as fast as men's hands can work, but the demand is so great that the cameras never sleep—working on one picture in the daytime and another at night.

The coming of Sound taught Hollywood many a lesson. One of the most important, and the one which saved the lives of the old guard—stars, directors and



Color costume experts can cut the curves and make a star slender, or let them run wide and add fifty pounds. The drawing is of a costume designed for Marilyn Miller to wear in "Sally."

Form Go Round

Fitting the Stars by Painting
and Figure it Out for Yourself

By
Jerome Beatty

writers—just as the band of bloodthirsty Experts From The Legitimate Stage were about to be allowed to swarm into Hollywood and put on a swell massacre, one of the most important discoveries was that the boys and girls who had been making good silent pictures could jolly well adapt themselves to sound.

In spite of what the supposedly learned and far-seeing editorial writers said about 'Sound Sings Death Knell of Movie Star,' the stars and directors who were rated AAA1 in the silents, with few exceptions, plugged right along and continued to top the crowd in making talkies.

So when Color came to town, instead of firing all the faithful and replacing them with carloads of color experts from New York, the smart producers said to the hired hands: "Boys and girls, we're now going to make pictures in technicolor. Find out what it's all about and do your



Miss Miller wearing the gown which has long lines to emphasize her slender figure. Gowns now are made up with the same skill as faces. Color is used to create an illusion of the third dimension.



Colleen Moore's slim figure needed roundness for her rôle in "Footlights and Fools"; and technicolor, with painted costumes, gave it to her.

stuff."

At first, as was to be expected, they made mistakes here and there. They used the trial and error method and sometimes the effects of make-up and costumes and fabrics and lights were not all that they expected. At first they overlighted their sets, and actors boiled in the heat, because they were afraid they might lose their colors and figured that too much light was better than too little.

Their constant help in trouble, the only genuine color expert, was Mrs. Natalie M. Kalmus, wife of the president of the Technicolor company, who had grown up with the process and who could pick the right color as accurately as a typewriting champion picks out the letter 'e' on his keyboard. Mrs. Kalmus couldn't be everywhere, in the eighteen hours she worked every day, but she was almost everywhere, and she showed the way to natural color on the screen.

It took years to develop perfect black and white make-up, settings and lighting. Now the actors, directors and cameramen have had to upset all their rules, for color. To their everlasting credit let it be said that in a year they (Continued on page 123)

"MY

A Screenland Scoop.
of the Carroll-Rogers
Interviews the

By Nancy



Nancy Carroll is doing a series of interviews for SCREENLAND. She started with Hal Skelly and now Buddy Rogers is her 'victim.'

I HAVE a brother named Tommy. He is red-haired, a little freckled, full of fun, and obsessed with the idea that he must get as many laughs from life as possible. I feel that I am closer to my brother Tommy than to any other member of my family and naturally I love them all.

When we were children on Tenth Avenue in New

York, I liked Buddy Rogers. Of all the young fellows in Hollywood he is the most lovable, the most genuine, the most friendly and the most unspoiled.

Perhaps I had better not say 'the most.' I have many friends in Hollywood. I wouldn't wound any of them, in case my opinion matters enough to count either way.

I'll say that he is 'one of the most.' No one can take offense at that!

If I were the mother of an eighteen-year-old daughter; a mother who wanted her daughter to have the advantages of the best of everything, I'd wish her no greater luck than to have Buddy for her boy friend.

What a good time they'd have!

Buddy Rogers is the sort of boy who makes the ideal companion. With a group of older men he is perfectly at ease, and they like to have him around. He would be charming at home on those afternoons when his mother had a group of women friends about her. And he'd be equally great company for young sister and young brother and his gang.

I imagine when Buddy Rogers goes back to his home in Olanthe, Kansas, that he goes down to the vacant lot behind the depot and plays



Buddy, in his uniform for "Young Eagles," is telling Nancy some facts of (his) life. The interview occurred in the studio lunch-room.

Buddy promises to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to Nancy, made up for her rôle in "Honey."

York it was Tommy and I who always played together. We and the other boys in 'the gang.' We played baseball, football, follow-the-leader, marbles during the marble season, flew kites during the kite season, had shows and a few fights.

I know boys pretty well.

That is why, from the very first time I met



BUDDY"

Here the Better Half
Co-starring Couple
Other Half

Carroll

Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, the willing victim, is Nancy's favorite film boyfriend. Buddy says that playing opposite Miss Carroll is a pleasure.



ball with the kids. And at night he goes to the party at Mary Smith's house and enters wholeheartedly into those games that small-town young folk play at social occasions.

The point is, I'm trying to tell you that Buddy Rogers, to me, represents the best of American young manhood. And when I say that I know that I risk making him appear a rather artificial, too-good-to-be-true young fellow.

But let me tell you about the last time I saw Buddy.

I had a free morning from the studios, where recently they have kept me pretty busy with "Honey," and started out for a long drive through the open country.

I chose the Ventura highway out over Cahuenga Pass, through the San Fernando Valley over the hills north of Hollywood; a drive I always like to take. It is out in the ranch country, you know, where there are a lot of chickens, and fruit groves, and not too many hot-dog stands at the roadside.

I drove out for thirty miles or more and suddenly became interested in some airplanes that I could hear and see flying away over to

my left.

I get a thrill out of watching 'planes, especially when they are doing the tricks that these were doing, and so I turned down a side road and soon came to the flying field above which the planes were maneuvering.

The war was being fought all over again!

Without realizing it I had arrived at the 'private' airport



Nancy warns Buddy that everything he says will be held against him before taking down her notes.

That must have been a good one! Read this interview and find out what it's all about.



where Buddy's new picture, "Young Eagles," is being filmed.

Paramount had had to build a special flying field for this picture, you know, because it would have been too dangerous to use one of the commercial airports nearer Los Angeles. Buddy and the boys who are with him in the picture are doing all (Continued on page 126)

JOAN

By
James Oppenheim

HOW comes it that the young woman who once said that she used men as stepping stones to success—a hard-boiled statement—now appears in the realms of sweetness and light? Cynics might say, and have said, in print, that Joan Crawford, having married into the Royal House of Hollywood, has assumed the rôle of a Princess and a Pickfair; that it is something like a million dollars left by a rich uncle to a wage-slave who must immediately change his standards of living, his circle of acquaintances, his environment, and put on the dog.

SCREENLAND has sent a questionnaire to Miss Crawford and received a full answer. Cynics, again might say that the answer needn't be taken too seriously; and indeed, few of us, even if we are as honest as we can be, know much about ourselves. Most people don't even know what they look like physically. They gaze into the mirror and see themselves either a bit debased or a bit glorified, and not at all the way 'others see them.' When a woman feels blue she thinks, 'I look a fright;' and when exultant, 'Wow! I guess I'm an eyeful!' Much depends on the mood and the temperament.

Joan Crawford, as we know, has reason to be proud of herself. In typical American fashion, the Ford-Edison-Lincoln way, she has been a lone-wolf with nothing to help her but pluck, hard work, and an ambition that broke down every door that was slammed in her face. She was poor and a nobody; she is today one of the remarkable actresses of the screen, a star among the top-notchers.

Anyone who has watched her has seen a steady deepening of character and power. The somewhat hard whirligig and chorine has changed from picture to picture, revealing ever a new fire in her art, a more genuine emotion, a truer character. So we may dismiss the cynic's attitude at once. All the help in the world, all the 'stepping stones,' won't change a sow's ear into a silk purse. Genuine success and development such as hers come mainly from seizing, and even making opportunity; and from hard work and a great deal of suffering.

Her character appears in her answers to the questionnaire, but whether her self-knowledge is deep I do not know. For she sets herself down as more of an introvert (dreamer and in-dwelling type) than an extravert (doer.) She gives herself 34 points as an in-



Ruth Harriet Louise

Joan Crawford has been a lone-wolf with nothing to help her but pluck, hard work, and an ambition that broke down every door that was slammed in her face. Genuine success and development such as hers come from seizing and even making opportunity; and from hard work and suffering.

CRAWFORD

Psycho-Analyzed

A Remarkable Revelation of the True Character of the Little Hey-Hey Girl Who Became a Great Star

trovert as against 26 as an extravert. I believe that her answers are honest, but I also believe that she is a mixed type, more extraverted than introverted. At least, she has always seemed so to the naked eye, and one of her answers runs:

I am naturally active and find a delight in doing things.

That doesn't sound very much like an introvert, a person who withdraws into herself, who is poorly adapted to life, who finds more pleasure in her inner life than in activity. To clinch the point, compare her to Greta Garbo, who is more introverted than extraverted.

However, the reader may judge from some of the answers.



Joan as she looked when she first came into pictures from the Broadway musical stage. Anyone who has watched her has seen a steady deepening of character and power.



Ruth Harriet Louise

She was poor and a nobody; she is today one of the remarkable actresses of the screen, a star among the top notchers, and the wife of a royal prince of screenland, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Here they are:

- I am quite self-conscious.
- I am very shy.
- I hate to be conspicuous in public.
- I day-dream only a little; sulk only a little; and I am not very good as a mixer.
- I have deep moods, sometimes prolonged for hours and even for days.
- I like to be alone most of the time.
- I am absolutely a one-man wife.
- I am very idealistic.
- I have a deep feeling of inferiority before most others.
- I forget myself easily when I talk, work or play
- I am a poor actor in public.
- I am very practical, realistic and have much common sense.
- I do not like many people; but am naturally affectionate and loving.
- I am poor at putting myself over with others.
- I am a go-getter, with my (Continued on page 125)

GETTING *into*

How the Stars 'Work Up' Atmosphere—a Vital Factor in Picture Making

IT has been said before, but there is no harm in repeating it, since it's true, that those who go to see motion pictures haven't the slightest idea of the difficulties involved in making them. How can you who sit placidly out there in a darkened theater in a comfortable seat, or maybe it isn't comfortable but anyway there you are, how can you realize the tremendous effort connected with the making of every picture on the part of every one working on it, from the director down to the lowliest grip?

Even the actors, who most people think have such frolicsome lives, are put through rigorous training to fit them for some of their parts. Often the research is extremely interesting, as for instance Dolores Del Rio's trip to the gypsy camp that happened to be stationed in the woods near Glendale just before she made "Revenge." The king of all the gypsies in California invited the Mexican star to be his guest for luncheon. She sat at his table next to his seven wives and tasted their wine. Their manners and customs were unique; particularly are the methods employed by the women to attract their men primitive in the extreme.



Bebe Daniels, one of the most conscientious stars, took lessons so that she could play the guitar for local color in "Loves Comes Along." Bud Tallman is her teacher.



Dolores Del Rio, Edmund Lowe and George Fitzmaurice between scenes of "The Bad One." The Latin star, always eager to inject atmosphere into her pictures, works hard to create it.

The seven royal wives are seated at table in this order: the first wife at the king's right, the second at his left, the third at the first wife's right, the fourth at the second wife's left and so on. They have a great deal of jewelry but they prize golden coins and coral above precious stones which they will have none of. They have strings and strings of golden coins as necklaces and bracelets and belts. They like beads and crystals, too. They tie their wardrobe in a calico or canvas bag and that is the limit of their fastidiousness.

Dolores asked the wives what they did to amuse themselves. They sing or play stringed instruments or tambourines and they dance, and that is all they do for recreation — yet it is enough to make them happy. They hit the open road whenever they get bored with a place and some of them have traveled all over the world. There were about a hundred gypsies in this camp.

Short hair is a terrible disgrace. If a girl defies the tribal conven-

CHARACTER

By
Helen Ludlam



Ruth Chatterton, with Dorothy Arzner directing, has 'gone Austrian' for "Sarah and Son." Miss Chatterton brushed up her German for the dialogue in her rôle of a Viennese girl.

has prevailed upon Paramount to let him do more of these outdoor stories he loves. He has just finished "Only The Brave," and in preparation for it he visited North and South Carolina, going through the public buildings, driving past the old homes, being entertained in a few of them and steeping himself in the Southern life and traditions. Of course he stopped off to see Lupe who was doing a picture in Florida, but that was just a detour on his way to Texas to bob around that state picking up clothes and props in unlikely places from ranchers and cattlemen who had never seen a motion picture.

He used to sit for hours listening to the cowboy songs, absorbing words and music and the lilt in this way, and yet when it appeared on the screen you heard only a verse or two.

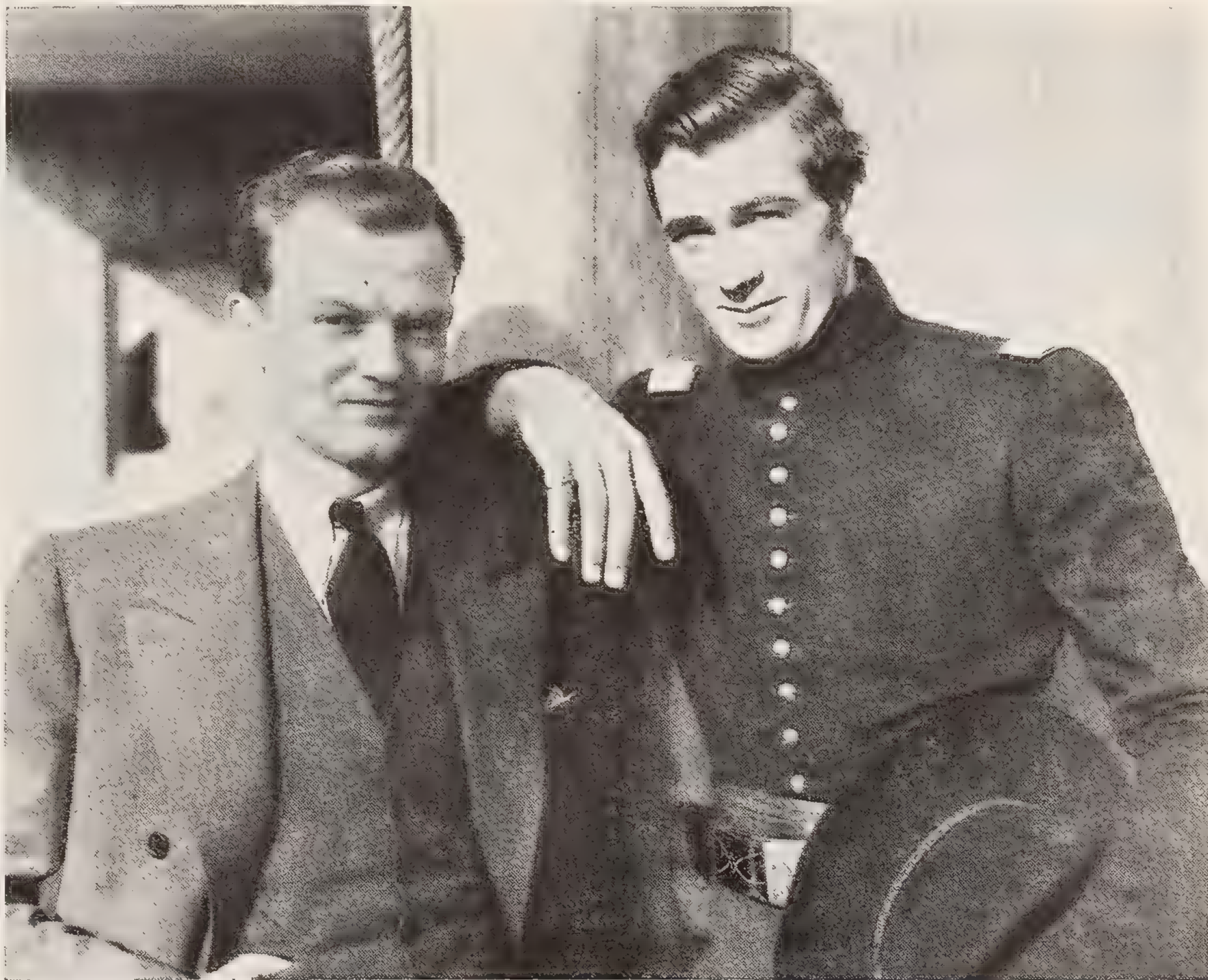
I asked Ruth Chatterton how she ever managed to give such a convincing performance of "Madame X" in the scenes where the lady 'went native?'

"Well, I don't know that I did give an accurate picture," she said slowly. "Willard Mack told me how the absinthe fiends in Paris act. They sit staring at one spot for a terrible length of time. (Continued on page 128)

tions in any way her hair is cut short and she is banished from the tribe. Edwin Carewe used this bit of information which he wove into a sequence of the picture, you will remember. The gypsies taught Dolores their dances and some of their songs. They also showed her how they dressed, with a dozen petticoats and brightly colored material for their gowns. The first wife took Dolores to her 'room' and opened a chest containing her wedding gown. Only the royal wives boast a chest.

None of the graces and subtleties for the gypsies when they woo! Thin girls are out of luck. You must fatten up if you want a gypsy husband. All the king's wives, says Dolores, were very fat.

When Gary Cooper trained for "The Virginian" he found a friend, Anderson Lawler, a writer from the south, and just let Andy's Virginia accent thoroughly soak into his mind. The cattle country Gary knows well, so the ranch life held no terrors for Gary. Since the success of "The Virginian" he



Gary Cooper and his friend Anderson Lawler, a writer from the south, who helped Gary acquire the Virginian accent which gives real local color to the title rôle of "The Virginian."

What I've Learned *from the* Stage

"I Knew if I Didn't Make Good, There Would Be No Re-Takes,"
Says Lovely Screen Star Now Trouping in Vaudeville

By Esther Ralston

A MOVIE star yesterday. A 'hooper' today. Tomorrow what?

That's the question I've kept asking myself since two months ago when I started on my vaudeville tour.

You'll be seeing me in my new picture, "The Mighty," which was the last one I made. After that film was finished I felt there was but one thing for me to do—to go on the stage. Here talkies have come along and introduced a new medium, a new technique—and most of all, new faces. If I wanted to hold my place on the screen, and I do want so intensely to hold it, I want it more than anything in life, I felt the thing for me to do was to go out and get some actual stage experience. So that the fans who made possible all these years of silent

pictures might not be disappointed. So that I could try to live up to their highest hopes of me. And believe it when I say, it's only these fans who have kept me going the last three months. For this has been the hardest, most searing experience in my life.

Of course, I come from trouping parents. I was a child actress until I was fourteen years old. But I have been in pictures for eleven years. And I had forgotten—if I ever knew—just what the stage demands of a person.

The world is filled with people who have difficult jobs. Taking in washing is hard. Working as a shop girl, standing on your feet all day, is no bed of roses. Digging ditches, scrubbing floors, sitting at a typewriter—they're tough, too. But of all the professions in the world, the



Esther's dance, the 'Boardwalk,' captivates her vaudeville audiences.

She is young, blonde, beautiful—the epitome of graceful charm.

stage is the hardest!

Why?

Because you have no second chance.

You go into a theater. You stand before a 'cold' audience. You have a certain amount of time, sometimes five minutes, sometimes two hours, to warm up that audience. To make them stop 'sitting on their hands' as troupers say. You've got to do your stuff *now*. You've got to make those two hundred or two thousand people love you *now*. If you flop and they go out of the theater not liking your work, you're done. You can never reach them again. A dead audience is like a dead love—it can never be regained. It may be regretted, wept over, but it can never be regained!

I used to think movies were difficult. They were. But I have to laugh now. Movies are paradise in comparison with stage work.

In case you think I'm exaggerating, I'll show you the difference. When I started on this tour, I sprained my ankle. It was just before I appeared in Chicago. The show had to go on. So three times a day for twenty-three minutes solid, I had to go



One of the most popular beauties in pictures, Esther Ralston left the screen for vaudeville to gain actual stage experience. But she'll be back.

out on the stage and try to entertain the audience. More than half of those twenty-three minutes was spent in dancing on that ankle. When the curtain went down I used to be carried to my dressing room almost fainting from the pain in my twisted foot. But I had to go on!

But let me tell you what would have happened if I had been playing in the movies. Or rather what actually did happen. When we were making "Old Ironsides," I strained my ankle—the same one. Immediately I was carried to a beautiful hotel up on the hill in Catalina Island and put to bed. A doctor was called. A specialist was radioed for and sent to me from the mainland in an airplane. A day and a night nurse came. A masseuse. Flowers. Telegrams. Letters. Candy. Fruit.

Day after day I lay on a chaise lounge, looking out over the blue Pacific. I hadn't a worry. Thousands

of dollars were being lost by my holding up production. But the producers were kind enough to put my health even ahead of their profits.

(Continued on page 118)



More steps of Esther's dance—steps, stamps, and cakewalk struts.

The Ralston act panicked 'em at the Palace, New York City.

BUSHELLS *of Love and Kisses*

Tony and his Wife, Zelma O'Neal from the Stage,
are Just One Happy Little Hollywood Family

By
Betty Boone

WHEN Tony is home from the trenches in the evening and a certain Hollywood golf course is suddenly discovered by Zelma to be low in visibility—that is the proper time to interview the Bushells.

If you go in the afternoon up the winding Hollywood hill where the Bushell's English cottage hangs to a steep slope, you will find only Paddy, the Irish terrier, and Hettie, the maid.

With dusk, the English cottage comes to life.

After working all day in khaki and leather as one of the young English soldiers in "Journey's End," the film version of the famous English play, Anthony Bushell is always glad to get back into civilian clothes for the evening and to be himself.

"What do you think, Ducky? I'm to have my head shaved tomorrow. The director says so. Beastly shame for you to have to look at a bald head for a while. Do you think you shall mind much?"

From six feet up in the air, young Bushell looked down to approximately five feet, the location of his wife's blue eyes.

"Bushy, I should loathe it, of course. But you know I'd still adore you if you had only three short hairs on the top of your head and no hope of more!"

A declaration of this kind is always the cue for a breathless period of cooing and hair ruffling, during which time the interviewer, recalling that they have just celebrated their first wedding anniversary and have never yet had time to go off for their honeymoon, concentrates on the railway posters which Bushell brought from London and had framed for the living room walls.

"We're going to England on our honeymoon in the early spring," said Tony. "It will be the first time we have really got



A young Englishman and his American wife: the Anthony Bushells. She is soon to make her screen debut in the musical comedy, "Follow Thru."

a little more than a year ago. Zelma was playing the 'Varsity Drag Girl' rôle in "Good News" and went to London with the company.



Zelma and Tony planning their trip to England, where they will visit the Bushell family near London for two months.

away—just the two of us. We always seem to be in such mobs of people."

Bushell must remain away from the United States for two months, in accordance with the United States immigration laws, so the honeymoon trip was the logical solution.

Zelma, who is known to the musical comedy stage as Zelma O'Neal, will meet her mother-and-father-in-laws for the first time. They reside on an estate a short distance outside of London.

"I'm scared to death," confided Zelma. "But Tony tells me they will love me after they get used to my American ways. I guess I will be rather startling to them at first."

Anthony Bushell and Zelma O'Neal met for the first time

"I saw Zelma in the musical comedy in New York," said Bushell. "I had come to America after playing nine months in London with Robert Armstrong and James Gleason in 'Is Zat So!' It was so jolly much fun knowing Gleason and Armstrong that I determined to meet some more Americans."

Zelma gave one of her oopity-ooop do-de-do-do cries that made her famous as the collegian in "Good News" and had something to say on this subject herself:

"Tony told me once that American girls always attracted him more than English ones. He said an English girl was so husky from playing hockey and other rough games that she always gave the impression she would be able to knock you down as easily as shake hands with you. So you can see that Tony's falling in love with me was not my victory. Being American did the trick!"

"Now, (Continued on page 114)

The
STARS
Select
Their Own
FAVORITES



EVERYONE who goes to the movies has a favorite star. And the stars themselves are no exception. On this and the following pages, you will find the players' own selection of their film favorites. Dolores Del Rio, above, selects Greta Garbo because she is subtle, mysterious, compelling, and alluring. Garbo makes you feel, says Dolores, that she *is* the character she is playing.



Newberg



CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS selects Mary Pickford for his favorite star because she has always been his ideal. And Mary selected Buddy to play opposite her in "My Best Girl." Remember?

Gene Robert Richee



DOROTHY MAC-
KAILL selects Ron-
ald Colman, her fellow-
countryman, because, she
says, he is mysterious,
Quixotic, and his bored
manner quickens interest
in all women.

Elmer Fryer





Preston Duncan

CORINNE GRIFFITH, right, selects Gloria Swanson because she thinks her superb in everything she does, comedy or tragedy. And, adds Corinne, Gloria is extremely clever to have handled her first talkie, "The Trespasser," so well, after studying singing such a short time.



Chidnoff



Russell Ball



CLARA Bow, left, the red-haired whirlwind, selects Norma Shearer, above, as her favorite screen star. Why? "Because," says the tempestuous Clara, "Norma Shearer is so elegant."

Gene Robert Richee



TWO famous profiles. One selects the other as his favorite. Edmund Lowe, below, picks John Barrymore because of John's finished acting and the subtle manner in which he puts over his humorous scenes.





Russell Ball



NOW, Richard! With all the beautiful stars of the screen to select from you have to pick out Benny Rubin. "But," retorts Richard, "Benny makes me laugh." Above, Mr. Dix. Left, need we add, Mr. Rubin



Richee



Richee

RICHARD ARLEN selects Bebe Daniels because of the fine spirit she puts into all her work. A tribute from one distinguished player to another. Dick has played opposite Bebe and knows.

THE gentleman with the profile is fortunate. He has been selected by one of the most beautiful ladies of the screen as her favorite. Billie Dove honors Basil Rathbone because he is a finished actor.

Chidnoff



Elmer Fryer





Chidnoff



THE demure little girl at the left is a real movie fan. She adored Norma Talmadge on the screen long before she ever dreamed of being an actress herself. Habit is strong, and now that Sue Carol is a Hollywood star she can't seem to like anyone better than her original idol, Norma Talmadge.

Preston Duncan



Russell Ball

OLIVE BORDEN, right, selects Betty Compson because of "The Barker." Olive was to have played in that picture herself; so she went to see Betty's performance with a very critical eye. It was the first time she had ever seen Betty and she thought her work so remarkable that she became a Compson fan.



Elmer Fryer

Chidnoff



ESTELLE TAYLOR, left, says: "I find Lupe Velez my favorite if you're speaking of personality and spontaneity; although Marion Davies is our best comedienne." Estelle and Lupe worked together in "Where East is East" and have been mutual admirers ever since.

THE gentleman from Germany is smiling with pleasure because Richard Barthelmess, right, has selected him. Dick picks Emil Jannings because of his forcefulness and original technique.



Richee

Kenneth Alexander



LILLIAN GISH is selected by Monte Blue because, besides being in his opinion the Duse of the screen, she is a conscientious worker. Even when she played in silent pictures Lillian rehearsed her rôles as a stage actor would.



WELL, well! Lovely little Joan Bennett declares that Joseph Schildkraut is positively her favorite screen player. Why? Because, says Joan, Mr. Schildkraut is so suave, so polished. Joan and Joseph played together in "The Mississippi Gambler."



Freulich



Preston Duncan



ALICE WHITE selects George Arliss! Here is her reason: "He is a superb actor. He is the epitome of what a screen actor should not look like, and yet he has infinite grace and power of impersonation."

Bill Boyd Doubles Back

The Success Story of a Screen Star

By Keith Richards

BILL BOYD is a sentimental cuss. You've got to call this big fellow Bill. If you said 'William' he wouldn't know who you were talking to. But that is beside the point, which is that Bill is a sentimental cuss.

We were driving along the beautiful California highway in Bill's expensive sports touring car en route to San Diego. About three miles north of Santa Ana we stopped along the roadside at one of those characteristic barbecue and cold drink dispensaries. Bill dug into his wallet and extracted a fifty dollar bill — the smallest he had and which the roadside quencher of thirsts could not change.

"Got any money, Mose?" Bill drawled to his darker than dark chauffeur.

Mose squirmed around, dug in one pocket after another and finally drew forth some change.

"Ah got thirty-fi' cents, Mister Bill," said Mose, handing over the wealth.

Bill took the money, jingled it in his hand thoughtfully and then laughed.

"Thirty-five cents," he repeated reflectively. "Where are we, Mose?"

"'Bout three miles this side of Santa Ana, Mister Bill."

"Where does that road back there lead to?" asked the star, who now collects a weekly salary well up in four figures.

"That goes to Orange, Mister Bill—it's 'bout a mile."

Bill reflected again. "That's funny." He jingled the coins in his hand. "Thirty-five cents and—Orange. It's just about twelve years ago that I landed in Orange with exactly thirty-five cents in my pocket. I was on my way



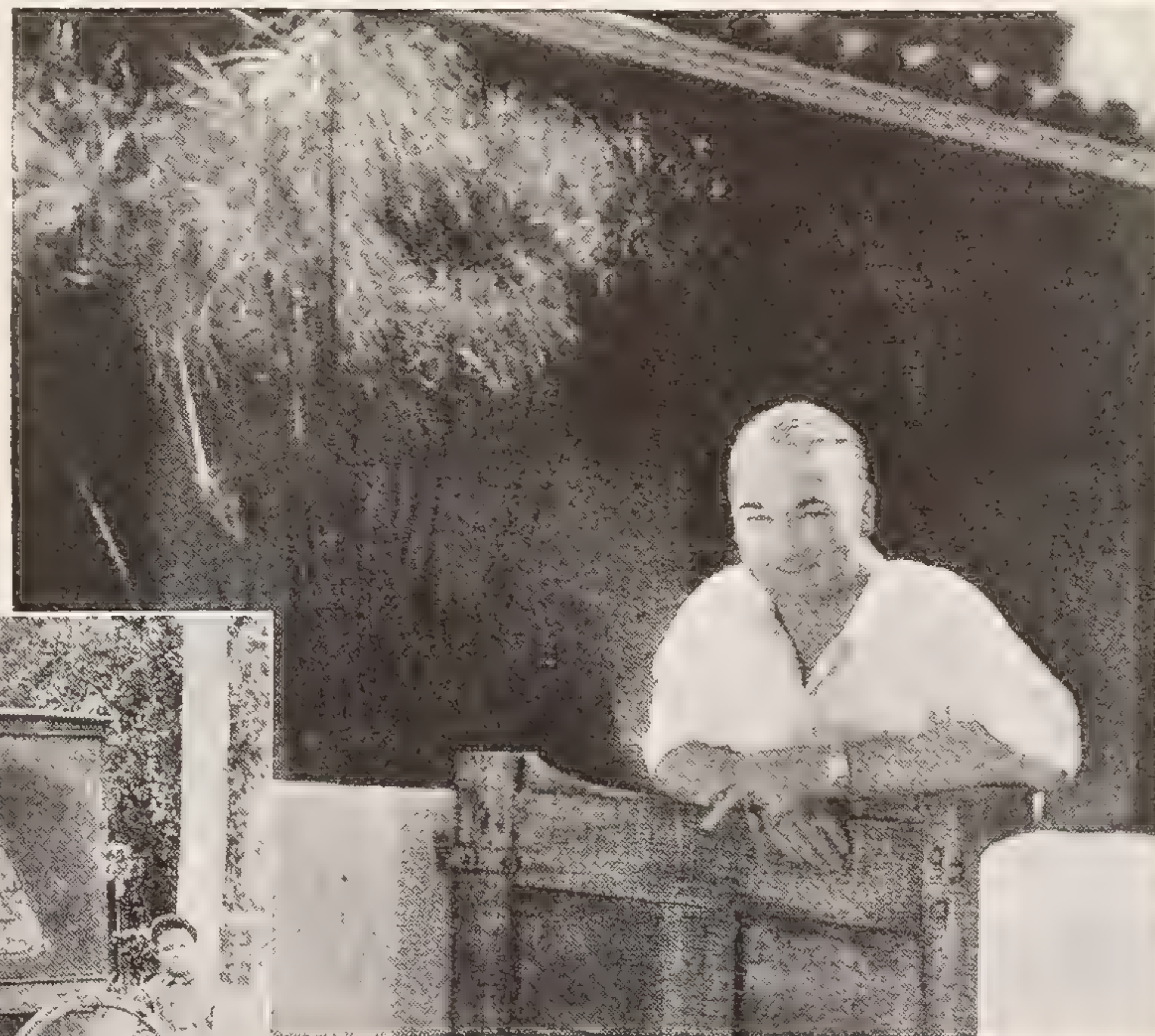
William Boyd, the fair-haired boy of fate and the Pathé studios.

to San Diego then, too, but I had to get off the train because I hadn't the money to go any farther. Funny what tricks fate and a few years can play in a man's life. Twelve years ago, thirty-five cents—today this—" he indicated the shiny car. "And both times going to San Diego. The funny part of it is that we're no surer of getting there in this than I was with the thirty-five cents! Turn around, Mose. Let's go over to Orange. I want to see the darned old place. I haven't been there since." Bill gave the thirty-five cents to the cold drink man and we were off, 'doubling' back over Bill Boyd's first California trail.

It was a trail full of memories to Bill — memories of lean days, heart-aches, hopes that seemed long delayed in their fulfillment; the trail of an orphaned youth of fifteen leading him courageously to a mere existence, a trail that never even faintly suggested the eventuality of world fame and financial security, not to say wealth.

We entered the little town of Orange. It was moving serenely about its business. New buildings here and there were the evident signs of Cali-

(Continued on page 116)



Above, Bill at the gate of his new Beverly Hills home. He has grown some since the day the somewhat historic photograph at the left was taken. This snap-shot was made in Cambridge, Ohio, when Bill was eleven, and reveals just how the future film star spent his summer vacations. He's the gallant driver.



HOLLYWOOD,



The daily doings of "Krazy Kat" are now conceived at the Hal Roach Studio, where George Herriman keeps his drawing board in the office of his old newspaper pal, H. M. 'Beanie' Walker.

All Roads Lead Representatives of Every Art to the Film Capital



Stephen Vincent Benet, author of "John Brown's Body," is writing dialogue for D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln."

THE Athens of America! "The Cultural Center of the Western World!" Thus yip the Chambers of Commerce of Los Angeles and Hollywood. But the joke is that there is some truth in the boosting boast.

Most people think of Movieland simply as a colony of actors, directors and cameramen, little realizing that for every star in the celluloid firmament there are perhaps fifty court functionaries to put her or him there.

Nor are these courtiers merely the artisans of motion pictures. Many of them are artists as great in their own works as the stars are in theirs. In some cases these artists draw even bigger salaries than the film favorites they are helping to put over.

The fact is, the cinema presents the greatest marriage of the arts and sciences the world has ever seen. When you attend a super-production like "Rio Rita" you witness the syndicated efforts of perhaps forty or fifty great artists and scientists who are responsible for the success of the picture.

It is only natural that you should cast your credits to Bebe Daniels, John Boles and others of the cast. They are the visible artists of the production. But how about the men and women who make their performance possible—those invisible and inglorious Miltons whose multitudinous names appear upon that bothersome title list? It is of them I am singing in this little piece.

One day while going through the United Artists Studio, Doug Fairbanks took me into a little room where an old man was at work on costume designs for "The Iron Mask."

"Monsieur Leloir, Bob; one of the world's greatest authorities on costume."



Left: Zelda Sears, noted playwright, now writing screen stories.

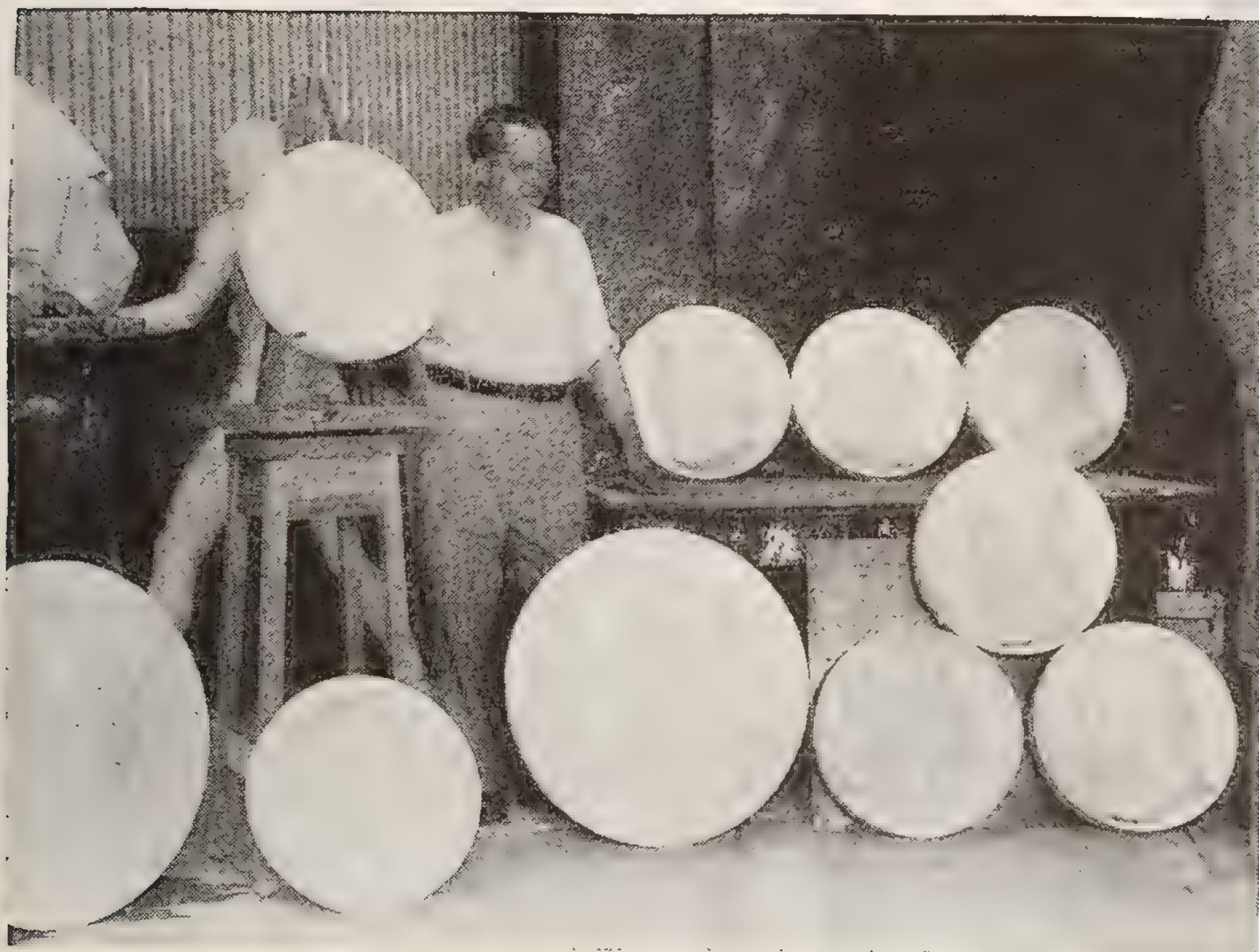
Below: Charles Wakefield Cadman, the composer, is Movietoning.



Maurice Leloir! No doubt the name means nothing to you, but to me—heavens! I began to purr all over. Twenty-five years before when I was an illustrator on the

HOME *of the* ARTS

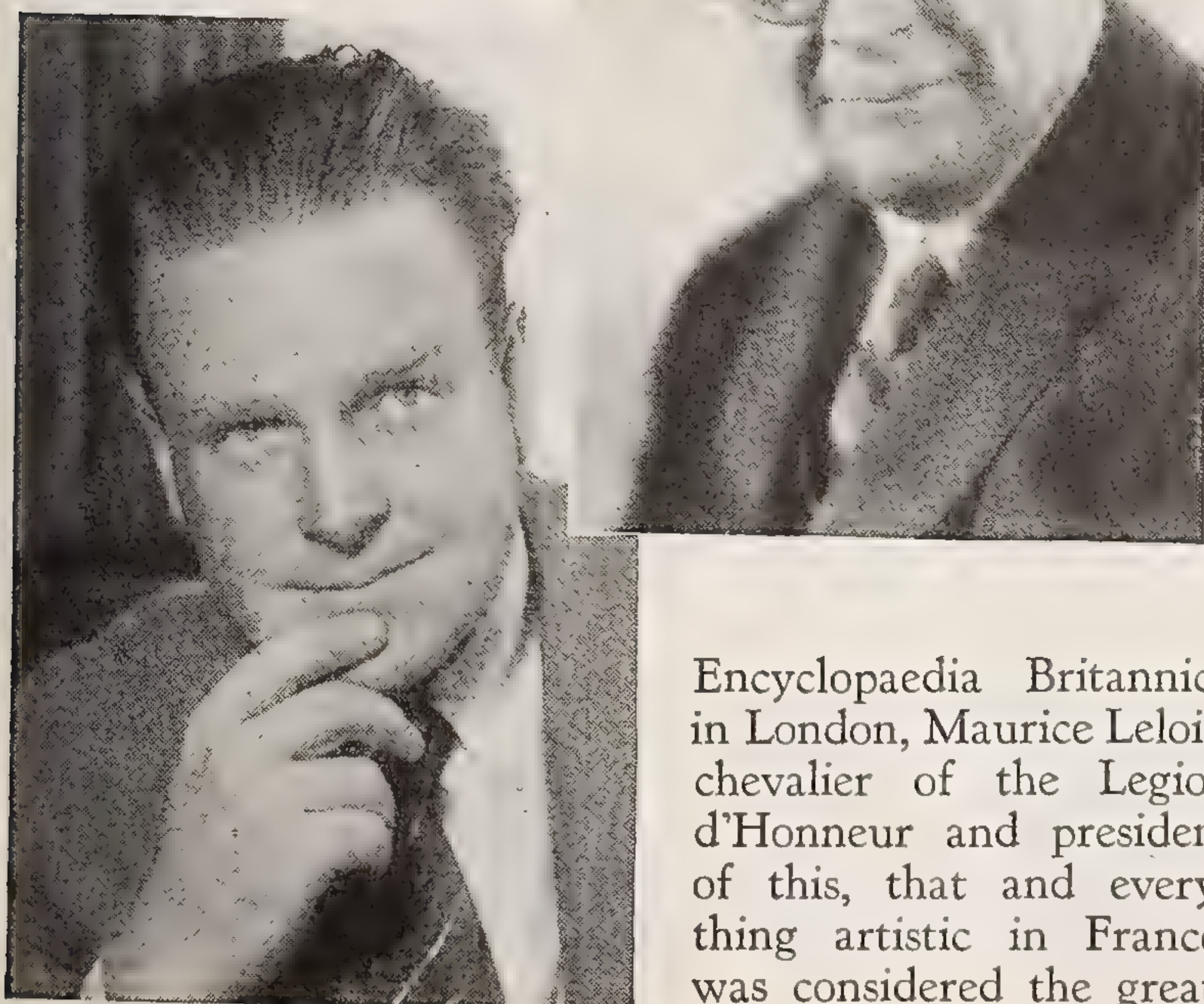
By
Rob Wagner



Mahonri Young, famous sculptor, with some of the plaques he has designed for the Fox Film Studio.

Right: Broadway's George Middleton, a Hollywood convert.

Below: Ben Ames Williams, another popular writer 'gone movie.'



Encyclopaedia Britannica in London, Maurice Leloir, chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur and president of this, that and everything artistic in France, was considered the great-



Not a relic of the Spanish Inquisition, but a finger machine, used by Dmitri Tiomkin, the pianist-composer, to limber up his digits. Tiomkin is composing screen songs now.

est authority on costume in Europe. His illustrations in the de luxe edition of Alexander Dumas were already a classic. And here he was, an old man brought to America to design authoritative costumes for Doug Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers."

That's why Movieland is in reality becoming one of the great cultural centers of the world. Not only are famous actors and actresses continually flocking to its gates, but the supreme artists of all the collateral arts that are building the cinema into the greatest art of all.

You are all more or less familiar with the great writers who have come here, beginning with the 'eminent authors' imported by Sam Goldwyn some years ago—Rex Beach, Elinor Glyn, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Rupert Hughes. Since then there has been a perfect stream of them—Hergesheimer, Cobb, William J. Locke—I can't begin to name them. Only yesterday I met Kathleen Norris and Eugene P. Lyle, and I have a telegram this morning that Homer Croy is on his way.

And the painters and sculptors. Fox has Mahonri Young sculpting for them. Willy Pogany came all the way from Hungary to design sets for "The Devil Dancer," William Cameron Menzies was imported to Movieland to do "Taming of the Shrew," "Bulldog Drummond" and "Condemned." Dan Sayre Groesbeck's costume sketches for "The Volga Boatman" were so wonderful that C. B. De Mille actually cast his types from the drawings. Carl Oscar Borg was employed to paint gorgeous canvasses from which the sets of "The Black Pirate" were made.

Among the great dance impresarios we have lured to Movieland are Marion Morgan, famous for her Morgan Dancers, Theodore Kosloff, one (Continued on page 121)

Watch the camera! Try and do it with Betty behind it. Betty is reversing the order of things and is photographing you instead of being photographed herself.

BETTY

Betty Compson, one of the Most Photographed Girls in the World, Chose a Camera for Her Gift Contest. Write the Best Letter and It's Yours. All Ready? Camera! Let's Go!

Beautiful Betty wanted to give through her contest a gift which could be enjoyed by every member of the family. Man, boy, girl, or grandmother, every reader is eligible to enter the Compson contest; and may the best letter-writer win.



Betty Compson holding the gift Kodak camera. It is a folding camera with a black leather case to hold it. The pictures are post-card size, 3½ by 5½. And the camera also takes pictures of moving objects. Write the best letter, that is, the clearest and most sincere, and the camera is yours.

COMPSON'S GIFT

BETTY COMPSON is 'camera-conscious'—just a minute, don't misunderstand. We mean that Miss Compson spends most of her time before the camera so isn't it only natural that when she offers a gift she chooses a camera? Anyway, it was Betty's own idea and a splendid one, too, we think. It is an Eastman Kodak. Along with the camera are five rolls of film and a black leather photograph album which Betty autographed to the winner of this contest as follows: "With the sincere good wishes of Betty Compson." Miss Compson also had a specially taken snap of herself and has pasted it in the first page of the album—a personal touch. The winner will thus start his new album in the right direction; and if all the other entries are as attractive as the snapshot of Betty, the album will be Exhibit A in any family group.



Betty Compson with the black leather photograph album which she has autographed to the winner of this contest.



Betty Compson is one of the most popular talkie actresses in pictures. Betty is the same Betty that she was two years ago. She was just as good an actress then as she is now, yet right now her stock is higher than ever. Why is this? It is puzzling Betty. Therefore, she asks you to answer her questions as sincerely and clearly as possible. Here's the question: Why do you like Betty Compson in talking pictures better than in silent films?

ADDRESS:—BETTY COMPSON
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes March 10, 1930

Betty Compson with the camera in its leather case all ready to go to the winner.

The BATTLE *of the*

The Laughing Lads or the Bold, Bad Men—Who'll Win?

IN delving for truth as in digging for—well, say—clams it doesn't do to be guided solely by surface indications. Your true delver is never satisfied to accept things at face value, but uninfluenced by superficialities, probes deep into the heart of the subject, there to unearth the actual esoteric significances. Thus a recent gesture from Messer Buddy Rogers immediately prompted psycho-analytical investigation on the part of SCREENLAND's little group of delvers after hidden meanings.

Buddy, as you know, was recently dubbed 'The Darling of the Debs.' The word 'dubbed' being used in its ancient feudal, or chivalric sense, as 'I dub thee knight,' and not in the more modern phrasing, as, for instance, 'aw, go jump in the lake, you big dub.'

But (and now we approach the crux of the matter) Buddy, with apparently commendable modesty, immediately eschewed the title. 'Eschewed' being another old English custom not in any way to be confused with that histrionic habit 'eschewing the scenery.'

Now, to the casual observer, the mere looker-on-in-Venice, so to speak, the Bud declining the dubbing of 'The Darling of the Debs' may have appeared mere youthful impetuosity, naivete, insouciance. For, after all, what are titles in life's Springtime? But to the thinkers of the inner circle, the Rogers gesture, like that of Shanghai, was fraught with dire import.

Not that the action lacks support in precedent. One may cite the stand taken by Lew Cody when he was yclept 'The Butterfly Man,' or per contra, the embracement by Eric Von Stroheim of fame in the phrase, 'The Man You Love to Hate to Love to Hate to Love to . . .' And you have no idea how difficult it is to stop when you



The shy and slightly wistful Charlie Farrell. Like him?



Left: Ramon, pride of the Novarros and very many feminine admirers.

Below: a smile to twist your heart—if you like Johnny Mack Brown.



Below: young Arthur Lake, a matinee idol at a tender age.



They call Buddy Rogers 'The Darling of the Debs' but he doesn't let the title worry him.



BOY FRIENDS

By
Herbert Cruikshank



Richard Dix and pipe. He smokes and the girls dream.

Screen hero, new style: the inimitable, and very fresh Jack Oakie.

Below: Charles Bickford, who appeals to Greta Garbo, and other ladies, in "Anna Christie."



There's something about M. Chevalier that makes us wish we had kept up with our French.



Chester Morris is usually in wrong with screen cops but always in right with the ladies.



get started. It's like the proverb about 'He Who Laughs Last, Laughs . . .' And you, too, may be the life of the party in ten easy lessons.

But the *cause celebre* of 'The Darling of the Debs' is far more significant. The truth of the matter is—and mentally italicize this—Buddy Rogers declined the title because he *knows that it is false!* He is not 'The Darling of the Debs!'. He may be 'The Darling of the Girls Who Have Been Out For Three Seasons, Poor Things.' And he may be the 'The Darling of the Epworth League,' or 'The Ladies' Christian Union,' or 'The Follies' or 'The Eccentric Firemen's Association.' But he is not 'The Darling of the Debs!'. And he knows it!

Some may claim that the causes for this are directly traceable to the evils of the Machine Age, the failure of the United Cigar Stores to issue green coupons, Harry Richman's love life and liquor leaks in Congressional luggage. But such contention is sheerest sophistry.

Admitted that in other times, under a Democratic administration, for instance, Buddy, in all honesty and humility, might have signed his fan mail 'The Darling of the Debs.' Yet it does not follow that in this era, when business is so sound you can hear it crash, the same thing holds true.

The deb of today is not the deb of yesterday. In fact, today's deb is tomorrow's mother. And careless though this may seem, the true gentleman will lift his hat in the elevator—or elevate his hat in the lift—depending, of course, upon whether he is in New York or London.

And here again we approach the crux of the matter. Which, if nothing else, proves (Continued on page 108)



Chester Morris as he appears in the title rôle of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." He has that Barrymore look.

ON LOCATION *with* "SERGEANT GRISCHA"

Bringing a Famous
Book to the Screen

By Helen Ludlam

WHAT a lot of traveling you can do if you are in the movies. In the space of twelve hours you can get from Japan to Russia; from London to Montana, and the atmosphere of each locality is so faithfully reproduced it would fool a native. Of course some companies are more careful than others and some directors more particular than the rest, but if you go on a location for a picture directed by Herbert Brenon you are certain to find yourself in authentic atmosphere.

I was invited to inspect a Polish prison camp transplanted by movie magic to the new fifty-acre RKO ranch in the valley about forty miles from Hollywood. As we entered the ranch there stretched a snow-covered forest and a group of gloomy buildings which I had little difficulty in recognizing as a prison. There was also a cathedral, and a few little cottages spread about—all supposed to be miles and miles away from each other.

Betty Compson was selling apples and chestnuts to a group of soldiers outside the inner court of the prison. She had heard that *Grischa* was imprisoned there and as his arrest had been partially through some fault of hers she had taken this means of entering the prison to see if there was anything she could do about getting him out. It is not only the gentlemen who risk their lives for love! Trouble and anxiety had turned the golden locks of the heroine a snowy white. Betty looked so ravishing I couldn't help telling her that she need never fear old age if it sits as gently upon her as that white wig.

Chester Morris dropped into a chair beside me while Betty's scene was going on. If you have plenty of time it is amusing to try to carry on a conversation during the taking of a sound picture. You just begin to warm to your subject when the director shouts, "Quiet, everybody!"

The bell rings, the motors start, the scene begins and there you are suspended in mid-sentence for two or three minutes. Imagine a salesman trying to get anywhere under such circumstances!

Chester's head had been shaved for the picture, and the effect was decidedly Barrymore-esque. He told me how negative he had been when Brenon sent for him to talk over the possibility of his playing *Grischa*. "I just hated to go. I had heard how hard Herbert was to get along with—how exacting—how temperamental and given to brain storms. When I got to the studio and we had talked for awhile he told me he had 'Alibi' in his mind and couldn't get it out. He didn't see how the man who played 'Alibi' could play *Grischa* and asked me whether I could say or do anything that would get the type out of his mind. 'No', I said, 'I don't think I can.' Herbert looked at me and thought a minute. 'Shaving your head might make the difference,' he decided.

"So for no reason that I can figure out unless it was my subconscious mind directing me, I went over to the barber shop on the lot and had my head shaved as clean as a whistle. Sue (Mrs. Chester Morris) met me in the studio commissary for lunch and when I told her what I was going to do she begged me to forget it. My negative state of mind had communicated itself to her and she

was sure the part wasn't for me and that I would be unhappy in the engagement.

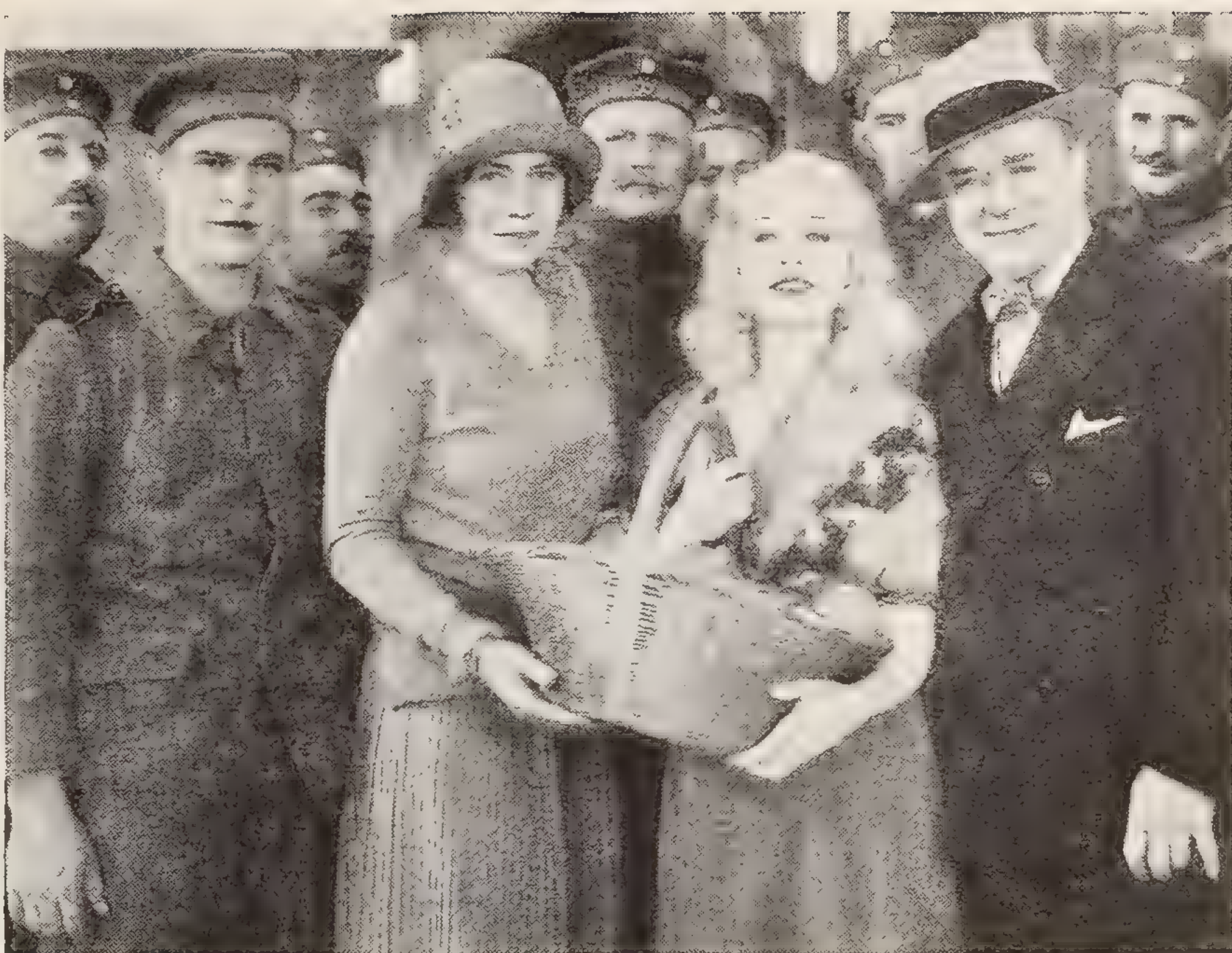
"I felt the same way, but in spite of it I went right over to the barber and off came the hair. Funny the way things happen.

"The lady who was working on the screen story was present during my next interview with Herbert. After taking one look at me her nose went a mile in the air. I could see that I was 'out' as a type for *Grischa* as far as she was concerned. All I wanted to do was to romp home and end the interview. If there is anything I cannot stand it is to be some

place where I am not wanted. But Herbert was pacing up and down by that time and then he began telling the story to me and characterizing *Grischa*. Before he was half through I was crazy to do the part. Of course Herbert is wonderful. He'd put enthusiasm into a puppet because he is a dynamo himself. 'Mr. Brenon,' I said, 'you've got to let me play *Grischa* because—'and then I paced around in my turn telling him just what I thought *Grischa* ought to do here and there and what have you. We ended with an enthusiastic handshake and

Right: A love scene from the war picture. Russia or Hollywood, the technique is the same.

A pretty 'peasant' rides to work in her own town car—Betty Compson.



Chester Morris, Helen Ludlam, SCREENLAND'S location editor, Betty Compson, leading (and only) lady in "Grischa" and Herbert Brenon, director, with a background of military extras.



a pair of grins never recorded by a still camera.

"And after working with Herbert every day and part of almost every night for five weeks I can't see where people get the idea that Brenon is temperamental or hard to get along with. He wants things right and kicks until he is satisfied, but he is not unreasonable. People on his staff have been with him for years—they wouldn't be if he was as black as he's painted. And our experience has been a revelation to me. When we come down on a blue Monday, he is full of energy and pep and ideas and be-

fore we know it we have snapped out of our gloom and rise to the occasion just because we can't help ourselves."

I began to sympathize with the prop men because of the way the apples were disappearing out of Betty's basket. "Oh, the apples are easy," said Bill Billings who has handled properties for Brenon these three years. "Come over here and I'll show you the things that turn a prop man gray before his time," and he trotted me off to a truck loaded with iron bound cabinets. One was filled with drawers, each drawer containing plenty of grief as Bill put it. "If you think that insert drawer didn't keep me awake nights you're guessing all (Continued on page 124)

Below: A location luncheon in the prop wagon for Director Brenon, Chester Morris and Max Ree, art director.

WHEN THE STARS

There's as Much
Variety in Film
Parties as in Motion
Picture Plots



Charlie Chaplin is always the life of the party. His burlesque of grand opera is the high-light of the evening.



Blanche Sweet, who has been Bessie Love's best friend since Biograph days, gave a party for Bessie and her husband, William Hawks, which was attended by most of the smart stars in Hollywood.

BESSIE LOVE is an odd little person in the midst of all the hectic romanticism of Hollywood," remarked Patsy, fingering an invitation she had just received from Blanche Sweet, who was giving Bessie and William Hawks a party—they'll be married by the time this is printed—and who was also honoring her grandmother's birthday.

"How so?" I asked, "how is Bessie odd?"

"Oh, she didn't become engaged a lot of times before she finally made up her mind, as so many of the girls do," answered Patsy. "She waited until she was quite sure whom she wanted to wed. And then, though she had a lot of chances to marry picture sheiks, she decided on a quiet, if brilliant-minded, writer."

"But when's the party?" I asked. "It's sure to be

interesting, since Blanche and Bessie have been friends ever since the old Griffith days. Both are true-souled girls, and they've seen each other through a lot of troublous times."

The party, we found, was to be held at the picturesque Chateau Elysee, where dwell so many of the picture stars.

We found the lights glimmering from all the windows of the place, from behind the tall trees, as though the whole Chateau were celebrating.

We were early, but we discovered some of the most interesting guests already arrived, including Dorothy Bernard, who, you remember, used to be a Fox star, her husband, Russell Van Buren, and her pretty nineteen-year-old daughter, who is studying dancing, and who may later go on the stage, her mother says. Mr. Van Buren is a stage actor and director who has lately been drafted for picture direction. Dorothy looked lovely and very young, though she told us how she used to try to take care of Blanche at the studio when Blanche started work as a mere child, and how Blanche in a measure resented it, being independent and feeling that she could take care of herself.

Then entered Blanche's grandmother, Mrs. Alexander, a lively, lovely little gray-haired lady, who had the rare ability to make everybody around her happy, and who had the air of knowing that life was just all a joke and being quite willing to let you in on it. Consequently everybody swarmed about her chair, and she was quite the belle.

The guests were supposed to assemble in the pretty little private drawing room of the Chateau, but there were so many of them that they overflowed into the halls and into another private drawing room.

STEP OUT



John McCormack is a decided acquisition to the social life of the screen colony. Here is the tenor with Maureen O'Sullivan and Tommy Clifford, who appear with him in his first picture.

"Just literally everybody is here!" exclaimed Patsy, glancing about. "And I must see who is in the other rooms."

She reported that she had met Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon was working and couldn't come—Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Blum, Sid Grauman and his mother, Jack Mulhall and his wife, Leonora Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman, and a lovely young girl, sweetly unsophisticated; Johnny Hines, May McAvoy and her husband, Maurice Cleary, Edmund Goulding, Ruth Taylor, Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr., and her fiancé, Wallace Davis; Bobby Agnew—both Bobby and May McAvoy were a bit self-conscious—Al Cohn and his wife, Mabel Taliaferro and her husband, Robert Ober, Carol Lombard, Walter Hagen, golf champion, Jeanie Macpherson and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Badger, Sally Phipps, Julianne Johnson, Jerry Miley, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Weingarten, Lawrence Gray and his wife, Mervyn LeRoy and Edna Murphy, Lila Lee and John Farrow, Clarence Brown, Catherine Dale Owen, Paul Bern, and others.

We chatted with Dorothy Bernard, who said that she had greatly enjoyed her work as assistant editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. She told us that Dustin Farnum's wife, Winifred Kingston, was in town, looking for a house. It seems that they had sold their beautiful old home, and that Dusty, had not left a very big fortune, due to the fact, largely, that he was always helping somebody who asked him for money.

Bebe Daniels looked lovely in a pale pink, long dress,

By
Grace Kingsley

Our Party Reporter



At Jean Hersholt's 'Margin Party.' Look for Pat O'Malley, Raymond McKee, Marguerite Courtot, Kenneth Thompson, Donald Crisp, Jane Novak, Anders Randolph.

and Bessie Love was exquisite in white. Bessie said that having this party made her engagement seem awfully real and sort of official.

Dorothy Dalton was there with her husband, Arthur Hammerstein. She is looking forward with interest, she said, to her picture work. She said she couldn't possibly find her way about Hollywood, it is so changed. She looks very pretty and exactly as young as she did in the old days, partly due, of course, to never having allowed herself to grow fat.

Fay Compton came with Betty Compson, and Betty told us that her Oxford admirer had gone to Russia on some sort of study mission from his college.

Harold Lloyd brought his lovely little wife, Mildred.

"Altogether it's a regular old-home week, isn't it?" observed Patsy.

Dinner was served in the large dining room, and it was with pleasure I found myself next to Mr. Van Buren, who is a charming talker, and who has a fresh enthusiasm about pictures.

(Continued on page 110)

Constance Bennett believes that a dainty evening gown loses its effect if it does not reveal smooth, white arms. Note that Constance lives up to her belief, and the effect is far from lost.



DETAILS *of* BEAUTY

Pointing Out that Perfection of Detail
May Create an Illusion of Loveliness

By Anne Van Alstyne

NO one ever quite forgets a beautiful woman. Prettiness may be but skin deep but real beauty lies deeper. A pretty woman may be merely a nonentity but a beautiful woman never is, because she has discovered that beauty is individuality—a personality that is the perfection of detail.

The little things count, and in many ways. For instance, hair that is less than perfectly groomed is enough to ruin the appearance of the loveliest hat that ever came out of Paris. The imported frock of costly material with one hook awry is less pleasing than the simple frock that is made at home and stays to-

gether properly. Rouge that streaks the cheek, powder that leaves off where the neck begins, a sleeveless frock disclosing rough, discolored elbows, a red, shiny nose that we powder when we think of it and let it go at that—set us down as careless or poorly groomed.

Looking about, one often is led to believe that few women realize that the world views us from the side and back quite as often as from a direct front view. We face our mirror and decide that we look pretty well, and take no thought as to how we look from any other viewpoint.

Don't make the mistake of believing that you have no time to



The vogue for off-the-face hats brought also a vogue for smooth foreheads and bright, sparkling eyes. Greta Garbo (left), Laura La Plante (above), and Lila Lee (right), are among the girls who take great pains that foreheads and eyes shall be well groomed.



Josephine Dunn (left), discloses white, shapely arms with elbows as soft and smooth as anyone could desire. Josephine realizes that a woman's arms are only as pretty as her elbows, and emphasizes their care.



Hedda Hopper contends that well-cared-for hands and well-groomed nails are important items in the quest for perfection of detail. And Hedda practices what she preaches, as this portrait (right), will testify.

waste on keeping yourself well-groomed. Rather, convince yourself that your time is wasted indeed if you do not spend a little of it in achieving and holding charm. Surely, in a day when you waste more or less time on things of lesser importance you can find half an hour to devote to small details of beautifying.

I talked recently to a beauty specialist, famous the world over. She believes that every girl may be beautiful in her own individual way if she will specialize on her good points and make the most of them. The features demanding attention more than others just now, said the specialist, are the eyes and forehead. And looking around a bit, I'm convinced that she is right.

For years, women pulled their nats down over their faces—one eye peeping out, the other almost completely hidden. Foreheads were invisible. If the hat did not cover them, the hair did. No special care was given them. Then came the new off-the-face hats and what they reveal, girls, is not always so good. Foreheads lined and none too white; lines under the eyes; a withered look about the eye-lids; the eyes not nearly so bright and sparkling as eyes should be.

What to do? Well, for one thing, you must give your forehead and the space under and over the

eyes the same amount of care and grooming that you give the rest of your face. When ready to cleanse your face, don't just pin your hair back out of the way; tie a towel firmly over it as the operator in the beauty parlor does before she begins a treatment, so you can work out to the very edges of the hair. After the face cleansing, put a generous amount of good cream on the forehead, under and over the eyes.

With the first two fingers of each hand, beginning at the center of the forehead just over the nose and working outward toward the temples, gently smooth the cream well in. Begin again, a little higher up on the forehead and repeat the process until you have covered the entire forehead. Then, using the tips of the second fingers and working outward with little firm circular movements, go over the entire forehead at least ten times.

Then, using the second finger of each hand, beginning over the eyes at the bridge of the nose (the eyes closed) work gently over the lid to the corners of the eyes. Press firmly on the crow's feet if they are beginning to form, then pat gently under the eyes to the nose. Repeat ten times. This treatment must be gentle, as the tissues under the eyes are very delicate.

When you (Cont. on page 112)



A famous beauty specialist states that the features demanding most attention now are the eyes and forehead. Fay Wray (left), Norma Shearer (above), and Gloria Swanson (right), agree. One has only to look at them to know that they give these features special care.



The "Trader Horn" camp at Panymur. Group includes W. S. Van Dyke, Edwina Booth, Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo, John W. McClain.

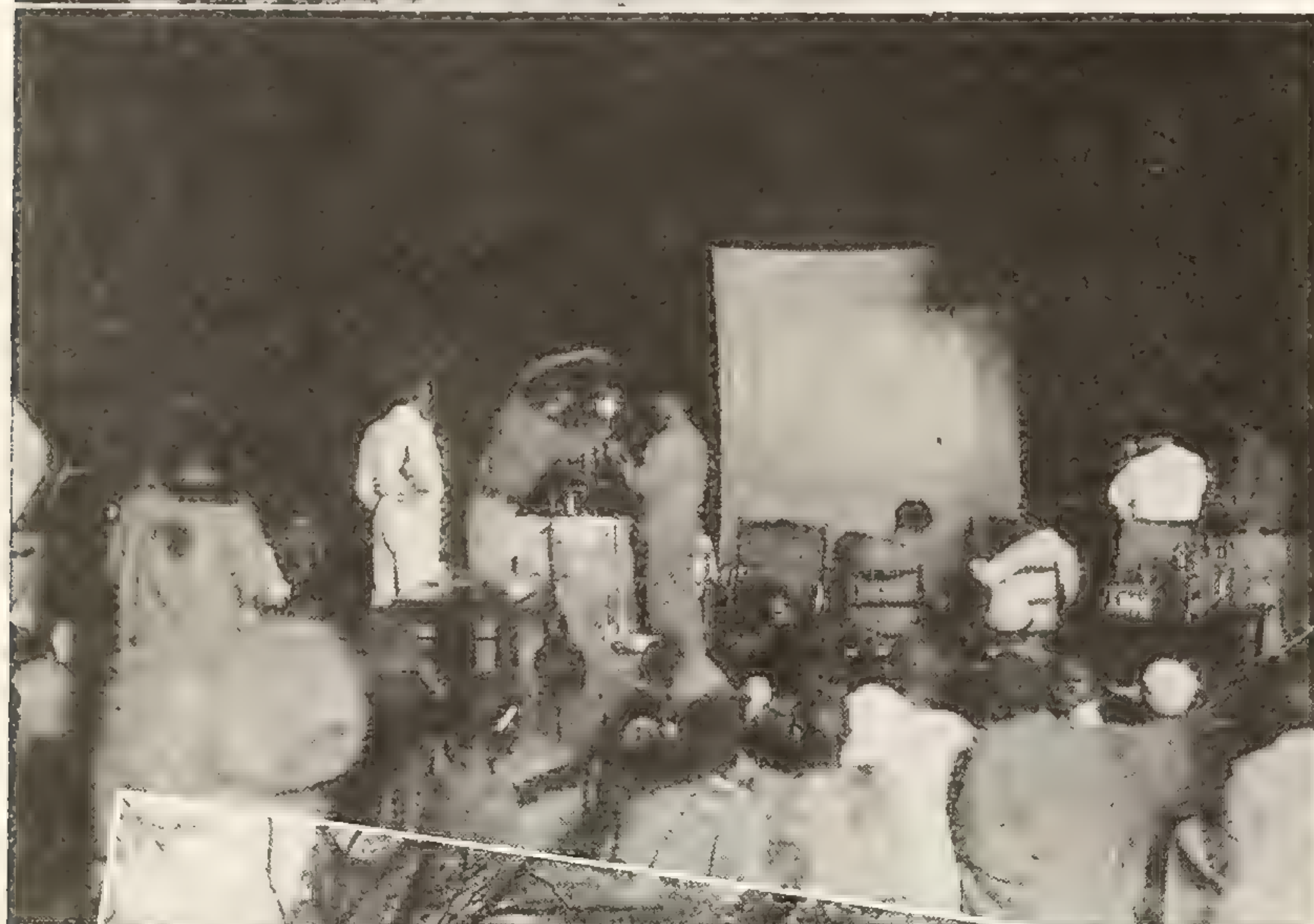
Trailing "TRADER HORN"

IN our estimate of the present crop of budding screen stars let's pause long enough to lift the millinery to Edwina Booth, one of the gamest little gamblers that ever laid a dime on the black square.

During the six months I spent with the "Trader Horn" company on location in East Africa where W. S. Van Dyke directed a sound version of the old philosopher's novel, I saw one of the most dramatic situations unfolded before my eyes that it will probably ever be my good fortune to witness.

Harry Carey, who plays *Trader Horn*, and Duncan Renaldo, who plays his buddy from Peru, are husky brutes, comparatively. They might be expected to stand some chance tussling with African elephants, or taking the meat practically out of the mouth of the Nubian lion—which they did. But our flower-like wraith of a leading lady, Edwina Booth, was slated for the same dangers. Not only that, but she marched the men into these situations. 'Ladies First,' with a vengeance.

Here was a little blonde kid who came fourteen thousand miles from California to the middle of Africa, wagering her health, her good looks, her entire future, in fact, on the single long shot that her success in the picture—if she pulled through—would reward her with the fame and fortune that we all want. It wasn't a big Belasco production either, with press agents, advertising and ballyhoo. Nobody ever talked about it at all. We all knew that it was going on in front of us and she knew



Above: The natives see themselves as others see them when they look at the day's 'rushes' at the improvised jungle movie theater.

Center: The company looks over the hippo which Harry Carey shot.

Left: Harry Carey as Trader Horn with Olive Golden, The Missionary in the picture and the Missus (Harry's) out of the picture.



Three barbers—no waiting! Edwina Booth helps give a hair cut. That's local color in the background.

A Movie Company Pioneers in Darkest Africa for Authentic Native Atmosphere

By John W. McClain

that we knew. It didn't call for words.

All the talking had been done in Hollywood. When Edwina took the part she was told that it meant great personal risk. Van Dyke told her—as only Van Dyke can—that there would be no room for temperament, for coddling or for anything, in fact, except hard work and plenty of it. She took the job with her eyes open and we had to hand it to her for the way she played the game.

It was May 1, 1929, when we all landed at Mombasa, the front door to East Africa—that fantastic little adjunct of the Bronx Zoo situated plumb under the equator on the East Coast. There were about thirty of us: Van Dyke, Edwina Booth, Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and the cameraman and technicians that go to make up a studio production company. In the hold of the ship was more than one hundred tons of equipment—hundreds of items we had been told to leave at home, things that 'could never be moved into the heart of the continent.' The weather was sizzling. Nobody seemed to be very much interested in what we were doing. Natives were asleep in the shade. Lizards were crawling up the white walls of the customs warehouses on the pier.

Two days of hard work were required to get everything onto the little woodburning train that runs three hundred and fifty miles inland to Nairobi, our temporary headquarters. It takes eighteen hours to make the trip, up-grade all the way, for Nairobi is a mile above sea level. You pass through native villages through



Above: Members of the company prepare a crocodile set for action at Murchison Falls.

Center: Edwina Booth in her out-door dressing room in the wilds of Africa.

Right: Elinor Glyn hasn't a corner on leopard skins—it's an old African costume. Harry Albiez, property man, sews 'em up on his Singer.



vast herds of wild game: zebra, giraffe and ostrich.

During the night a fine red dust creeps in under the windows, through the ventilators and covers everything. In the morning at breakfast, Edwina appeared in a spotless wash dress, wearing a cork helmet, and smiling. The rest of us were dirty and our eyes were bloodshot from the dust and soot. My repeated efforts to get towels and soap from the porter had produced everything from a new blanket to a gin sling. Edwina had apparently worked a miracle.

In Mairabi we paused long enough to repack our equipment, and to establish a laboratory for developing our rushes. Then we organized a regular safari, hired one hundred natives, five hunters and started for the bush. From Nairobi to Jinja, on Lake Victoria, there is a branch of the railroad. From there we went by motor to Kampala. At that point it became apparent that civilization was leaving us in the wake. Edwina left her trunk in the hotel and jumped into khaki pants, flannel shirt and felt taria, that was to be everything but her negligee for the next six months. And somehow it was rather becoming.

Along about May 15, we waved goodbye to the hotel keeper and pushed off toward the Congo. We were traveling in nineteen motor lorries and six passenger cars. Our nine-ton electric generator truck brought up the rear. We were carrying more equipment by at least fifty tons than any safari that had entered that part of Africa. There were twenty kleig lights, forty tents, beds, chairs, an iceless refrigerator, a wireless set, and enough food-stuffs, ammunition, films, and canned goods to last three months. At every bridge we had to stop and build a reinforcement under it before we could drive the generator truck over. Sometimes this took hours. We were eating on the march, living on canned food and crackers most of the time. At night we pitched a few tents and slept until dawn unless the mosquitoes were too thick. All over the roads there were tracks of everything from elephants to leopards.

One day we arrived at Lake Albert, in Uganda, on the border of the Belgian Congo. There we left our cars and loaded our personal kit on a river boat the size of a tug. There was a white man stationed there who looked after the shipping on the Lake. His name was Buckler. When he saw Edwina he said, "You



This spot was home for the "Trader Horn" expedition for many weeks, at Murchison Falls, Uganda, on the banks of the Victoria Nile.

can't take her where you're going. It is reeking with sleeping sickness and fever. She can't stand it."

Before Van Dyke could answer, Edwina stepped up to the man.

"Have you ever tried to cross Fifth Avenue at Forty-second street during the rush hour, Mr. Buckler?" she asked. "Well, I have, and I guess I can stand this country!"

She didn't talk much the rest of the day but she was all right when we got off the steamer at Panyamur next morning. That was the first location — a wilderness on the West side of Lake Albert. Flat, tall-

grass plains running down to the water's edge, with the land rising a mile or so from the lake and climbing gradually into the purple hills of the Congo. The water smooth and oily, simmering in the heat of a tropical sun and the monotonous hum of insects hanging over the whole scene like the purr of a distant airplane.

I looked for Edwina. She was trying to talk to some natives who had come down to meet us. They were laughing and making signs and she was looking up words in her Swahili handbook.

We shot the first sequence of the picture there, scenes showing the arrival of *Little Peru* in Africa and his introduction to *Trader Horn*. We defied all the rules of Africa during those first days, working all day in the sun, through the worst heat of the day at noon and far into the dusk. The generator was stationed off-shore on a tender and the juice was run ashore in cables. It looked like a losing bet for Edwina some of those times when we sat in the scorching sun, waiting for the clouds to drift into the background. Times when you could have baked a potato under your hat and when nobody spoke and everybody just sat.

Harry Carey, brave in the costume of the 'tough customer' of the early times, was driving herds of shackled natives that staggered under burdens of ivory tusks until they fell. It was easy for him to look grim. Renaldo arrived with slaves carrying guitars, luggage, and a bath tub, and faced the sarcastic scrutiny of *Trader Horn*. It was easy for Renaldo to look uncomfortable, as these two sweated through the opening scenes.

At night the mosquitoes were pretty bad. We had nets over our beds, but during dinner and right afterwards there was nothing to do about it. Some of the boys went down with fever after a couple of weeks. Van Dyke

(Cont. on page 120)



Edwina Booth as Nina T. and Harry Carey as Trader Horn in an African setting for a scene in the screen version of the old philosopher's novel.



Portrait of ANN HARDING, by Rolf Armstrong, Screenland Magazine insert for March, 1930



Clifton Kling

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "YOUNG EAGLES" starring CHARLES ROGERS

Every Day is Valentine's Day in Hollywood. For What are Motion Pictures Without Love Scenes?

Hollywood

News note: Nancy Carroll is stepping out with St. Valentine. But can he keep up with her?



Nancy again. No matter what havoc she causes among audiences you can never say she's a heartless girl.



Practically guaranteed to give anyone a little harmless heart trouble: Jean Arthur.

Heart Interest

All photographs of Nancy
Carroll by Otto Dyar.
Photographs of Jean
Arthur by Gene Robert
Richee.

Nancy Carroll is showing off one of her enormous collection of hearts. "No trouble at all," says Nancy. "There are lots more where this came from."

Cupid, a little annoyed at such competition, sends a dart in Nancy's direction.

We don't know much about art, Jean, but we know what we like, and you qualify.





EVERY time you have seen Charles Ruggles on the screen he has been impersonating a gentleman who has partaken not wisely, but too well, of good cheer. Personally, Charlie looks like this; and he never touches the stuff!



HELEN MORGAN, perched on a piano, is a tousled-haired, pleasantly plump young woman specializing in sentimental ballads—until she begins to sing. Then the magic of a husky voice transforms her into a great artiste.



Ruth Harriet Louise

THELMA TODD was once a school teacher. Now she is very busy explaining the rudiments of Hal Roach comedy to screen audiences. Blonde, Junoesque, and beautiful, Thelma seems to have inherited the mantle of Phyllis Haver.



Elmer Fryer

IT was more or less overlooked for a time that Lois Wilson entered pictures by the beauty contest route. But since Lois has been playing witty heroines instead of sweet saps, her friends have been reminded of her good looks.



Ruth Harriet Louise

THERE is a new girl in town visiting from the South, by way of Broadway. Her name is Dorothy Jordan, and everyone has been so nice to her she reckons she'll stay. This decision meets with the approval of all.



Otto Dyar

THE voice, with the smile, wins. It's a sure-fire combination. Regis Toomey qualified in "Alibi," and now he is greatly in demand, having made a favorable impression upon the discerning millions who go to movies.



Chidnoff

WHEN an actor is hailed by his nickname, it means only one thing: his future is assured. He is no longer a remote figure on the screen, but a very good friend. David Rollins is known to the world as Davey.



Chidnoff

OF all the Broadway leading ladies who have come to Hollywood, Marguerite Churchill is perhaps the most wistful and reserved. Yet she has already, in her quiet, well-bred way, carved a special niche for herself.



Ruth Harriet Louise

SHE has been a trouper ever since she can remember, having toddled on the stage with her father and mother at the tender age of two. And she still loves her work. Ladies and gentlemen of the audience: Leila Hyams.



Chidnoff

GIVE Warner Baxter any part, and he'll play it, to hearty applause. *Cisco Kid* or suave business man, Warner is always convincing. He is agreeable and versatile. "Such Men are Dangerous"—that's his next feature.



LORETTA HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Miss Young Plays Shepherdess.
Lucky Little Lamb!





*All photographs by
Elmer Fryer.*

SCREEN ingenues have posed amid woodland scenery before; but somehow, until Loretta Young came along, we never took it very seriously. Now—well, look around you!





Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE gay nineties will be the next setting for Marion Davies' whimsical talents. The star is now working on a musical movie with the quaint atmosphere of *Floradora* days.



For her rôle of Dulcy in "Not So Dumb" Marion uses a new voice.



Impersonating Chevalier her intonation is something else again.



Marion does a little home work on her dancing steps and accents. She has as many voices in her repertoire as Paul Muni has faces!



Marion's voice has a throb and a sob when she imitates Bernhardt.



As the 'lieutenant' in "Marianne" Miss Davies is still different.

The Girl with SEVEN VOICES

Marion Davies
Demonstrates
Vocal Versatility

By Ralph Wheeler

"THERE are too many tears in real life. I want to make people laugh!"

Thus, with characteristic simplicity, did Marion Davies explain her snubbing of serious rôles for hoydenish farce and broad comedy.

While other actresses of less pulchritude and accomplishment are yearning to do 'big things,' dripping drama, (pronounced dray-mah), or Shakespeare, at the very least, Marion is figuring out new impressionistic burlesques, stunts, of any kind aimed to bring a laugh.

Her first talking picture feature, "Marianne," has given her fans a treat and shown them what to expect of her in vocal as well as physical character delineation. "Dulcy," now titled "Not So Dumb," her next, is amusing and frankly fun.

"I don't know a thing about this 'are-you-theah' manner of pronunciation I hear so much about in talkies," she said. "I talk the way I think my characters would speak, not the way some elocution teacher thinks the English language is spoken.

"I try to be myself. An English accent doesn't go with my Irish face. I was born in Brooklyn, and if you've ever been across the bridge you know how 'certainly' is pronounced there.

"I feel that the average person in a motion picture audience resents too meticulous enunciation. They don't know people in real life who talk that way and at once sense an artificiality about the characters. If the part calls for Bowery lingo, then the lines should be read that way. If the rôle is one of drawing room aristocracy, then bring on your diphthongs and whatnots.

"To my mind, it is important in comedy characterizations, especially, to fit your voice to the part. I am very much afraid a constant repetition of the same voice in every picture will make the public 'voice weary,' just as they would get tired of seeing a star wear the same clothes for every part

she played. I can hear them saying, 'Gosh do we have to hear that woman again?'

"When I played 'Marianne' I spoke very little French. I realized that those lines which were spoken entirely in French must be perfectly delivered, since many people in the audience would pick flaws. (Continued on page 113)

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans



Joe E. Brown, Marilyn Miller, and Alexander Gray in the spectacular "Sally"

Sally

THIS is the ne plus ultra of screen musical entertainment. (Don't mind me; I'm just showing off. "Sally" is such a Cartier production it has given me an accent.) Marilyn Miller, aristocrat of Broadway musical comedy, goes Hollywood at last, and she makes it look like Park Avenue in a minute. Marilyn makes some of our native blondes seem just a little—er—crude and uncouth and she is generally bad news to our girls who have been getting by with their Charlestons and tiny trebles; she shows them up and there's nothing left for them to do now but take singing and dancing lessons. Miss Miller has a fine voice, a beautiful smile, and the sprightliest and shapeliest dancing legs on the screen. As 'Sally,' the little waitress who captivates the millionaire boy, and no wonder, she is always a vision, and the technicolor cameras take full advantage of her charms. "Sally" is an eye-ful in every respect. The garden party is the biggest and most lavish screen set since the fall of Babylon in "Intolerance." Alexander Gray 'plays opposite.'



Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan in a tender moment from "Devil May Care"

Devil May Care

RAMON NOVARRO'S first singing picture is a lovely lace Valentine. It is thoroughly charming and not in the least important. But who cares? Here's Ramon, as a dashing young defender of Napoleon's interests, masquerading as a footman and managing to ingratiate himself with Dorothy Jordan and all the ladies in the audience at one and the same time. Novarro is a delightful comedian; he is light and engaging but never coy. The Voice, like most over-heralded things, fails to live up to expectations; but don't let that worry you. It's a good enough voice and Ramon really could get along with a worse one. The opening scenes of this Napoleonic romance are fine and stirring. Unfortunately the film fails to keep this pace. It lags and limps when it should go marching on. But when Novarro is around, and he usually is, there's nothing the matter with "Devil May Care." Dorothy Jordan as the little royalist who is finally won over to Ramon's cause, is a real find. She has a naive charm.



"No, No, Nanette," the sparkling musical comedy, boasts a real all-star cast

No, No, Nanette

IF you think you are just a little fed up with these endless musical comedy movies, see this one before you swear off. It proves that what's wrong with m.c. movies is comedy—that is, not enough comedy. "No, No, Nanette" is first of all funny. The musical comedy is just a background. And the genuine comedy makes you so hilarious you don't mind the elaborate chorus numbers, the persistent tap dancers, and the theme songs sung by Alexander Gray. But then you might like Mr. Gray in any case. He is modest, presentable, and the owner of a good voice. His co-star, Bernice Claire, is a little beauty who is ravishing even when she sings. When she discards that musical comedy smile and learns movie technique she will be a real wow. Lucien Littlefield as a good-book publisher who keeps pretty ladies in good humor; Louise Fazenda as his doting wife; Lilyan Tashman as a whispering friend and Bert Roach as her husband; and particularly Zasu Pitts as a long-suffering maid of all work, are uproariously funny.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the
Six Most Important Films
of the Month



This Thing Called Love

THIS lovely young thing called Constance Bennett returns to the screen. Boy, get out the banners and the red carpet and the key—the great big, gold one—to the city. For Constance, today, is more glamorous than ever. She went away an appealing little girl. She comes back a sophisticated woman—with Paris clothes and faintly haughty continental manners. There's no one quite like her in pictures. She has poise that matches Swanson's. And her picture is a fitting frame for her talents. She plays a modern young woman who hires herself out to Edmund Lowe as a perfect wife. In other words, she can give him everything but love, baby. Of course he wants that, too, even though Miss Bennett points out that the examples of married life they see about them are none too encouraging. Zasu Pitts as a disappointed matron contributes another one of her matchless characterizations. But Mr. Lowe refuses to be depressed and even without the aid of 'Captain Flagg' he is victorious. This Mr. Lowe is an expert farceur.



Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Carmelita Geraghty in "This Thing Called Love"



The Virginian

A CLASSIC of the American theater, this grand old play by Owen Wister and Kirk La Shelle ran for seasons on the 'legitimate.' Now that the movies have become the real legitimate theater, "The Virginian" will probably run forever. It has all the qualities that make for popular appeal. It's the greatest 'western' ever written, a real epic of the days when America was in the making. Of course Gary Cooper is the one and only boy to play the title rôle on the screen. This tall, rangy lad makes a perfect picture as the brave foreman whose sense of duty prevails over his friendship for 'Steve' and his love for the little Vermont school ma'am. Richard Arlen is a picturesque and lovable 'Steve.' Two ladies beside me left the theater when he passed out of the picture. Mary Brian is a lovely heroine. Walter Huston makes 'Trampas' as ornery as Wister wrote him. The suspense of the final scenes is positively gripping. But for me, the big moment comes when Gary says, "If you call me that, smile!"



Gary Cooper in the title rôle and Richard Arlen as 'Steve' in "The Virginian"



The Sky Hawk

THE war picture that is different, should be the billing for this film. You may think you have had just about enough of these epic struggles; but see "The Sky Hawk" and you will marvel at the ingenuity of the Hollywood boys who can actually turn out another war picture that will not remind you of all the others since "The Big Parade." It is worth your while if only for the tremendous thrill of the air battle between a Zeppelin and a lone plane over London. The suspense of the air raid and the hero's daring will keep you on the edge of your seat, tearing your program to bits, or you're awfully, awfully callous. I think you will find "The Sky Hawk" an entertainment tonic. It is all-English, with 'a chap called Bardell' performing this heroic aerial feat by way of reinstating himself in the eyes of the world which has accused him of cowardice. John Garrick, the young Englishman who plays the lead, is interesting and always sincere in a rôle that must have been a continual temptation to swank around in.



Helen Chandler and John Garrick in the exciting war drama, "The Sky Hawk"

Critical Comment



The Laughing Lady

A SMART motion picture. Smart in its stars and its settings and story; and smart in the pace it maintains throughout. Ruth Chatterton plays the title rôle, that of a charming and gallant lady innocently compromised and hence cast off by her worthless husband. Dragged into the divorce court she is pilloried by her husband's brilliant lawyer and loses the custody of her child. Chin up, she laughs—while she plans a neat revenge. Her victim is the lawyer, who is not clever enough to withstand woman's wiles. But she has fallen in love with him, and he with her; so revenge is sacrificed to a happy ending. Clive Brook is superb as the lawyer, while the exquisite Miss Chatterton scintillates as the Laughing Lady. The two most poised and polished players on the screen, they make a perfect team. May they meet soon again!



Hot For Paris

D ID you like "The Cock-Eyed World?" Don't be silly. According to the box-office receipts, everybody liked "The Cock-Eyed World." Then see "Hot for Paris," which is more of the same. Victor McLaglen plays a sea-farin' man on shore leave with his Swedish pal, El Brendel, in that dear Paree. There they encounter Fifi Dorsay, yes, the same Fifi who made Paris so pleasant for Will Rogers; and she shows Vic and El the sights. Raoul Walsh directed, so you know what to expect. It's all Rabelaisian in the Hollywood fashion, with broad laughs, plenty of gestures, French-American dialogue, and generally snappy action. McLaglen plays his usual bluff and rough character; but it is Fifi's own little show. Her antics are so disarming that even grandmother will content herself with a gentle "Tut-tut!" The French are a great people!



The Girl From Woolworth's

A RE you like me? Are you one of those people who's been worrying about the fate of Alice White? Well, there's no need to worry. No matter what job Alice holds in the first reel of the picture, the odds are twenty to one that she'll emerge a cabaret cutie before the fourth reel rolls around. And that, my children, is just what happens again in this latest opus which I have nicknamed 'an epic of the five-and-ten.' Oh, it's all right with me! I'm not whimpering! For Alice continues to improve with the song-and-dance talkies, and even if she sells sheet music in Woolworth's and falls for a subway guard, who am I to complain so long as there is a theme song with jazz variations and legtacular surroundings. Charles Delaney is the poor but honest New Yorker, and Wheeler Oakman is the menace as the cabaret producer.



The Mighty

T HAT man's man, George Bancroft, seemed to be keeping a large percentage of women interested when I saw "The Mighty." The fact is, George, the big bad boy of the movies, interests both men and women because they feel he is real, not synthetic. As far as I'm concerned, I'd rather see George in celluloid than most matinée idols in the flesh. He makes me believe him no matter what he does, even when, as in this picture, he plays a crook drafted into the war who emerges a Major, a gentleman, and a hero. When he seemed to be about to return to his old wild life, torn between love and duty, and two beautiful blondes, Esther Ralston and Dorothy Revier, I wasn't worried. I could just sit back and let George do it. Whatever the outcome, it would be interesting. Bancroft films, like Garbo's, are just vehicles, and why not?

on Current Films



Seven Keys to Baldpate

RICHARD DIX'S first picture for RKO is good entertainment. But it is neither new nor startling, and affords Dix no fresh start. The George M. Cohan play has been picturized before; and those who saw the first screen version will have no difficulty in doping out the plot well in advance. A mildly amusing farce, it has been well mounted, directed, and cast; but why not give Richard Dix a brand-new, original story to work in, just for a treat? And then see what he'll do with it. He has played in so many revivals he must feel like Billy Sunday. As the young author who goes to Baldpate Inn in the dead of winter to write in solitude, only to have his privacy invaded by political crooks and beautiful ladies, Dix does all he can to invest the proceedings with sincerity and zest. Joseph Allen of the original cast is a riot.



The Shannons of Broadway

LUCILLE WEBSTER and Jimmy Gleason are two of the most lovable human beings who ever held an audience in the hollow of their hands. They are home-spun and real, so that every type of theater-goer, from Broadway to the tank-towns, reacts identically to their humor. Jimmy and Lucille wrote and starred in "The Shannons of Broadway" and had a long run in the big town. And now they have translated their play into pictures and it will probably keep right on running. Not that this talkie is remarkable. It isn't. It's simply a stage play too literally transcribed into screen scenes. But the innate worth of the piece is there, and nothing can hide it. As the vaudeville couple who clean up in real estate and return to the stage in a big act, Lucille and Jimmy are always believable. Mary Philbin and John Breeden are also present.



Pointed Heels

JUST a little bit of everything for everybody. Musical numbers? Here they are. Comedy? Yes. Drama? Certainly. Technicolor revue? Right over there. Add William Powell, Fay Wray, Helen Kane, Phillips Holmes, and Skeets Gallagher, and you'll have to like something about "Pointed Heels." I liked Powell's nonchalant stalking of Fay and his final gentlemanly sacrifice; Helen's boopa-doops; Fay's acting, and Phil's profile. But particularly Helen. This girl is just a natural. She is a real comedienne and doesn't have to depend upon her singing from now on. Fay, the miniature Gloria Swanson, is lovely. The story? Oh, there are several. Domestic drama by Fay and Phil. Backstage comedy by Helen and Skeet. Handsome millionaire menace by Mr. Powell, who turns out to be a sheep in wolf's clothing. What will you have? It's all here.



Dynamite

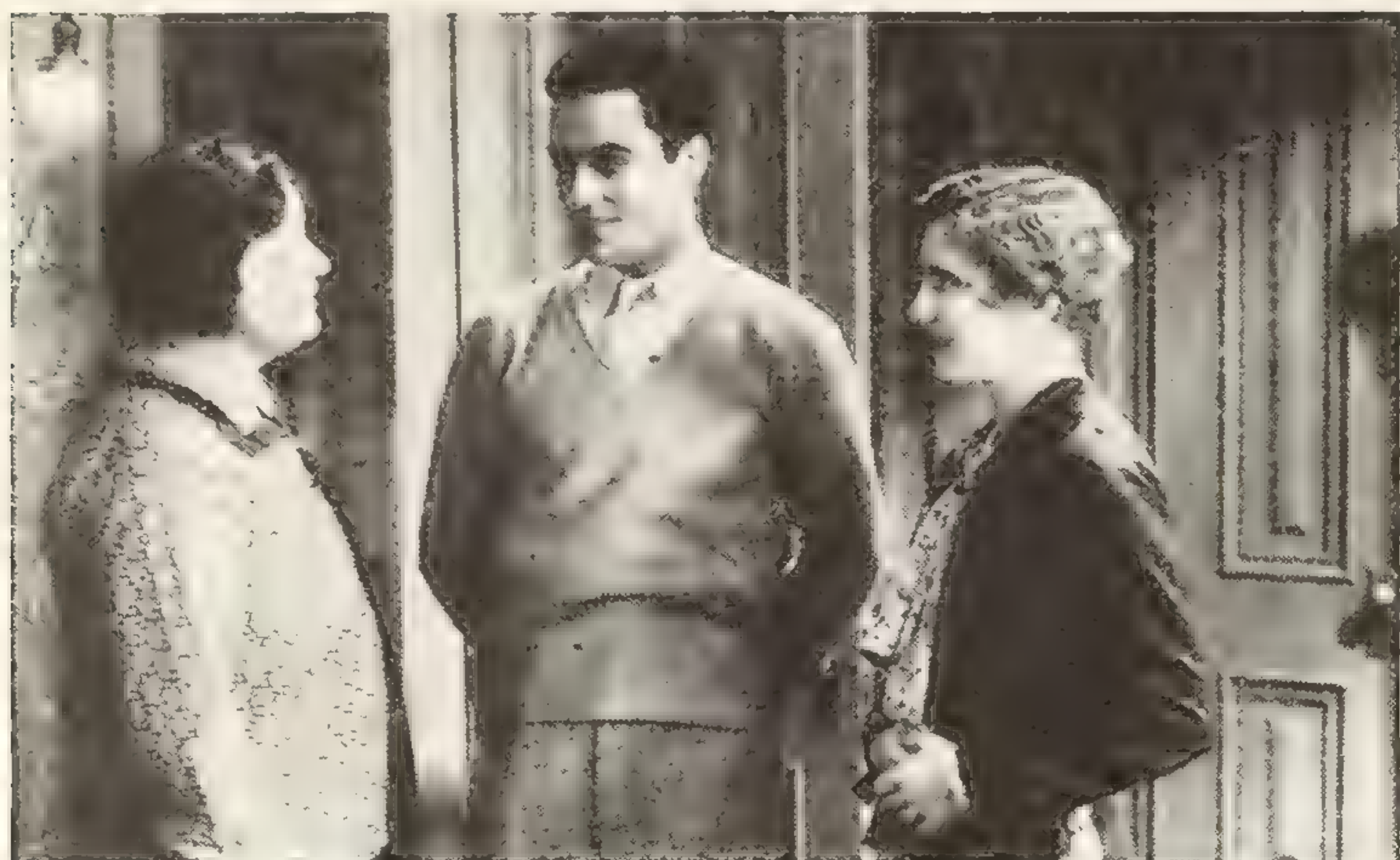
THE glorifier of the American bath-tub took no chances with his first talking picture. He put everything in it. After the first four or five reels I pinched myself and rubbed my eyes and said: "It isn't true; I don't believe it." But it seemed I was wrong. The astonishing scenes of "Dynamite" went on and on, from the wedding of a beautiful society girl to a condemned murderer, through a characteristic Cecil DeMille party in high-life, to a climax in a mine that beggars description. And over it all is the smooth and unctuous Cecil DeMille polish, and through it all there is the decided charm of Kay Johnson and the rugged honesty of Charles Bickford and the sex appeal of soft-voiced Julia Faye, and the suavity of Conrad Nagel. Director DeMille is a magician. He makes you see things that aren't there.

REVUETTES *of*



Tiger Rose

An all-star cast including Rin-Tin-Tin make Willard Mack's play a good movie melodrama of the old school. Lupe Velez draws Lenore Ulric's stage rôle and she vamps and romps her way through the scenes with her usual sparkle. Monte Blue, H. B. Warner, Grant Withers, and Gaston Glass combine to make "Tiger Rose" a flappers' holiday; it's been a long time since so many likable leading men played in one picture. Tully Marshall and Bull Montana attend strictly to their business of supplying characterization. "Tiger Rose" 'dates'; its canoe race through the rapids may not be taken altogether seriously; but the luminous cast does its best to make up for such old-fashioned devices. Lupe's lustre alone is worth the price of admission to "Tiger Rose."



Halfway To Heaven

Buddy Rogers' best picture in some time, though not altogether 'due to Buddy. He is overshadowed by the menace of Paul Lukas and the appeal of Jean Arthur as the girl. It's a carnival story with Buddy, Jean and Paul doing a trapeze act that has its thrills. The star is a little too noble. Jean Arthur is, as always, just right.



Oh, Yeah!

This comedy with James Gleason and Robert Armstrong is disappointing. There is too much dialogue and not enough acting. Remember, boys, this is the moving picture business. Gleason wrote the dialogue as well as co-starred and he knows his wise-cracks; but the film could and should have been better. Zasu Pitts is grand as a waitress.



Hunting Tigers In India

Elephants, tigers, and everything. If you like these natural actors, see Commander George M. Dyott's record of his hunt. It is interesting though not too exciting. The gun and camera sportsmen seek rhino, deer, and elephant; and to top it off, there's the bagging of three tigers. No story; just a little lesson in natural history.



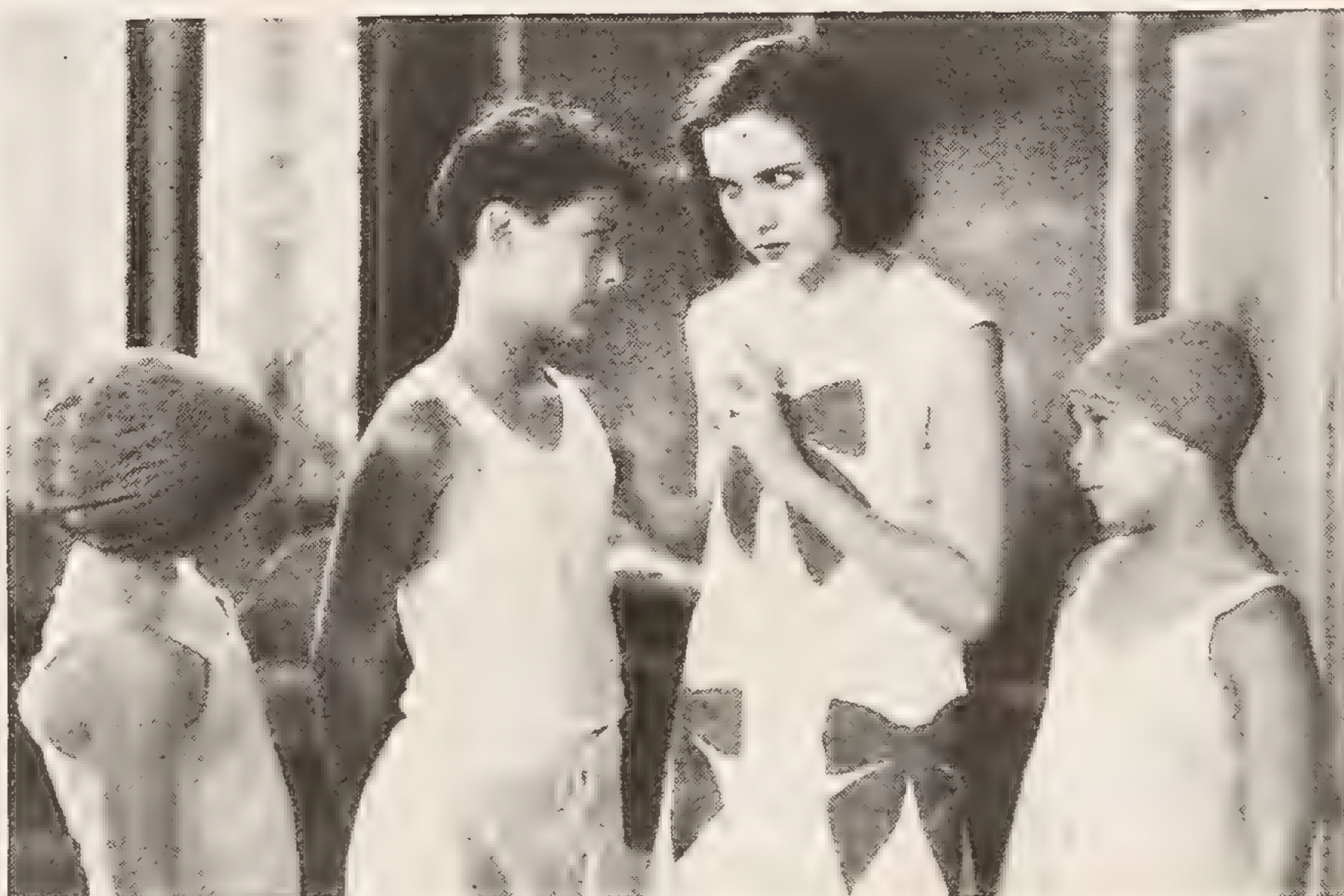
Blaze O' Glory

The height of hokum. With the exception of an excellent performance by Henry Walthall, and the personable presence of Betty Compson, this melodrama is hardly worth your time. Eddie Dowling uses the late war as background for his repertoire of sentimental songs. Frankie Darro fans will find their boy wonder very much among those present.

OTHER PICTURES

The Marriage Playground

A great family picture, this filmization of Edith Wharton's "The Children" has the fine full flavor of the novel and all the qualities of the best screen technique as well. Lothar Mendes has directed with good taste and spirit, a rare combination, this story of the girl who brings up her younger brothers and sisters because her fashionable folks are too busy. Mary Brian as the girl is a revelation. She has lost none of her girlish appeal, while her work has steadily grown in depth and power. I can't imagine any audience failing to appreciate and sympathize with *The Children*, especially Philippe De Lacey. Sartorial shows by Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman, love interest by Fredric March, nice man and good actor.



His First Command

Bill Boyd fans, and they are loyal and lusty, will like their star in this fast-moving story of a private who wise-cracks his way to a commission and the commandant's daughter. Boyd plays a Bill Haines rôle to agreeable affect, and Dorothy Sebastian is pert and pretty opposite him. A good movie with not too much regard for army regulations.



South Sea Rose

Lenore Ulric is a splendid actress and she is proving it in her talkies. The well-known Ulric personal charm is not so potent on the screen and Lenore must be judged solely on her merits as a trouper. She is one of the best, and as a South Sea Rose transplanted to New England she rises above an indifferent story, aided by Charles Bickford.



Hell's Heroes

A drama of the brand best known as 'gripping,' this picture will get you. From a Peter B. Kyne story, it is virile, unadorned, and always absorbing. Three desert rats, Charles Bickford, Fred Kohler, Raymond Hatton, become human beings when they adopt a baby. Sounds saccharine, but isn't. Good acting, authentic desert stuff, and real punch.



Dance Hall

Vina Delmar's short story makes a fairly entertaining talker. The scene is a 'taxi' dance hall with Olive Borden as the hostess and Arthur Lake as a shipping clerk smitten by her charms. Olive and Arthur are individually good, but not together. Miss Borden is too reserved for Arthur's ingenuous boyishness. Joseph Cawthorne is really funny.



Above: Marie Saxon, musical comedy queen, brings her beauty to the sound films in "The Broadway Hooper."

Right: Eleanor Boardman, who came to Manhattan for a vacation with her husband, the director, King Vidor.

Below: Mary Duncan may return to the stage if she finds a play to her liking. No more vamp rôles, she says.



IN NEW

The Playground of the Picture Stars

Children," is, as she says, "having a gala celebration in New York just to get a rest from *The Children*."

Lil has a new bob that I've been trying to copy. Her wheat-colored hair is cut long—about to the shoulders. Parted in the middle down front and back. The back is then waved up into ten curls which are pinned into place at the nape of her neck, five on each side of the back part.

Lilyan stepped out while she was in our town—she bought a chinchilla coat. Wait until Eddie gets the bill for that; he'll forget the chrysanthemums!

It's the most beautiful fur coat I ever saw. Long and full and soft as a dove's breast. It's the kind of coat every woman dreams of and one out of five million achieves.

"I thought I hadn't any clothes thrills left to get," Tashman concluded. "Yes, I did. For I've had about everything in the clothes line there is. But when I put that chinchilla coat on my back, I said, 'Lil, enjoy yourself. For here's your greatest thrill in the second decade of the twentieth century.'"

* * *

"They're always trying to make a vamp out of me," wailed Mary Duncan, "just because I played Poppy, the half-caste girl in *'Shanghai Gesture.'*"

Mary was on the stage in New York for several years before Mr. William Fox corralled her for Hollywood movies. Now she's back in town for a visit—the first time in many months, having just completed *"City Girl."*

"I love New York. I love the theaters here. Talkies are great—terribly interesting in which to work. But



"**W**AIT till Eddie sees the bill for these. He'll get a shock!"

Lilyan Tashman was speaking of the four dozen giant chrysanthemums her husband, Edmund Lowe, had telegraphed her from the coast.

"He's forgetting," she continued, "that chrysanthemums cost real money in New York. Here you can't get a carload for a street-car token like you can in Hollywood."

Miss Tashman, who has just finished playing the rôle of the mother of a large and varied family in *"The Marriage Playground,"* from Edith Wharton's novel, *"The*



Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc., N. Y. C.

YORK

By Anne Bye

there's something about the New York theater that doesn't exist for me any place else. I adore the people out in Hollywood. I adore the climate, too. But," and her pretty little nose sniffed the frosty air from upper Fifth Avenue, which filtered in through the open sitting room window, "when I'm away from this New York ozone, I'm plain miserable, for I reckon this is—just my town!"

Mary Duncan is a lady. Not one of these personages varnished up by an astute publicity department for special occasions, but the real quality. She breathes a spirit and exudes an essence that can never be manufactured, no matter how subtly an artist may try.

Yes, you guessed it. She was born in Virginia. And she has a voice that is as lovely as Jane Cowl's. It is sweet, smooth and musky, like old green chartreuse that has rested many years undisturbed in a cool, quiet cellar.

Mary has had rather a bad break in pictures. They don't seem able to find a story for this unusual girl's personality.

"I don't know whether I'll make a picture next or do a play," Mary explained. "Sam Harris has a little thing here that he thinks is interesting. And I may take it, if it's not a vamp rôle. I'm through with vamps forever. I've rolled my eyes and swaggered my hips for the last time—I hope!"

* * *

"Marriage agrees with some movie stars. It wrecks others," said Eleanor Boardman, wife of King Vidor, as she sat in the drawing room of her suite at the Warwick,



Above: Joan, littlest, sweetest and shyest of the Bennetts, in town for a brief rest from picture-making.



Left: Lilyan Tashman went on a clothes spree and bought a chinchilla wrap while she was here on vacation.



As boyish as his screen rôles, Arthur Lake looked Wall Street over. RKO has signed Arthur for a series of films.

where she and her husband were spending their New York vacation.

"But don't let's talk about marriage. I have a hunch when people tell you how happy they are—well, sometimes, they're just talking. Like a boy whistles when he's walking past a graveyard at night. Real happiness is something you feel inside. It's a quality so rare that when you possess it you don't speak about it, for fear even words will make it vanish."

A few months before Miss Boardman was married, I interviewed her in Hollywood. (Continued on page 127)

The STAGE

The New Plays Before the

By Benjamin



Evelyn Laye, the British, blonde and beautiful star of "Bitter Sweet."

"Meteor"

IF you've ever read that delectable brochure, "The Superman in America," you will remember the last paragraph, no doubt: "American mass-consciousness remains absolutely untouched by the doctrine of Superman. It is innately philistine, conservative, without vision, without imagination, without daring. Its supermen are Ford, Rockefeller, Edison, Coolidge."

When Mr. Behrman wrote "Meteor," the Guild's new play, he must have had this paragraph from "The Super-

man in America" in mind, for his *Raphael Lord* is a caricature of a genius. He is a superman a la New York, model 1929. He is a hard-boiled Babbitt who believes that money will make him the superior of mankind, starting, as he does, in youth with a basis of egotistic brag-godocio and Jack London-Jim Tully social blasphemies.

We see this papier-maché creation first hanging around a New England university town and later in New York as a monumental telephone bawler in the Street who is 'gifted with second-sight,' a lame theatrical device to inject some miracle-monkey shines into a brutal vulgarian. The play, nevertheless, is worth seeing, for Mr. Behrman, no doubt, intended just this, and he succeeds admirably. If he didn't intend this, then I'm dumber (or brighter) than he is.

Alfred Lunt's portrayal of *Lord* was snappy, jolting and convincing. It is certain that he understands clairvoyance. His manner of registering it was perfect. Lynn Fontanne is seen as first his sweetheart and then his wife. For a terrific *he-man-Boy Scout* super-special talkie, I recommend "Meteor" to the producers.

"Bitter Sweet"

Noel Coward is the department store of Popular Art. He'll sell you anything; a play in which the nerves and emotions rant like Henry Hull; a sketch in which a London bus or Nero is the hero; an opera in



William Gaxton and some of his assistants who make "Fifty Million Frenchmen" a grand musical show, one of the very best on Broadway.

Leslie Howard, superbly suave in "Berkeley Square."



in REVIEW

Camera Gets Them

De Casseres

which he will write the music, crochet the plot and cast the parts. I wonder does he play the oboe, paint a la Gaugin or Van Gogh; can he whittle out a model of a twenty-first century skyscraper; can he write an essay on the Mona Lisa or the Metaphysical Thing?

I'll bet he can, for Noel is sometimes a talented, although a totally unoriginal, Proteus, as I noted in his latest diversion, "Bitter Sweet," an old-fashioned but sweetly somno-



Jacob Ben-Ami, Josephine Hutchinson, and Merle Madern in Eva Le Gallienne's splendid production of Chekhov's "The Sea Gull."



Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, the bright shining stars of the Theater Guild, in the Guild's new play by Behrman, "Meteor."

lent entertainment that I cordially recommend if the murder-holes and sex-sties of Broadway have begun to pall on you and you want to be rocked away with caramel-sundae music and the really gorgeous voice of Evelyn Laye into the Belgrave Square of 1875 and the Vienna of 1880, when the beer and the spine-dissolving waltzes ran neck and neck with nose-slitting duels.

The story is rather yawningly pretty. We open in London with a jazz-band. Dolly Chamberlain is going to run away with its Lopez. The grandmother, the Marchioness of Shayne, played by Miss Laye, limps on the scene and tells the audience in a series of flash-backs what happened to her when she made off with a singer yeahs and yeahs and yeahs before. It is quite romantic, dramatic, and even thrillingly murderous at the end of the second act, when an Austrian window-dressed soldier kills grandma's fiddle-leader. All this has such an effect on Dolly that—well, believe it or not—she gives up her Lopez. I rather liked it, not being ashamed to be sentimental when I feel like it—and the night that I saw it I felt like a nineteen-year-old bridegroom in Wichita.

"The Sea-Gull"

All the critics are unanimous. All of us said in chorus, and we continue to say it: "The Sea-Gull," by Anton Chekov, is the only great play in New York."

Others, like "Rope's End," "The Criminal Code," and "Many Waters," are good, fine, or powerful; but "The Sea-Gull" contains the elements that are not of today, yesterday or tomorrow, but are for the human race in all times because it shows us—with what art!—something that happens to every boy and girl born of woman on this planet; the moth of Time and how it nibbles holes in your ideals and dreams till there is nothing left but a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

Again, "The Sea-Gull," as put. (Continued on page 119)

Come *into the* Kitchen

By Fay Wray

FAY WRAY'S

ST. VALENTINE'S PUDDING

Drain 1 can pineapple; to syrup add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, 5 slices chopped pineapple, 1 cup cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point, remove to back of range, let stand one hour; strain through cheesecloth. There should be 2 cups of syrup. Soak 3 tablespoons gelatine in 3 tablespoons cold water, add to hot syrup. Add $\frac{7}{8}$ cup Sauterne wine and pinch of salt; color with fruit red. Place heart-shaped mold in pan containing ice water, pour in mixture to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in depth. When firm place smaller mold (in ice water) on jelly, leaving space of uniform width. Add jelly mixture gradually and cool. When firm remove small mold and fill space with chilled mixture. Filling: Beat 1 cup cream until stiff, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup marroons and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup walnut meats broken in pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows cut in strips, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Let stand one hour and remove to serving dish.



The charming Miss Wray loves to 'meddle about' the kitchen and cook—there's no pretense about it, either.

WHEN you hear a woman pretend that she has no interest in cooking, make up your mind that it's just a pose. True, there are exceptions. But most of us love to stir up a cake or whisk together a pudding, or create a salad that's a culinary triumph and an artistic delight. This is particularly true when one has a family and friends who appreciate one's efforts!

Planning and supervising formal dinners and luncheons are among my favorite indoor sports. If I had more time I know I would do more of what my cook calls 'meddling about the kitchen' when one of these dinners is in process of creation.

For a dinner of twelve people I usually serve a fruit or seafood cocktail or canapes, a clear soup, a fish course, a roast with vegetables, a simple salad and a frozen dessert.

For an informal luncheon of eight, I like to serve consommé or fruit cup, lamb chops or Jarvis stuffed peppers, salad and a light pudding.

Recently, I served a company of sixteen with the following menu. I hope it will help you in planning a party.

It is far from being an elaborate menu; but then we are not ostentatious at our house; and besides, I feel sure any guest prefers a sensible, well-cooked dinner.



The kitchen, one of Fay's preferred locations, as well. Note the gaily framed windows and

with Fay Wray

Fay Wray Can Cook As Well as
She Can Act and Likes to Prove It

FAVORITE RECIPES

JARVIS STUFFED PEPPERS

Cut stem ends from 6 green peppers; remove seeds, parboil 3 minutes in boiling water to which has been added $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon soda. Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ can tomatoes, let simmer 20 minutes, rub through sieve and continue simmering until there is $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot boiled rice, let stand until rice has absorbed tomato. Then add 1 sweetbread parboiled and cut in small cubes. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika, fill peppers with mixture, place in pan, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and brown in oven. Place on circles of sauteed bread and pour sauce around. Littleton Sauce: Mix 1 teaspoon flour and 1 teaspoon mustard; when thoroughly blended add 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, the beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Cook in double boiler until mixture thickens. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne. Before serving, add 1 tablespoon current jelly.



A lemon grater, eggs, and something stirred in a bowl. Our guess is nice, thick lemon meringue pie. What's yours?

MENU

Blue Points on Half Shells
Mock Turtle Soup
Fillet of Haddock with White Sauce
Saddle of Lamb, Estragon Sauce
Waffled Potatoes
Hearts of Artichokes with Hollandaise Sauce
Cucumber Baskets
St. Valentine's Pudding
Coffee and Cheese

When giving a dinner it is of first importance that everything shall run smoothly. This ensures comfort and peace of mind to both hostess and guests. Next in importance are food and decorations. I believe that dinners should be picturesque affairs with spotless linens, colorful glassware, flowers and candlelight as a fitting background.

China, glassware and linens need not be costly to be effective. Many fascinating combinations of color may be created with quite inexpensive equipment. Yellow china and amber glassware is an attractive combination, especially if a centerpiece of yellow roses and lavender larkspur completes the color scheme. Another effect, unique and beautiful, can be

(Continued on page 108)



furnishes a becoming background and is convenient the convenient arrangement of table and stove.

HOT

News and Gossip
about Stars and
their Pictures



Dorothy McMahon says, "Sh-sh-sh! Don't whisper these studio secrets." We won't, Dorothy—we'll just print them.

Illustration by F. P. ...

HAS Richard Dix 'fallen' at last?—is a question being asked in Hollywood. It is reported that he is engaged to Maxine Glass, a University of Southern California girl, and that they will be married in a few months. Richard's signed statement is, "I have nothing to say." The rumor started with the 'news' that Richard had given Miss Glass a ring. But was it a solitaire or one of those telephone rings?

* * *

Hot-off-the-griddle portraits of Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe, who are being co-starred in "The Bad One," just about burnt this correspondent's fingers to the bone. Eddie has had more fun thinking up gags and bright sayings to put in the mouth of Jerry, the sailor, than any he has had for a long time. Even *Sergeant Quirt* is tame in his love-making compared to Jerry, we had been told; and when we saw Eddie clasp Dolores to his breast we were almost convinced.

The combination of Del Rio and Lowe was hot and cold news for several weeks. This column carried the reason several months ago that the apparently insurmountable difficulty boiled itself down to proper credit for the Fox star. Naturally United Artists wanted to put Dolores' name above anybody's, but they also were convinced that Edmund Lowe was the only man in pictures who could give that type of robustness peculiar to "The Cock-Eyed

World" and "Old Arizona" brand of he-man. It was only a case, they thought, of paying enough and wearing down Eddie's objection. But Eddie doesn't have to make concessions to anybody these days. The intermediaries of the two stars had come to a deadlock and it looked as though the game was all off. Then one morning Eddie met Dolores in church and they talked it over. Dolores was perfectly agreeable to the idea of sharing her dearly won stellar honors fifty-fifty and so that was settled.

* * *

Mary Carr, beloved mother in "Over the Hill," is coming back. She has a swell part in "Second Wife"—something to do with mothering Lila Lee.

* * *

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart pulled a fast one on Hollywood, sure enough. They announced that their engagement was all off and they weren't lying either. It was all off because they were married! None except a few close friends of the couple knew anything about it, and all advised the bride and groom to keep mum about the wedding, fearing it would hurt their popularity on the screen. But they made the mistake of registering together when they went to San Diego to see a football game and Speed Kendall, one of our snappiest reporters, found it out and decided there was something to it. He sleuthed around until he found all Sue's family names and

from HOLLYWOOD



Extra girls in Venetian costume and coiffures for "Bride of the Regiment." This is what comes of having unbobbed hair.



Right about! This was in days of old when gowns were actually long and quaint and coiffures were really coiffures.

Nick's too, then traced the marriage licenses for a year back and discovered that the couple had been married six months. Their press representative said he never was so relieved in his life as the day the story broke. Every once in a while someone would burst into his office with a scandal story about Nick's laundry being delivered at Sue's Los Feliz home, when everyone knew that Nick lived in Pasadena; and Nick answering the telephone at one and two in the morning, and Nick's shaving cream discovered in Sue's make-up and so on.

The only ones who weren't terribly surprised were the studio habitués. They thought Sue and Nick were pretty chummy for two young people who had decided to call off their romance.

* * *

Now the only romance that keeps Hollywood awake nights is Clara Bow's with Harry Richman. Well, it may be on or it may be off; but Clara has been frisking about her Beverly Hills estate as full of life and fun as a puppy and Harry Richman spent half an hour on the telephone, long distance and local, trying to locate a few pounds of fresh cherries for her. The night he left for the east he dined with Clara at her home and left just in time to make the train—so what do you make of that?

Clara told this correspondent months ago, just after the engagement was announced, that she didn't really know whether she would marry Harry or not. "I can't see any point in mar-

rying anyone unless he is really congenial and we can give each other mutual happiness and companionship. Harry seems to be the one—at least he is so far. I'm not going to marry until I'm sure, and I'm not going to marry if it develops into a one-sided affair. If one of us ceases to find pleasure in the other's company, then there isn't a bit of sense going on with it—so I really don't know yet."

* * *

It is a well-known fact in Hollywood that many of the stars travel about with no money in their pockets. Lupe Velez's little nose went up an inch or two when she looked into the purse of a writer. There was a heterogeneous collection of keys for house and car, pencils, tablets for notes, some money, clips, etc.—rather like a small boy's pocket, except for the absence of string and

a top. "Lupe's purse—perfume, a compact, a handkerchief—that's all!" she said. When she goes home there is always someone to let her in and when she goes shopping she signs a blank check for the amount of the purchase. "You would trust Lupe, wouldn't you?" she asks with big serious eyes, and that's all there is to it.

But sometimes these trifling inadequacies in one's funds prove embarrassing. Pat Miller and her brand new husband, Tay Garnett, stepped out in fur coats and a Lincoln driven by a chauffeur. Tay stopped at a corner drug store for a package of cigarettes. He came back to the car looking rather sheepish. "Pat, I haven't a



James Hall rehearses his songs for "Let's Go Native"—but his small sisters, June and Francis, and brother Buddy show no enthusiasm.

cent; will you give me a quarter?" Pat scrambled through her bag and found herself in the same spot. "Lend me a quarter, will you, Joe?" he asked their chauffeur—but he hadn't any money either! "Well, we're a fine trio to be starting out for San Francisco," Tay laughed.

A little newsboy had been taking in all this swank without the price in cash of a package of cigarettes with a good deal of amusement—then he recognized Patsy Ruth Miller. He burst into a war whoop—"Gee, Patsy," he cried. "That sure is tough!"

* * *

For four or five years now, you have been admiring pictures of Metro-Goldwyn players in the pages of your favorite screen magazine through the lens of their girl portrait artist, Ruth Harriet Louise. But you won't see them after those already taken have passed out of circulation—at least not of Metro stars. Ruth decided that it was time to take a vacation; and although she is very grateful for the opportunity Metro gave her she feels she has outgrown her position there and also she is tired and wants a rest. So she quit her job entirely. After two months, during which time she will go to New York and possibly to Europe—if she can make up her mind to leave her husband, Leigh Jason, the director, that long—she will decide whether to go in business for herself or accept one of two very attractive offers from other studios.

* * *

Hedda Hopper, who is playing a very sophisticated part as only Hedda can, in "Such Men Are Dangerous," starring Warner Baxter, told me about a visit she paid Colleen Moore in the hospital after Colleen had had her appendix out. "My



"Spring is here," barks Inez Courtney's terrier pup. He's heard her sing it so often, he knows it by heart.



Don Jose Mojica, famous tenor, and his mother. Just wait until this flaming recruit from Old Mexico makes his screen appearance in "One Mad Kiss."

dear!" bubbled the lively Hedda, "Colleen actually had her grandmother put out of the hospital!" "Whatever for?" we asked aghast. "Why, she kept telling Colleen one funny story after another and got her laughing so that she had to hold her sides to keep from breaking the stitches! 'Take that woman out of here—she'll be the death of me!' she cried. And half an hour afterwards the phone rang and her grandmother's voice began, 'Darling, I just thought of another one!' 'Don't! Don't!' gasped Colleen, beginning to laugh again. 'I can't bear it!' and bang went the phone."

* * *

Fern Andra, the American girl who married a German Baron, is stepping into pictures again. She is doing "The Lotus Lady," and Lucien Prival, finally relieved of "Hell's Angels," is free to play the villain in the piece.

* * *

It is said that Catherine Dale Owen, who is playing opposite Warner Baxter, is engaged to Prince Youcca Troubetskoy, the actor son of the novelist Amélie Reeves. Well, it's been denied, too, but they look pretty well together. Both are tall, both very fair, and both extremely handsome.

* * *

Everyone is glad to hear that Alma Rubens is well again. She is one of the most talented and one of the most beautiful players on the screen and all her friends and admirers hope the



Bessie Love, William Hawks and bridal party. Left to right: Norma Shearer, Irene Mayer, Bebe Daniels, Athole Shearer, William Hawks, Bessie Love, Blanche Sweet, Carmel Meyers, and Edith Mayer.



Charles Morton and his mother, Mrs. Frank Morton, former vaudeville star and one of the first to play the saxophone on any stage.

future will hold many picture contracts for her. Ricardo Cortez, who has loyally stood by his wife even to the extent of refusing attractive offers so that he could be at her side at a moment's notice if she needed him, now feels that he can go back to work and has signed with Metro-Goldwyn for "Montana," starring Joan Crawford.

* * *

Discussion as to what type of Spanish to use is causing the utmost excitement among the newspapermen of all Latin-speaking countries. Spanish is the largest foreign release America has and it is just one more of the troubling things talking pictures have brought into our lives. Signed statements from Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez and Ramon Novarro are said to state that the Castilian accent, which is the purest Spanish and used by the aristocracy, should be used for classical pictures; other films, the three stars feel, should be made in straight Spanish without an accent.

For the benefit of those who may not have heard of the origin of the Castilian tongue, it is said that a King of Spain once lisped. The courtiers made fun of him, and he, hearing of their ridicule, became so angry that he issued an order to the effect that Spanish as he spoke it should be used from then on. Of course if you didn't it meant that you would lose your head, so the Spanish grandes got busy and

practiced up on the new lingo.

* * *

"The Lady in Ermine" has been completed on the First National lot. During its production Walter Pidgeon and Vivienne Segal were doing rather a lengthy scene under the blazing color lights. To keep their hair from drying out most players give it a final rub with oil just before going on the set. All of a sudden a column of smoke rose from the back of Walter's head. Vivienne's eyes almost started out of their sockets but she is too good a trouper to stop a scene no matter if the sky fell. Mercifully for them both, Director Dillon saw what was happening and yelled "Cut!"

"All I could think of was, 'Now the boy *mustn't* burst into flames'," Vivienne laughed.

Maybe that will give you an idea of how hot the lights are.

* * *

Edward Everett Horton bought several acres of land about forty or fifty miles from Hollywood in San Francisco Valley so that when he went home of an evening he could forget pictures and the theater. He had just recovered from the difficulties involved in landscaping and decorating, when RKO bought forty acres for their ranch right up against Eddie's eucalyptus hedge!

"And I'll bet the first crack out of the box RKO does a war picture," laughed Richard Arlen when he heard it. They did, too—"The Case of Sergeant Grischa," although, fortunately, this picture has no battle scenes. But oh, how Eddie burns!

* * *

Plans for the third



Mrs. George Butler Griffin, Bebe Daniels' grandmother—very proud of Bebe and trying hard not to show it.



The "Spring is Here" company at a special table in studio dining room. Note Lawrence Gray, Natalie Moorhead, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray, Inez Courtney and Frank Albertson.



Harry Lauder has just told one of his famous jokes. Note the smiling faces of Mary Brian, Gary Cooper and Phillips Holmes.

"What Price Glory" series are rumbling around in the minds of those who are immediately concerned with the birth pangs of these marine classics. They do say that this third picture will top the other two in good old he-man stuff. Certainly the title which came to us through a reliable source promises much. It is "Broadminded!"

* * *

The night before Vivian and Rosetta Duncan departed for Chicago and their vaudeville tour the phone rang in Rosetta's Santa Monica home where the excitement was thickest.

"Hold the line for London, England," the operator told Vivian who answered the phone. Both girls' secretaries were ill so they had everything to do themselves. "Oh, yeah?" said Vivian flippantly, thinking it was one of their wise-cracking friends from Hollywood, "who wants us? The Prince of Wales?" and banged up the receiver. In a few minutes it rang again. "Hold the line for London, England," the operator repeated. "Say," said Rosetta frantic at the interruption. "Tell the Queen we're busy, will you? And tell that wise-cracking guy in Hollywood to stop bothering us." And they let the phone ring after that without answering it.

In about half an hour Vivian wanted to call a number. "You can't use the wire for outgoing calls," said the operator in her impersonal voice, "it's being held for London, England." And then the girls decided the call was on the up and up. It turned out to be a theater manager in London where their first talking picture is running. He just wanted to offer congratulations and say that their show was 'standing them up.'

* * *

"Queen Kelly" will be Gloria Swanson's next worry. In fact it is her present worry. Rehearsals and conferences on the story have kept her working overtime for weeks. There is plenty of fine work in the picture but how to dig it out is the problem. All of a sudden everyone went haywire on the thing and work on it was called off for a few days or weeks, depending upon the temper of those concerned.

To add to Gloria's anxiety her little adopted son Joseph, aged six, had to be operated upon. He hadn't much use for the physicians and said to his mother the day after the operation, "Just look, mother, what those doctors did to me!"

* * *

There is a good deal of interest in "Sara and Son" on the Paramount lot because, for the first time in film history, production of it is given over almost entirely to women. The only two important jobs in the outfit handled by men are held by Charles Lang, chief cameraman, and Earl Hansen, sound technician.

B. P. Schulberg, production head, declared women ought to know more about the mysteries of mother love than men, so he was going to make this a woman's production. Ruth Chatterton is the star; Zoe Akins, author of the stage play "Declasse" and others, wrote the screen story; and Dorothy Arzner, whose fine work everyone knows, is the director.

Now, girls, this is your picture. See how you like it.

* * *

During Gloria Swanson's recent trip to London she appeared for the opening of her picture. "The Trespasser." Even out here where openings and stars are an every-day affair the crowds have to be roped off and policemen handle the job. But in London



A sister act, but different. Dorothy Jordan and her sister Mary, a college student with no acting aspirations.



"Inspirational, maybe, but not so good as an accompanist," says Alexander Gray; but goes right on with his song rehearsal.

where personal appearances of American favorites are few and far between the throng was unbelievable. At seven thirty there were twenty five policemen in front of the New Galley Theater and by eight they called for reinforcements. When Gloria arrived there were seventy-five bobbies on the job herding back five thousand people.

The crowd in the theater wouldn't let the picture go on until Gloria appeared before them on the stage where she was given a deafening ovation.

Afterwards her press representative tried to get her out of the theater without being crushed, but the mob by that time was frantic. They were like battering rams and the police squad protecting her stood an even chance of being trampled under foot—to say nothing of what would happen to Gloria. What they finally did was to form two columns with their arms about each other's shoulder's from the door to her car and with the populace pushing them until they ground their heels into the pavement to keep standing, provided a narrow hallway through which Gloria stumbled. Her driver was an English boy and he knew his brakes. His engine was running and the moment he heard the door slam he started off in low gear, en-



A boy's best pal is his mother, particularly when she lights his cigarette as Jack Oakie's mother is doing.



Portrait of a poor little girl who wanted to go to Europe. Lois Moran had her trunks all packed and then had to go back to work.



A new trick for Trixie Fragonza—the microphone. "On the Set," Buster Keaton's first talkie, will be her first, too.

gineering his way through the crowd like a snow plow,. Anyway, it seems that London likes Gloria pretty well.

* * *

The first thing Edwina Booth, the plucky little leading lady in "Trader Horn" did when she got home was to collapse. A year in the jungle isn't as easy as it sounds and in spite of inoculations and all the things the doctors tell us are sure-fire protections, Edwina got a collection of jungle ailments that she could have done very nicely without. Everyone in the troop said she was the bravest and pluckiest girl they ever heard of and a good sport as well. She held up through the long journey back to Hollywood, meeting new people, smiling, being photographed, being gracious—all the things an actress is supposed to do while on duty. But when the last of the pictures had been taken at the Los Angeles station Edwina sank into the arms of her parents utterly exhausted. She didn't have to pretend any more—that was all over. She was home. Her mother put her to bed and that's where she is at this writing three weeks after her return.

"But I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I'll be all right soon—just tired," she tells everyone who visits her.

* * *

Because of his success in "Alibi," Chester Morris is a very much paged young man around these parts. Following his "Case of Sergeant Grischa" which he was loaned to RKO to do, he will again be with his friend and director Roland West. Mr. West has about decided on "Love in Chicago" and Chester was sold on it, too, until protests from a few whom they have taken into their confidence, and whose judgment they respect, have checked their enthusiasm. The part which Chester would play is very unsympathetic and even grotesque, and they think it would not be good for him to appear in it just now. In the meantime Chester is game; he says it's a fine acting part, and after all that's what appeals to a real actor.

* * *

And now Greta Garbo is to do "Romance!" Doris Keane played the heroine of the Edward Sheldon play in New York and for years in London. She made a silent picture of it, too, but it is a yarn that will always be timely.

The Best Lines of the Month

From "This Thing Called Love":

Colling (Edmund Lowe): "I'm your husband."

Ann (Constance Bennett): "So I judged from your manner!"

From "The Virginian":

The Virginian: "These boys scare me when I think of their ways."

Cowboy: "It's bein' engaged scares you. Marriage restores your courage."

From "Pointed Heels":

Lora (Fay Wray): "He's leaving tonight—for Europe."

Dot (Helen Kane): "Europe—that's in England, isn't it?"

From "Sally":

Marcia (Nora Lane): "A waitress! Why, Blair, you couldn't marry a waitress."

Blair (Alexander Gray): "Well, I don't know—with the servant problem what it is, it might not be such a bad idea."



Clifford Bruce as the genial and efficient butler and man of the world in "Devil May Care."

From "Devil-May-Care":

Armand (Ramon Novarro): "But I'm not thinking about marriage yet."

Gaston (Clifford Bruce): "No man ever thinks about marriage. It just happens. I was married for several years before I realized what had happened. It was too late to do anything about it then."



Ramon Novarro as the hero masquerading as a footman in the same entertaining film.

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By
Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Corinne Griffith is a favorite of SCREENLAND'S Ask Me department; and SCREENLAND is a favorite of Miss Griffith's. You'll notice she has been reading it on a vacation afternoon at her Malibu Beach house.

VILBI from Oakville, Ont. So you like Vilma Banky. Who doesn't? Vilma's latest picture is "Sun Kissed." Vilma was born January 9, 1903, in Budapest, Hungary. She has golden hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Ronald Colman's new picture is "Condemned." Ronald was born February 9, 1891, at Richmond, Surrey, England. You can reach him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

C. D. P. of New York. First time you've written but don't let it be your last. Bring your sense of humor and drop in any time. Kathlyn Williams is Mrs. Charles Eyton in private life. She was born in Butte, Mont., is 5 feet 5 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. She appears in "The Single Standard" with Garbo. You might address Miss Williams at Metro-Goldwyn and mark the envelope: Please Forward.

Mabel H. of Los Angeles. We'll put in an S.O.S. for Pat O'Brien. More than one player has been found through my department so here we go and may the best man win. Pat made a picture with Barbara Worth and Ranger, the dog star, for FBO Studios, now known as the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

L. L. S. of Irwin, Pa. Give the kiddies a big hand while they are with us in films for they grow up and soon pass out of the picture. Jackie Coogan is 14 years old, Davey Lee is 4 and Philippe de Lacy is 12. He was born July 25, 1917, at Nancy, France. He played with Joyce Coad in "The Magic Garden." Mickey Bennett won new admirers with his fine work in "The Dummy," an all-talking picture. The tom-tom boy's name was not given in the cast of "The Devil Dancer."

E. E. W. of Chicago. How do you like

your answers, with or without sound? I'm running a little low on the silent editions but okay on the big noise. Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897, at Keokuk, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is married and has a daughter Ruth Margaret. His latest picture is "The Second Wife."

Lucky S. of Brockton, Mass. If you read every word of my department you often get a piece of my mind, but you'll never get a peek at my countenance. Blanche Mehaffey plays with Hoot Gibson in "Smilin' Guns." Kathryn McGuire was in "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper. Carmelita Geraghty was in "Paris Bound," a Pathé release. Marguerite de la Motte was in "The Iron Mask" with Douglas Fairbanks. Agnes Ayres played with Jack Holt in "The Donovan Affair." Lila Lee was with Richard Barthelmess in "Drag." Virginia Brown Faire appeared in "Untamed Justice."

Alyce of Nashua, N. H. Praise is sweet to my ears so cut in any time you like—you'd be surprised how much sweet stuff I can stand. Write to Mary Astor for a photograph at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mary is the wife of Kenneth Hawks. She was born May 3, 1906. Marian Nixon was married on Aug. 11 to Edward Hillman of Chicago.

Daisy F. of Barham, Kent, England. I don't think you are silly to want to get into picture work. That's the day and night dream of many of the world's prettiest girls. Sorry I can't help you. Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Walter Byron, Reginald Denny and Charlie Chaplin all came from England, Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England. Norma Shearer and Mary Pickford were born in Canada.

Willa and Theresa, Scott City, Kans. No, dears, I have never acted in the movies

—but don't hold that against me. You like my name, do you? Goody, goody! So do I. Mary Louise Lohman is the wife of George Lewis. You can write to George at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Madolyn of Monrovia, Md. Wouldn't that make a peach of a theme-song? You can reach Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He played in "The Single Standard" with Greta Garbo. Dorothy Sebastian, John Mack Brown, Robert Castle, Joel McRea, Lane Chandler, Mahlon Hamilton, Kathlyn Williams, Katherine Irving, Bess Flowers and Youcca Troubetzkoy. My stars, what a cast!

Harriet D. of Philadelphia. No issue complete without a word from the city of Brotherly Love; am I right? Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her name is Marie Villalabos. She has one brother and three sisters. Rod La Rocque was born Nov. 30, 1896, in Chicago, Ill. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 181 pounds. That is his real name. Address Lupe at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Rod at RKO Studios.

Bobby from Wisconsin. Do I answer letters as short as yours? A short neat question like that deserves the world's applause. Here we go! Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, on March 23, 1908. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She was a dancer in Shubert's "Passing Show" and the "Winter Garden" in New York before signing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "Pretty Ladies" in 1925.

Gwen E. of Seattle, Wash. If I omit any important names in the following catalog

please notify by radio or post-card. Among the screen players who are 5 feet 7 inches tall are: Alice Joyce, Gwen Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Jetta Goudal, Louise Dresser, Helene Chadwick and Betty Blythe. Those who are 5 feet 6 inches tall are: Eleanor Boardman, Greta Garbo, Phyllis Haver, Myrna Loy, Zasu Pitts, Irene Rich, Alice Terry, and Claire Windsor who is 5 feet 6½ inches tall.

Virginia M. C. of N. Y. City. When there are hundreds of letters awaiting their turn to sprint into print in SCREENLAND, I can't possibly get a reply in the next month's issue. Audrey Ferris was born Aug. 30, 1909, in Detroit, Mich. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. Dolores Costello Barrymore was born in 1906 in Brooklyn, N. Y. Clive Brook was 38 on June 1, 1929.

Lois S. from Seattle, Wash. What are you trying to do, kid me along or having a funny poke at my column? No, Madame Schumann-Heink is not the mother of Walter Byron and Rod La Rocque uses his own teeth in his pictures. Anything else?

Anna C. of Brooklyn. You never miss SCREENLAND—be that as it may, it's a swell magazine to have around and no home should be without it; I hope I won't have to mention that again. Roland Drew can be reached in care of Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Roland's real name is Walter Goss. He was born in Elmhurst, L. I., in 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and dark gray eyes. He is not married.

E. A. from Philippine Islands. I'm always glad to oblige a fan from Manila. Philippe de Lacy was born July 25, 1917, in Nancy, France. He has light brown curly hair and blue-gray eyes. Jackie Coogan has been on a vaudeville tour with his father in Europe and the U. S. A. for

several months and hasn't been on contract to any film company since he made "The Bugle Call" and "Buttons." Dolores Del Rio's latest release is "Evangeline" with Roland Drew.

Curly Locks from Hoquiam, Wash. You say you think nothing of asking my help; well, sometimes I don't think so much of it myself. Billie Dove is the wife of Irvin Willat, the director. Dolores Costello's husband is John Barrymore. The late Fred Thompson was the husband of Frances Marion, the famous scenario writer. Clara Bow and Gary Cooper are single and I dearly hate to tell you that John Gilbert is married. His marriage to Ina Claire, the Broadway stage favorite took place in Las Vegas, Nevada, in June. Both went back to their studios after the ceremony: John to resume work in "Redemption" and Mrs. Gilbert to work at the Pathé Studios, in "The Awful Truth," her first talkie.

Helen C. of Shreveport, La. Are there any beautiful stars that can act too? Someone would ask that. Although my remarks are notorious as well as educational, to tell what I think about that, would be spreading myself a bit too far. Your favorite, Evelyn Brent, is the wife of Harry Edwards, a director. They were married Nov. 14, 1928. Evelyn uses her own name in films. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her next picture will be "Slightly Scarlet," with Clive Brook. Evelyn was loaned by Paramount to Universal for "Broadway."

High School Miss from San Francisco. You think I'd make a good title writer, do you? There's an idea! Did I hear any applause or words to that effect? I'm sorry I haven't the address of George Meeker, the blond son in "Four Sons." But we have a nice selection of other blonde stars that I can recommend: Rudy Vallee, Ralph Forbes, James Murray, Tim McCoy, Churchill Ross, Big Boy Williams and Bobby Vernon, the comedian. Take your choice.

Sally of Petoskey, Mich. Has a girl with a tiny waist, long eyelashes and not in the least bit good looking, any chance in the movies or on the stage? I'm a swell Answer Lady but that's one question I stumble on and fail to come up. Personality is the big gift that brings down the house and a fat contract—and if you have it and can hold the interest of the directors, even though you're not a banker's daughter, your future is ahead of you. William Boyd's latest pictures are "The Leatherneck" with Alan Hale, Robert Armstrong and Diane Ellis, and "His First Command" with Dorothy Sebastian.

Billy Haines Fan, Milwaukee. You had the grand inspiration when you asked my age—that settles the question long in my mind: shall I be a movie star or the world's best story teller? Figure that out if you can. Your favorite, William Haines, was born Jan. 1, 1900. He received his education at Staunton Military Academy, Va. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was his first talking film. In "The Duke Steps Out" he played with Joan Crawford; in "A Man's Man," Josephine Dunn was his leading lady. Johnny Hines was born July 25, 1897, at Golden, Colo. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

English Annie from Monrovia, Cal. You'd be surprised how sorry I am that I've

not mentioned several of the Irish lads and lassies that appear on the screen. Can my memory be failing? No, don't answer me! Among our wearers of the green are George O'Brien, Tom O'Brien, Danny O'Shea, Paddy O'Flynn, James Murray, John Quillan, Eddie Quillan, Charles Delaney, Owen, Tom and Matt Moore. Some of Charlie Delaney's latest films are "Home James," "Show Girl," "Do Your Duty," "The Air Circus" and "Broadway Babies."

Boo from Waukegan, Ill. You can't scare me, not while I'm conscious. Next to SCREENLAND, you like the movies and dancing—and me, did you say? Mary Brian and Charles Rogers played in "Varsity," the film with a college background. Alice White's latest releases are, "Hot Stuff" with William Bakewell, "Naughty Baby" with Jack Mulhall and "Broadway Babies"—an all-talker. You can write to Eddie Nugent at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Matty Kemp was born in New York City on September 10, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 162 pounds. "Linda," Mrs. Wallace Reid's production and directed by her, includes the following players in its cast: Helen Foster, Warner Baxter, Noah Beery, Kate Price and Mitchell Lewis. Address Arthur Lake at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Louise M. W. of Lakeside, Conn. You may ask any question you like about the Hollywood stars. I can't say I'll answer all of them but a noble effort will be put forth. How's that? George K. Arthur was born April 27, 1899, at Aberdeen, Scotland. Johnny Arthur was born in Scottsdale, Pa. He had the comedy rôle with Louise Fazenda in "The Desert Song."

Helena from Needham, Mass. I have never seen Mary Pickford when her beautiful hair was not curly, on or off the screen. You can't believe everything you see and



Here he is—Conrad Nagel, a leading romantic actor of the screen especially since the speakies have come to stay.



Mary Pickford, first and always a favorite, has returned from her trip around the world and is working on her new picture.

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's lovely skin. You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You

see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.



NANCY CARROLL has lovely skin.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

9 out of 10

Screen Stars use it

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even more close-ups than silent pictures.

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep their skin just



JEAN ARTHUR always uses Lux Toilet Soap.



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW says: "People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

Clara Bow

as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest



MARY BRIAN's skin shows flawless in a close-up.

"extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢



Engaged? Well, Sally Eilers is Hoot Gibson's favorite leading lady, anyway.

not quite all you hear but if Mary's wavy hair is a permanent, then I'm no detective. The theme song for "Saturday's Children," featuring Corinne Griffith, is "I Still Believe in You."

Jeanette of Houston, Tex. You might call me extemporaneous because I make up as I go along, but I've been called worse things than that by my loving friends. Marceline Day appeared in "The Wild Party" with Clara Bow; in "Trent's Last Case" with Raymond Griffith, and in "The One Woman Idea" with Rod La Rocque. Lois Moran's new picture is "Mammy" with Al Jolson. No, indeed, those two popular girls, Marceline and Lois, have not deserted the screen. Where ever did you get that quaint idea?

A Devoted Fan from Indianapolis. My department always puts you in a good humor, does it? Now you've got me laughing, too. I haven't the name of the boy who played the tom-toms in "The Devil Dancer" with Gilda Gray and Clive Brook. Barbara Kent is 21 years old. Larry Kent was 29 on September 15, 1929. Clive Brook is 38. James Murray, 28. His latest film was "The Shanghai Lady." Donald Keith plays in "Just Off Broadway," a Chesterfield release; in "Should a Girl Marry?" a Rayart film, and in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," a Columbia picture.

Sara H. of Charlotte, N. C. I'm never too busy to give you a few minutes of my valuable time. You'll find me the permanent answer to the fan's prayer. Anna May Wong is on the stage in London just now. Madge Bellamy's last release was "Fugitives" with Don Terry. She played in "Mother Knows Best" with Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. Phyllis Haver was married in May to William Seeman and will make New York City her home in the future. No more flickers for Phyllis, so she says. But she may change her mind. You can write to Warren Burke at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Pickford and

Douglas Fairbanks have been married about 8 years.

Franky J. of Winchester, Ind. You'll never get anywhere if you let things slide—unless you're a trombone player. Sunny McKeen, or Snookums as we know him in "The Newlyweds," is a wee Scotch-Irish laddie. He began his career in films before he was 18 months old. I believe he is now about 3. Gilda Gray is 31 years old. Pola Negri doesn't give her birthday. Harry Langdon has signed with Hal Roach for a sizzling film comedy called "Red Hot."

H. J. of Los Angeles, Cal. Where have I been all your life up to now? Right here, all wrapped up in my work. That's my type! You want to see Thomas Meighan in more pictures. Hi, Tommy, how about it? In the "The Argyle Case" he talks. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has dark hair and blue eyes. He has been married for years to Frances Ring, a former stage star. They have no children. He was on the stage for several years before going into pictures: with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," in "The College Widow" which had a long run in England, and many other plays. He won merited recognition in his first screen appearance in "The Fighting Hope." "The Miracle Man" put him over with the fans.

A Larry Kent Fan from Kansas City. Who said a modern girl's hope chest might as well be called her tulle box? Be that as it may, a girl can loose her composure but never her compact. Larry Kent was on the stage two years before we saw him in pictures. His real name is Henri Trumbull. He was born on September 15, 1900, on shipboard two days out of Liverpool, England. His hair is brown and his eyes are gray; weight 155 pounds; and he is 5 feet 11 inches tall. Not married.

J. P. B. of Kentucky. Would you believe it, but there are a few things that I do not know? Try me again and I may surprise you with untold information. "Freckles," Jean Stratton Porter's story, was filmed by the old Lasky Company and was released in June, 1917. I do not know the age of Jean Stratton.

Helen of Troy. Another friend of the ether. If my fan mail keeps on piling up I'll have to take to the air—Station V.D. announcing. Nils Asther uses his own name in pictures. His first films in the U.S. were "Topsy and Eva" with the Duncan sisters, and "Sorrell and Son" with H. B. Warner. Nils was born in Malmo, Sweden, on January 17, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Not married. He is making pictures at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios at Culver City, Cal.

Lonesome from Springfield, Ill. You think of me as a little wavy-haired, blue-eyed girl, built on the usual blonde lines. Where in New York did you see me? If you had given your address, I would have sent you a personal demonstration of my knowledge of film players. Several of your inquiries are answered elsewhere in this department. I believe a letter to Ralph Forbes will reach him addressed just Hollywood, Cal. Richard Arlen's next film is "Flesh of Eve." Write to him at Para-

mount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Doug Jr. is not Mary Pickford's son. She has no children. Doug is the son of the senior Mr. Fairbanks by his first marriage to Beth Sully.

Candy from Denver, Colo. How I hate to take it from you, you spendthrift. Gwen Lee is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. Martha Sleeper is 5 feet 4 inches. Dorothy Sebastian is 5 feet 3 inches. Louise Brooks is 5 feet 2 inches. June Collyer is 5 feet 5 inches and Sue Carol is 5 feet 2 inches. (Just a moment, please; I had to come up for air!) Now again, here we go! Edna Marion is 5 feet 1 inch. Bess Flowers is 5 feet 8 inches. Vondell Darr is 52 inches tall. Jean Darling is 47 inches. Mary Ann Jackson is 42 inches and Jane La Verne is 47½ inches.

Conrad Nagel Admirer, Los Angeles. Your favorite, Conrad Nagel, is one of the high-lights of the motion picture industry; and since the talkies are here to stay, Conrad is more popular than ever. His pictures of 1927 were, "Heaven on Earth," "Slightly Used," "Quality Street," "Girl from Chicago," "If I Were Single," and "London After Midnight." Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is married and has a young daughter, Ruth Helms Nagel.

Miss'sippi's 'Lectric Fan. You're returning every month until you get an answer to all your questions—that's the spirit! Where can you get "The Hollywood Blues?" I'll bite, is it contagious? Better inquire of the nearest music shop or your favorite drug-gist. No, Don Reed who paints pretty girl covers, isn't the Donald Reed of film fame. Donald's real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen. He was born July 23, 1902, in Mexico City. He appeared with Billie Dove in "The Night Watch" and with Sally O'Neil and Lilyan Tashman in "Hard-boiled." Address him at First National (Continued on page 129)



Stanley Smith, the new juvenile with the voice, has been scoring in the soundies.



"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"

E. Massé

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**"If soap irritates your skin
you are using the wrong kind"**

says EMILE MASSÉ

whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"THE beauty specialists cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

Why the skin needs soap and water

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty.



*A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon
on The Rue Daunou, in Paris*

Since the days of Cleopatra these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever . . . just nature's own cosmetic oils.

Consult your beauty expert

Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P.S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail
Price **10c**

Come Into the Kitchen with Fay Wray—Continued from page 95

achieved with dark Burgundy glassware and gayly colored Mexican china.

The smart organdie tablecloth used over a sateen base is another idea in table adornment that can be easily copied by the handy housewife. Recently, I completed a luncheon set for myself. It is of lavender organdie bound with washable ribbon the same shade; the sateen base is pink. With this covering I use glasses of dark lavender, a centerpiece of pink roses and small green hothouse grapes. The grapes are draped over the sides of the bowl and are allowed to trail over the cloth. The usual two pairs

of candlesticks, with pink candles are used.

The winter months offer unlimited opportunity to use the varied colorings of fruit and leaves for table decorations. Pomegranates, Concord grapes, apples and avocados combine colorfully for a centerpiece.

Because I am a working woman, I must leave the actual cooking of these dinners to my cook, but if an emergency arises, I can throw a long-sleeved apron over my party dress and not only cook my dinner but serve it. For this accomplishment I can thank my mother who wisely believed

that a thorough knowledge of all branches of home-making is quite as important as French or music.

Aside from luncheons and dinners, buffet suppers have become very popular in Hollywood and gives the hostess wide scope for a delightful informal entertaining. The long table with its bright chafing dishes, colorful bowls of frozen salads and molds of aspic offers an appetizing and picturesque array.

By the way, my recipe for stuffed peppers creates a delightful hot dish for the buffet supper. Try it. I know you'll like it.

The Battle of the Boy Friends—Continued from page 57

that we have held our own for seven paragraphs, for we approached dat ol' devil crux in paragraph three and here we are way down to paragraph ten without having lost a bit of our approach.

You see, after all, it resolves itself into a problem in Elementary Biology. Which, when understood, is very elementary indeed, as Mr. Holmes has frequently observed to Dr. Watson. So now you have it.

Well, then, if Buddy Rogers isn't 'The Darling of the Debs,' pray who (or whom) is? And that's a very fair question, too. In the circumstances we expected it, and you're going to be fooled if you think we haven't the answer because we've looked it up in the back of the book. *The real 'Darling of the Debs' is quite probably Louis Wolheim!*

Perhaps you will say that we can't prove that he is. Then we'll say that you can't prove he isn't. Which is our idea of a snappy come-back, and leaves things in *status quo ante belli*, which means that we each get a Mexican stand-off. However, let's consider the evidence.

Knowing no debutantes as we do, exhaustive xylophone experiments made throughout the country indicate clearly (a) that every deb has a dozen darlings; (b) that the trend both in urba and in rura is away from faithful adolescence and toward fickle, but fascinating maturity upon the screen. And in fancy, so in fact.

It would seem as though the debbies, having been used as subjects for the amorous experimentations of sophomore youth, and sensing the gaucheries of inexperience, have come to sympathize with the sister ingenues of the screen to an agonizing extent. And so when a Maurice Chevalier, whose kisses fly true to the mark instead of ending on nose-tip or ear-lobe, enters the lists of love, the debs give hoo-rahs and a tiger.

Show me the deb with soul so dead who never to herself hath said: "Gee-golly, how I wish my date was with the hero of 'The Love Parade' rather than with that Harvard frosh with his load-o'-hay coat!"

So Maurice, in his second picture is responsible for more acute cardiac palpitation among the debs than a whole mountain-full of Lakes. Arthur is a nice kid, and doubtless causes the feminine alumni of '15-'25 inclusive to have its moments and its complexes. But the debs will take a 'Chevvy' in preference to any body of water.

Richard Dix squawked when a recent billing described him as 'a favorite for over a generation,' or something of the sort. But Rich was wrong. What was meant is that he is the favorite of the younger generation and the rising generation. For, on or off, Dix can spot the school-boys three pins to a frame and bowl over more debs than a houseful of Halls. Even though Jimmy has the edge on him in matrimonial and fiancé-al accomplishments.

The trend toward rampant masculinity is obvious in the increased adulation offered at the shrine of Victor McLaglen. In amorous screen competition with, say, Conrad—the verdict of the debs is "Nay, Nay, Nagel." Which may signify a return to the lusty love and gusty laughter of the open spacious days of great Elizabeth.

Even the zephyr-soft Southern whisperings of Johnny Mack Brown fail to quicken the systole and diastole of the debbies' hearts as does Charles Bickford's rough love piracy. Perhaps this betrays merely a masochistic tendency developed early in life—consciousness through parental error in spoiling the child by sparing the rod. But whatever the cause, a biff from Bickford occasions greater vicarious kick than a labial smack from Johnny Mack.

The fuzzy, apple-cheeked youngsters have been replaced by the sombre, smouldering suavity of the Bill Powells. Who, with their city slicker ways, may not do right by our Nell at any minute. And won't that be fun! Yes, indeed it will. But those old kill-joys, the censors, will keep it all for themselves, so the Bill Powell experiences in life will have to be real rather than cinematic, which isn't nearly so stimulating, nor polite either.

Even Gary Cooper, the slim-hipped spur-and-saddle man, fails to be as devastatingly

diverting to the debbies as he is to 'Whupez Lupez'—or Whoopee Loopee, let us at least be consistent in our spelling. The sinister touch, that certain something, isn't quite—well, you know what you mean. Of course it's comforting to visualize a lover who will rescue you from the wolves, or make the redskins bite the dust. But the debbies of these days aren't much scared of a flock, herd, passel or pack of Rin-Tin-Tins. And since the departure of the cigar store Indians, the old West has lost much of its menace, as it has of its allure.

Picture instead the dauntless deeds of a Chester Morris. Slick haired and sleek, he's just as quick on the draws as Bill Hart and his paint hoss combined. Chester'll save you, too. From the rival gangsters—or the cops—whatever your inclination. But the debbies know that when Chester saves 'em they don't stay saved. He has an Ulterior Motive, and gosh how they love it!

Match them up, note for note, and the tenor voice of Novarro singing a pagan love lyric, won't fire so many feminine fancies as the wide-smiling Jack Oakie with his bawling *Alma Mammy*. The nights of love-lorn sighing have been replaced by dawnings devoted to symbolic ritual at the temple of the jazz diety 'Hey-Hey.' No longer is a lion among the ladies a very dreadful thing, but rather a consummation devoutly to be wished. And instead of fleeing to sanctuary before the onslaught, the debs remain to giggle and to twist Leo Lothario's tail.

And, after all, the debs are right in their selections. They always are right. Else we might not be here to tell them so. The Oakies, Hustons, McLaglens, Wolheims, Bickfords, Chevaliers and the rest are far more interesting than the too good young men. The hyacinthan youth is not exciting. The good are frequently good for nothing, and it is a woman's privilege and prerogative to pay, and pay and pay. Which may or may not give you an idea why Buddy Rogers is not 'The Darling of the Debs'—*Quod Erat Demonstrandum*.

THE SEVEN CHRISTMAS GIFTS HAVE BEEN AWARDED AS FOLLOWS

George Bancroft's dog to:

Helene Carter,
1438 Park Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Al Jolson's portable phonograph and records to:

Mrs. Arlie E. Farmer,
301 North Oliver Street,
Elberton, Georgia.

Greta Garbo's boudoir set to:

Miss Zelma Boyd,
2019 North 6th Street,
Waco, Texas.

Harold Lloyd's wrist watch to:

Burgoyne Ipsley,
P. O. Box 383,
Bay Point, California.

Billie Dove's negligee to:

Josephine Parker,
126 West 78th Street,
New York City.

John McCormack's records to:

Mr. Larry B. Laurence,
275 Roehampton Avenue,
Toronto, Canada.

Evelyn Brent's fur coat to:

Alice McGrath,
33 Vine Street,
East Providence, Rhode Island.

What type of girl is "glorified" today?

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



ON THE STREET, out for a stroll—the most stylish and chic women are the pictures of health. There is confidence in their carriage, grace in their movements. Yes, there is the suggestion of slimness about them, but one would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimness"—that describes them. They set the fashions.

Today it is fashionable to be healthy. Never was there a more sensible fashion. For with health comes true beauty and true happiness.

Nothing is more important to health than wise eating. The gay parties with their soft, sweet foods; the numerous days of "dieting to reduce"; the quickly eaten meals of today—are nearly all lacking in roughage—one important element that means so much.

Without adequate bulk or roughage in the diet, improper elimination usually occurs. It, more than any other one thing, is responsible for lack of health, for premature aging, for the backaches, listlessness and other common ills that take away the joy of living.

Yet this trouble is so easy to relieve—and prevent. One delightful food product is guaranteed. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains an abundance of iron, the blood builder. It gives color to the complexion, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. It is a health essential!

Isn't this much better than taking pills or drugs that may undermine the health? Avoid habit-forming cathartics that do not provide permanent relief!

Make Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your daily diet. It is the safest and best way to be sure of getting the correct amount of roughage to keep healthy. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a vital addition to any reducing diet. Thousands of physicians know its benefit and recommend it to their patients for diet and health. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Name _____

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When the Stars Step Out—Continued from page 61

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing rooms, where we found most interesting entertainment.

"One can't keep up with this party," whispered Patsy. "I want to hear Bebe sing, and she is in the other drawing room."

Over there we went, and listened to Bebe sing some "Rio Rita" numbers in a voice which we decided had it—that something that means much more than volume or even quality to a voice. Bebe looks lovely when she sings, too, which means a lot when one thinks of watching her in musical films.

We were chatting when suddenly we heard somebody playing the piano most beautifully. We looked up and got the surprise of our lives. Mrs. Grauman, Sid's mother, was the performer!

"I know all about her life," said Patsy, "and I don't know how she ever managed to keep up her music like that. She had several children when she was a young wife, and they lived for years in a Nevada mining town. That was long before Sid ever thought of becoming a showman. She told me about making a pair of pants for Sid out of his father's so that he could attend his first party. Hardship was her portion for many years, and it is simply marvelous how she managed to keep up her music. One can see, though, where Sid gets his artistic proclivities."

We all wished Bessie and Mr. Hawks lots of happiness, and Bessie glowed sweetly at our good wishes.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN can always make a party go, and when it is Charlie plus Mary Lewis, the grand opera singer who has come west for pictures, well, the party is sure to be a success, even if it were given by less charming people than William Thorner, the musician, and his wife.

We had been listening to Mary's concert, and despite the fact that she had sung the whole evening, she was as full of life and vitality as ever. She was a Follies girl, once, you know, and still keeps the old charming, radiant, rollicking spirit.

We met her at the Thorners' beautiful home, where we found a number of picture people as well as musicians assembled.

Charlie Chaplin and Mary are great friends. The two began some amusing fooling, and pretty soon everybody was gathered about the piano listening and watching them.

Charlie did a funny hula for us, and then a wild song of the jungle, while Mary Lewis made a drum of the top of the piano, keeping syncopated time for him.

Then Mary sang rag-time joyously, after which Charlie Chaplin gave the funniest burlesque in the world of grand opera done in Italian and Spanish, imitating even those languages.

Then Charlie and Mary sang together, after which they put on a dance that was a riot.

Betty Compson and Alice Lake came to the party together, both looking radiantly lovely. Georgie Grandee was their escort. Georgie has written a wonderful little composition called *Merry-Go-Round*, that you simply can't get out of your head, once you have heard it. He played it, and Mary sang and danced to it.

When Mary had entered, she had said, gaily, that she was sure she smelled cabbage cooking, and she was glad, because she loved cabbage and was hungry, of course not having eaten before her concert, and

when supper was served, Mary ate of her beloved cabbage and was happy.

Nina Quartaro, more beautiful than ever if possible, was one of the guests, and we gathered that Charlie Chaplin had brought her.

"EVER hear of a Margin Party?" inquired Patsy. "It means," she went on, "a party given to, by and for losers on the stock market. Well, Jean Hersholt is giving one, and we're invited. Everybody is wearing old clothes."

"That'll be easy," I admitted.

Jean and Mrs. Hersholt met us with smiling hospitality at their door, Jean dressed as a Danish farmer and Mrs. Hersholt in a red evening dress. We upbraided our hostess for wearing an evening gown, but she explained laughingly.

"Don't worry, it's only cheesecloth. You see I'm a poor dance hall girl, trying to get along since Jean lost all his money playing the stock market."

A whole row of guests in the dining room confronted us, wearing signs bearing the words, "We Sold Short." They were clad in all sorts of hard luck outfits, and it was very amusing.

Al St. John wore an old dress suit several sizes too large for him, apparently clothed in fine style; but later, at supper, when he got warm, he took off the coat, revealing the fact that he wasn't wearing any shirt at all, only a shirt front.

At supper Al's place card read, "If you had saved money on alimony, you could now be giving John Rockefeller a run for his money."

Jane Novak, looking prettier and younger than ever, by the way, was there wearing a simple little dimity dress. Donald Crisp wore an old sports sweater with his dress suit and high hat. Edward Sloman, the director, wore a dress coat, but only athlete's running shorts below! Marion Douglas wore a ragged dress. Raymond McKee wore rags, Robert Edeson was a strolling musician with an accordeon, Edmund Bresse came dressed in an old Robin Hood costume, as though that was all that was left of his wardrobe, Edward Davis wore a lot of jewelry from the five and ten cent store, stating all his diamond studs and rings were at the pawnbroker's, Pat O'Malley was in shabby sports clothes, and there were other funny costumes galore.

Supper was served in the whoopee room at long tables, on red table-cloths, but one must say that the food bore no evidences that the family was broke, nor did the fact that several servants waited on us bear out any idea of lack of prosperity. As a matter of fact, I think that Hersholt was one of the stars who had been canny enough not to lose any money in the late stock market slump.

On the blackboard, with its funny stock quotations, was the sign, "This stock can make you rich if you can wait, but who can wait so long?"

There were stock selling orders also, in usual form, and down in one corner under words, "Orders filled as follows," was written in ink, "Don't take much stock in it."

Long loaves of French bread were served, and Donald Crisp wrapped his up solemnly in his big red napkin, saying he was going to take it home with him!

Edward Davis was toastmaster. He said, "Until you folks get rough, I'm going to let you do as you please."

"Does Pat O'Malley's singing come under

that head?" inquired Edmund Bresse.

Every once in a while, somebody would call out "Skaal," which is Danish for wishing you good health and prosperity, or something of that happy nature, and then everybody would have to answer, over his cup of steaming coffee, "Skaal!"

Every time a speaker started to be serious, Edmund Bresse put a spoke in his wheel by some amusing remark. When Sydney Olcott started to speak, and said, "I'm going to tell you about when I was a young man," Bresse answered with a loud snore.

Robert Edeson started, "If you want to hear the other actor——" glaring in mock wrath at Edmund Bresse, and then going on—"I personally am glad for these losses on the stock market; they have sent a lot of men back to their wives——" and so on; and Margaret Courtot, who has been happily married for some years to Raymond McKee, merely rose and took a bow when called on.

"Call on any lady you like to make a speech," said Davis.

"We like 'em all," sang out Pat O'Malley.

Mrs. Davis rose and said, "I really have something to say," and told how, when she and her husband had been flat broke once, Jean Hersholt had helped them out. And then everybody sang, *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!*

After dinner the whoopee room was cleared, and the Hawaiian orchestra came in and played for us to dance.

Which we did, until three in the morning, when a breakfast of hot cakes and sausage was served.

And so to bed—as Pepys' diary used to say—after an invigorating ride in the cool morning air.

"If there were going to be only John and the janitor there," I said, "I'd be there if I had an invitation."

I meant the big party to which Patsy and I were invited, where John McCormack was to be guest of honor.

Winfield Sheehan and Sol Wurtzel were giving the party in honor of the great Irish tenor, who is starring in a Fox picture.

The guest of honor sat at the center place at one of the long tables, and his wife and daughter sat one on either side of him. He was a long way away from us until after dinner—but I'm ahead of my story.

All the Fox stars were there except Will Rogers. We missed him very much, but he was away somewhere on a flying trip.

Janet Gaynor was there with her husband, having just arrived from Honolulu and her honeymoon; and there were Fifi D'Orsay, Mary Duncan, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Victor McLaglen and his wife, John Ford and Mrs. Ford, David Butler and his wife, Warner Baxter and his wife, Charlie Farrell, El Brendel and Mrs. Brendel, William Collier, Norma Terriss, Jose Mojica, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Lee Tracy, Mary Astor and Howard Hawks, Walter Catlett, Count de Seguro, Tom Patricola, Lois Moran, Frankie Richardson, and scores of others.

After dinner, William Collier was called on to preside as toastmaster. He spoke of the guest of honor as John, and then turned and said, "Do you mind if I call you John?"

"Yes, I do," the singer kidded.

"Well, I have to save footage," Collier retorted.

McCormack arose to speak, charming his

hearers as he always does, with his personality as well as his voice.

He said that when he spoke to Winnie Sheehan about his salary, telling him how much he wanted, Sheehan said to him, after thinking a minute: "John, I think we should merge. We Irishmen must stand together, all two of us!" And then McCormack continued:

"And surely there never has been such an exodus of any class of people as there has been of musicians and singers, since Moses led the Knights of Columbus out of Egypt!"

There were a million dollars' worth of entertainers present, of course, among the Fox stars.

Fifi D'Orsay just gathered us all in with her first wink and wiggle, radiating her wonderful charm, so that you cannot, honestly say whether she sings well or not.

Lovely little Yvonne Peletier, who has just signed a long contract with Fox, was there, and performed one of her amazing pantomime dances. Charles Judels, sang an amusing song dedicated to McCormack, entitled *Take Good Care of Yourself, Your Voice Belongs to Fox*.

We had hoped that McCormack would sing, but he didn't; but Jose Mojica sang in that beautiful, mellow voice of his, Tom Patricola danced, and Walter Catlett, Frankie Richardson, and others entertained.

When the chance came, we went over to chat with John McCormack, who held court at one end of the room. We told him we had hoped he would sing, and he remarked with that ingenuous twinkle which is always winning friends, "Well, I hoped so, too, but Mr. Wurtzel told me I had better wait until it was somebody else's party."

He told us about having a voice test—imagine!

"I suppose," confided Patsy, "that if the Angel Gabriel was hired to blow his horn in a picture, they'd have to give him a test first!"

At any rate McCormack said, a little wistfully, we imagined:

"When I sang one of me wee little notes at the end, the mixer seemed to think I was getting weak or something; anyhow when I heard it in the playback he had given that final note an awful blast!"

"So now," said Patsy, "both the cameraman and the mixer can make or break you!"



Dorothy Dalton, a film favorite of not so long ago is returning to the screen in "Bride 66." Her husband, Arthur Hammerstein, is producing it.

You can't help but notice how much *softer* and lighter Kotex is



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TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

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If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each

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layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Details of Beauty—Continued from page 63

have finished, squeeze a square of cheese-cloth from ice water, drench in witch hazel, or an astringent, place over the forehead and eyes, lie down and relax for ten or more minutes and you'll be surprised at the smoothness of your forehead and the clear brightness of your eyes. About three such treatments every week and you can wear the smart new hats with the assurance that you are looking your very best.

Well-trained eyebrows and lashes are important details. Of course, you would like to have the long, curling lashes and slender arched brows of your best loved movie star. I know you would, because you have told me so—at least some of you have. But, even as you and I, the movie stars must train and cultivate these accessories to beauty; few people are actually born with them.

Length and beauty of the lashes depend largely upon the eyelids. And the health of the eyelids depends upon the health of the eyes. The greatest enemy of the beauty of the eyes is strain, so the greatest friend is rest. Incidentally, I hope you have not forgotten what I wrote you a few months ago about eye remedies, treatments, and exercises for the eyes.

Train your scraggly brows to lines of beauty. Nourish and encourage thin, falling lashes with vaseline, castor oil or a good lash grower. Brush the lashes upward to encourage them to curl. Use eye make-up with discretion, especially in daytime and with off-the-face hats. The least hint of artificiality will be appallingly apparent.

So much for eyes and foreheads. What about their nearest neighbor, the nose? It has been said that if Cleopatra's nose had been one-half an inch longer the entire history of the world would have been changed. That's how important a nose may be. Since Cleopatra's day the beauty of a nose has depended not only on its delicate formation but also upon its ability to measure up to a certain standard for noses in another even more important direction. It must be smooth and white and it must not shine. A nose may be 'tip-tilted like a flower,' but its beauty is lacking in effect if it's not white and free from shine.

Two reasons for an unlovely nose are poor circulation and faulty digestion. If your nose is not what it should be, adopt the beauty diet I offered you last month, exercise as often and as adequately as possible and you will not only improve the appearance of your nose but will render your general health an invaluable service.

These are the general methods of removing the offending shine and redness, but while they are gradually being remedied the shiny nose will still be with you. Use powder, of course, the powder that suits your skin whether it be heavy or light and fluffy, but don't wear it adhering to your nose in huge flakes which are vastly unbecoming. Smooth a little cream into your nose, wipe it off and powder carefully and keep it powdered. Go to any length rather than to let it shine. A catchy advertising phrase read "For the want of some powder a man was lost"; but what is more important to women nowadays—because of the failure to connect with a powder puff at the psychological moment—jobs may be lost, social or business contacts may go for naught.

From noses to elbows is rather a jump. But, what about them? I haven't time or space to discuss arms this month, but I do want to remind you that no matter how

dainty and becoming your evening gown may be, if it discloses rough, bony elbows with loose wrinkled, discolored skin the effect is entirely spoiled.

Realize that your arms are only as pretty as your elbows and, if necessary, set to work upon them. They are so much exposed and so much rubbed that dirt and dust is grimed into them and the amount of scrubbing necessary to keep them clean dries them out so that they become chapped and pick up more grime than they did before. Scrub the elbows daily with warm water and a bleaching soap or any soap with water into which you have sprinkled a few drops of peroxide. Rinse and dry well, apply a generous amount of cold cream and massage it well into the skin. Wipe off, rinse in cold water, rub in a bit more cream and dust with powder. Repeat this treatment daily and your elbows will become as soft and smooth-looking as you could desire.

Well-cared-for hands aid perfection of detail. At this season, at least in cold climates, your hands are likely to become red, rough and chapped. This may be avoided if you are careful to use a soothing lotion or cream after each hand cleansing during the day, a special application before you go out in cold, wind or sun and at night before retiring. If you're home during the day, keep a bottle or jar of hand beautifier where you can't help seeing it when you wash your hands. If you go to business, keep a small jar in your desk. If you're flitting about from one place to another, keep a tiny tube or jar in your handbag.

There's no excuse nowadays, with all the easy-to-use manicure aids at our disposal, for not having well-groomed nails. Every girl has a thorough manicure once a week, but the nails require attention every day.

Keep a few implements conveniently at hand and give your nails attention as often as necessary.

Careful attention should be given to such small details as shaping and polishing the nails. Don't use a highly colored polish; a polish that gives the nails a natural color is in best taste, with only a slight gloss. Shape your nails to suit your fingers. If your fingers are long and slender, shape your nails to follow the outline of your finger tips, slightly longer in the center. If your fingers are short, or too-blunt, point the nails a little more and file rather closely at the sides but not too close.

I have told you before about using make-up to suit your coloring and the texture of your skin. There are so many intriguing shades of powder or rouge or lipstick it seems that manufacturers must put them out merely because they want to sell more things. But that is not true. I believe that the heads of this beauty business are really sincere, and are aiming more surely at real beauty. They found after many years that just two shades of powder and one shade of rouge spelled disaster to many women because it upset the natural color scheme for fascinating in-between types such as the ash blonde, the woman with dark hair and blue eyes, the gypsy type of brunette, and so on.

Manufacturers learned, when they really put their minds to it, that too dark a powder on a fair skin robbed it of transparency, and that too light a powder gave a look of artificiality. So they began to study natural skin tones and to shade their products, rouges as well as powders, to match all types of coloring.

So there's no reason, girls, for going wrong in details of make-up. Blondes should choose, as a rule, one of the powders marked 'natural' for daytime use, and from



Tea for one on the Malibu sands. Marilyn Miller, stage and screen star tells herself, "Two lumps and lemon, please."

the pale peach tones for evening. The in-betweens may choose rachel, cream, and peach. The brunettes, a darker or medium rachel, and deep peach. As a rule, the red-haired girl needs a lighter powder, flesh or 'natural.' Powders fine in quality and light in weight blend more naturally into the average skin. And when you apply your powder, don't rub it in. Stroke it on lightly or fluff it on.

At this season of the year you can help to perfect details of beauty by using a protective make-up. A rough wind-burned skin and chapped lips are anything but attractive. A soft cream smoothed into the skin and wiped carefully off will protect the skin from the ravages of wind and weather. A paste rouge is less drying than a dry rouge, and it goes on well over the cream foundation. A soft colorless lipstick will keep the lips from chapping, and a bit of paste rouge may be used over it.

Choose your rouge as you do your powder by matching your natural color. Rouge, used wisely, can whisk a dull face into vivid charm. To use rouge is not to paint your face—it's a gallant gesture, a helping hand under nature's tired elbow to help her over a bad place. It's an important detail of your toilet, if used wisely and well.

A good general rule to follow is: for blondes, light raspberry, pale orange, or rose; for darker blondes, medium reds, the yellow reds, such as tangerine; for brunettes a very little vivid red.

Then, there's the uninspiring subject of superfluous hair—the fuzz that nobody wants. This is a real beauty problem, as you know, but in this day of sleeveless frocks and sheer hose it is no time to be patient with the despised fuzz—off it must come.

Some girls solve the problem temporarily

by shaving. But this stimulates hair growth and removes the hair on a level with the skin surface so they grow again very quickly. A good depilatory is more effective, quicker and easier to use, and the makers are gradually improving them so that they keep the hair off longer than they used to. Moreover, the hair does not return thicker and coarser, and in many cases, the growth gradually becomes less. A depilatory, as with all toilet preparations, must be used strictly according to directions to attain best results.

Most women hesitate to use a depilatory on the face, particularly if the skin is dry and sensitive, and resort to the electric needle. This is all right if you know of a really reliable electrolician. But even the most skilled operators miss many times, and the operation is both painful and expensive.

A great many women use successfully a depilatory on the body but depend entirely upon a bleach to deaden and lighten superfluous hair on the face. This does at least partially solve the problem, as the growth becomes lighter in color, weaker in substance, and far less noticeable.

Another detail of good grooming that should not be neglected is the use of a good deodorant. In most cases, excessive perspiration can be remedied locally without harm. There are certain causes which lead to this condition and may need special attention. But usually, the unpleasantness and discomfort attending this state may be greatly alleviated by the use of a deodorant.

Do you want to know more about details of beauty? Write to me. I will be glad to help you in any way I can. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter.

The Girl With Seven Voices

Continued from page 83

It was just as important that the girl speak perfect French in the opening scenes as it was for her not to speak good English in the subsequent action.

"I had a French instructor translate the French portion of the dialog into English so I understood the sense and story value of the lines. Then I learned the French from him, learned to speak the lines in an entire scene without very much idea of quite what they meant, other than the general trend of the conversation.

"Learning to speak part English and part French was more difficult because the natural tendency was to use more English than French. I picked up most of the inflections and intonations from the children who worked with us in the picture. They had only been over from France a few months and spoke very little English.

"After the picture was all finished and I saw it, I felt panicky. Suppose audiences, not knowing me or having heard me speak before, thought I really spoke broken English? I ran the picture for some friends at my home one night and while I was getting ready to retire, my maid told me that the servants wanted to know if it really was I who did the talking! They said it didn't sound like myself. Of course it didn't, wasn't intended to. But that gave me another fear. Would people think I had a voice double?

"The night the picture had its world premiere in Los Angeles I was on pins and needles. I was so nervous about it I was one of the first to arrive at the theater which—if I may poke fun at myself—is not my usual reputation. In the first reel the

sound track went out of synchronization; a little later it jumped and was lost for a few feet, right in the middle of an important scene. I tore my handkerchief to shreds and then started to cry.

"While I was crying I heard a tremendous laugh. Everything was going fine and the audience hadn't paid any attention to the slight mishaps. They went on laughing and I perked up. It was all right, after all! We made it for laughs and that was what the audience was getting out of it.

"Now Dulcy, you know, is a sort of ga-ga busybody and I have a new voice for her. I copied it after a Dulcy I know in real life. In every picture I make I hope to develop a different vocal personality. Difficult? Oh, I suppose so; but it's fun and when I cease to enjoy making pictures then I'll cease to make them at all."

Marion's frankness is devastating and rather appalling. She wears no cloak of pretense. As soon as you meet her you are completely disarmed by a smile that engulfs the whole world and all that's in it.

You will find her between scenes playing bridge with a property man, an assistant director and perhaps an extra player. People are people to her. She knows every person working on the set and they all know her. There is no tension in a Davies company. Instead, there is music, gaiety, clowning and good humor.

"Just a lot of laughs!" says Marion.

And that seems her life axiom: laugh today and be merry, for tomorrow you may cry.



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Passersby, as well as those who know you, pay admiring tribute to your complexion-beauty when you cherish it with Plough's Cold Cream!

Dip your fingers into the cool, white softness of this dainty cream and smooth it on your skin. Instantly there is a soothed, refreshed feeling, even after exposure to harsh, drying weather! Chapping and irritation vanish! "Tired" lines and "crows' feet" disappear—and the fear of wrinkles.

Then, day by day, as you continue to apply this rich, nourishing cream, your skin responds by becoming clearer, smoother and finer in texture, until it attains the appealing, youthful beauty that every woman so desires.

Plough's Cold Cream is available in two sizes at all dealers. Price 30c and 50c. Try it!

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Bushells of Love and Kisses—Continued from page 34

Ducky—"Zelma was at Tony's feet on the floor, weary from a stiff game of golf with her sister, Bernice, that afternoon. So Tony didn't have to go far to assure her that she was entirely wrong on the inception of his love for her.

Friends of the young Englishman had urged him to see two shows while he was in New York. One was "The Trial of Mary Dugan." The other was "Good News."

"I wanted terribly to meet that little girl who was billed as Zelma O'Neal. I knew no one to introduce us. I went back to England that summer without so much as speaking a word to her. Then I read in the papers that she was coming to London with the musical show. A friend of mine knew some one in the cast. I arranged to meet her. We were engaged before the week was out."

"And if you can imagine it," said Zelma, crossing one tanned leg over the other, pushing away a recalcitrant red lock, and making a dive for a bunch of brown wool which was the Irish pup, "I looked at that chap when he was introduced and thought—'Nice boy, but too good looking.' And plunk, dismissed him from my mind. Just like that."

The fact that Anthony Bushell did not remain long dismissed from Zelma O'Neal's mind is indicated by the whirlwind courtship.

Bushell followed Zelma to New York after he had finished his run in London in Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." They were married a short time later in St. Nicholas' on Fifth Avenue.

Hugh Sinclair, the chap who introduced them, was best man. Inez Courtney was the bride's attendant.

"The day of our wedding, Zelma was in the midst of rehearsals and I was play-

ing a matinée and evening performance." Bushell appeared in Somerset Maugham's "The Sacred Flame" at the time. "For a week after, we were so busy that we only had snatches of time together."

They both like Hollywood. Zelma says it is a grand place to raise children. She means it, too. The little hoyden-girl of "Good News" who makes audiences roar with the way she picks up her feet and lays them down again and the brilliant comedienne of that other musical comedy, "Follow Thru," is definitely a home-loving person with a longing for a brood of her own.

Zelma's a good business woman, too. A film studio had been negotiating for her appearance in a talkie short.

"I held out for twice as much as they offered my manager. Got it, too," she said.

A telephone call necessitated Zelma's getting to her feet. She grunted and groaned. Her nightly work in "Follow Thru" at a Los Angeles theater means a terrific expenditure of muscle energy. And then there is the daily afternoon game of golf.

"Tony taught me how to play and we're still friends. Can you imagine it!"

Zelma returned from the telephone with news of a vaudeville offer.

"Don't think I'll do it. Can't leave you, Tony, and Bernice—and Paddy."

The two sisters have been almost inseparable since those struggling days in Chicago when they 'plugged' songs in a little music store and attracted their first opportunity to do a sister act in vaudeville.

Work often takes them to opposite ends of the country. But they always come 'homing' when an engagement is finished. Bernice is blonde while Zelma is auburn-haired; madonna-eyed while Zelma has the eyes of a sprite; tall and slender while Zelma has the sturdiness of a little-girl build; dreamy while Zelma is vociferously business-minded.

Zelma O'Neal takes a commonsense attitude toward her own background of minimized opportunities and hardships. At the same time she glows with the reports of Tony's boyhood and education in England.

This Anthony Bushell, who won instantaneous recognition for his work on the talking screen with George Arliss in "Disraeli," is a member of a distinguished British family which dates back to 1200. He is the eldest of three living sons. Anthony's older brother was killed four years ago in an Afghanistan campaign. He was a lieutenant in the Indian army.

Anthony was born in Westerham, Kent County, England. He was educated at Magdalen College School and won a scholarship in English History to Oxford. A brilliant student in his elementary grades, great expectations were held by his parents for Tony's college career.

"Sports always interested him. After he entered Oxford, studying went into the background and he began to give all his time to sports," explained Zelma.

Bushell was captain of cricket and head of the school for two years at Magdalen. In Hertford College, Oxford, he won the novice's boxing cup in the middleweights and also won some prominence as a fencer.

"Tony was a great one at this in college." And Zelma's brown arms began a backward-forward motion, her legs straight out on the rug and her bow mouth pursed as though fortifying herself. "Whatdoyou



Kathryn McGuire, a charming graduate of the Mack Sennett seminary for young Hollywood ladies, has been playing in a Hoot Gibson western.

callitdarling?"

"Ducky's trying to say I was stroke of my college eight," enlightened Bushell.

"A rower—that's what he was."

When Tony was 21 he left Oxford. His parents were deeply disappointed. It was understood that Anthony was to study for the clergy and his announcement that he was going on the stage was a shock to the family.

"It was not that they were opposed to the theater," declared Bushell. "Not that at all. They did think it was preposterous that I should hope to make a success in work about which I knew nothing at all. However, Mother and Father were very fair and sensible about the whole thing. They said if I wanted to give up college and go on the stage I would do so with the understanding I was to be entirely on my own financially."

A short time later, a tall blond young man answered to the name of Anthony Bushell when student rôles were assigned at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. This is the organization founded by Sir Herbert Tree.

"I learned hardly anything there. Sir Gerald du Maurier saw me in a student performance and I was given a part with Gladys Cooper in 'Diplomacy' at the Adolphi Theater."

Miss Cooper re-engaged him for her next two productions, "Peter Pan" and Pinero's "Iris."

Feeling he needed further experience, Bushell left London and played on the road for two years.

"When I came back to London I heard that James Gleason was using some English players for his comedy, 'Is Zat So.' I had an introduction to Mr. Gleason and battled my way through the crowd waiting outside his office. Jimmy Gleason took a look at me and said—'Too tall.' Robert Armstrong took a look and said—'Too young.'

"I started to turn away. Then I became so infuriated at the thought of having battled the mob for nothing that I turned



Joyce Compton began her screen career as a blonde. Now she is a red-head, but just as alluring as ever.

back to Gleason and said: "Do you really think so?"

Apparently Gleason liked the spirit of the young Englishman. He asked him to read some of the lines from the comedy.

"All right, kid, you win the part," Gleason told him.

The experience of working with Americans and enjoying American humor was such a revelation that Bushell said he could hardly wait to get to America and have more of it.

"The English are inclined to be very serious about their careers. The atmosphere of joking that I find in American theaters and film studios was an amazing thing to me. You Americans work hard but your gorgeous sense of humor keeps you well balanced."

After his outstanding work in "Disraeli," Bushell was given the juvenile lead in "The Flirting Widow," First National's film version of the stage play, "Green Stockings."

Zelma O'Neal made pictures—comedies—years ago. Now she has been signed by Paramount for the screen version of "Follow Thru."

"Then Tony and I will have a real home life for the first time in our marriage. As it is now, he is having lunch while I am waking up for breakfast. When I am in the midst of lunch, he is dinnering. We're going to change all that, aren't we, Tony?"

"Righto, Ducky."

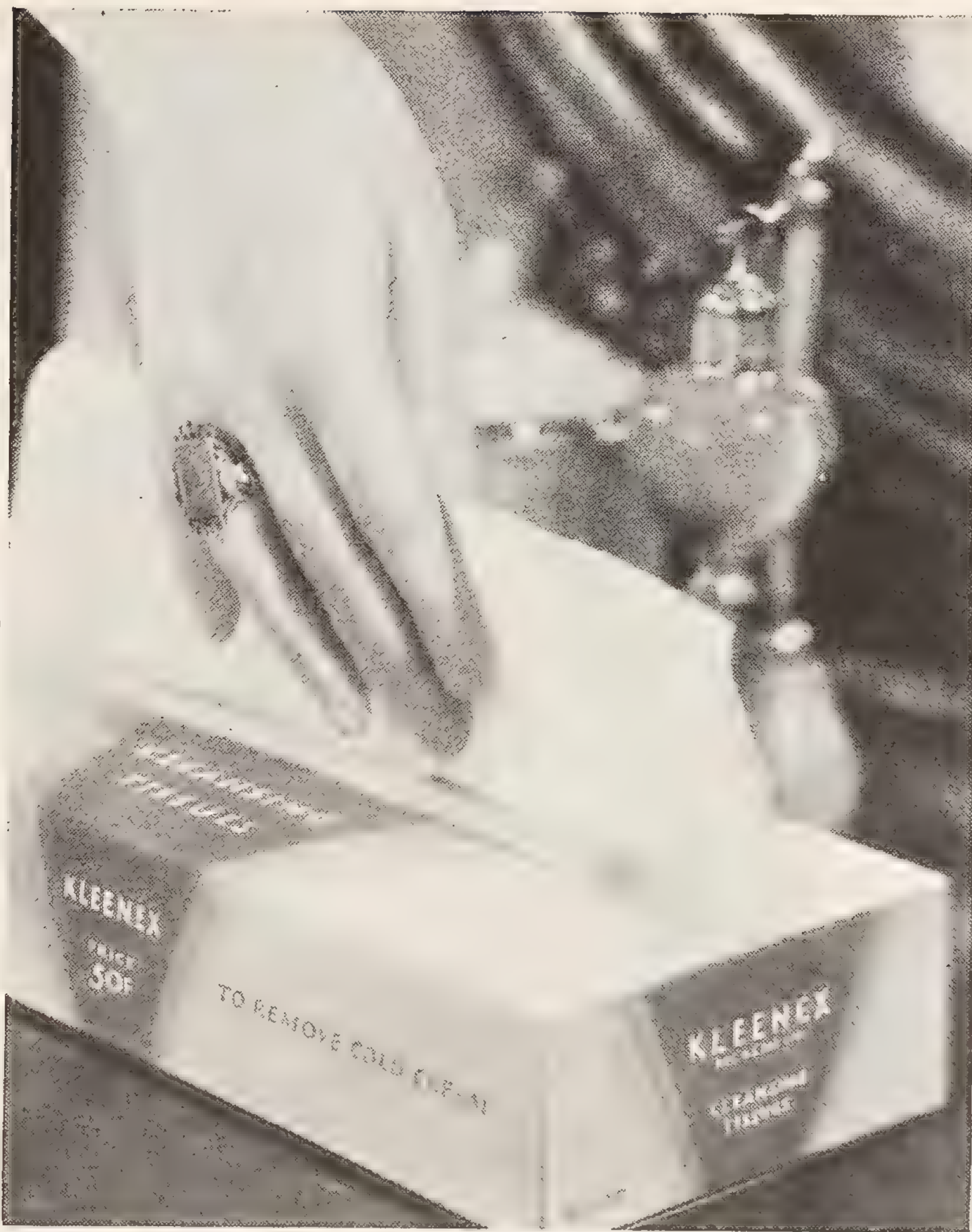
This is another point where a sensitive interviewer finds the railway posters again an engrossing subject for study. If the time permits—and it usually does—he will find the view from any of the eight long windows in the high ceilinged living room very worthwhile. They look over Hollywood, which represents studio and theater to the Bushells. And that, in turn, means that any moment now, one or the other will be called away for footlight or Kleig light make-up.

"Forgive us, we see each other so seldom, and we keep thinking of all those years before we knew each other!"

These are the Bushells—career-ambitious, both of them; deeply in love, both of them. They stand in Hollywood as a vivid example of the way young opposites have a habit of attracting—and holding—each other.



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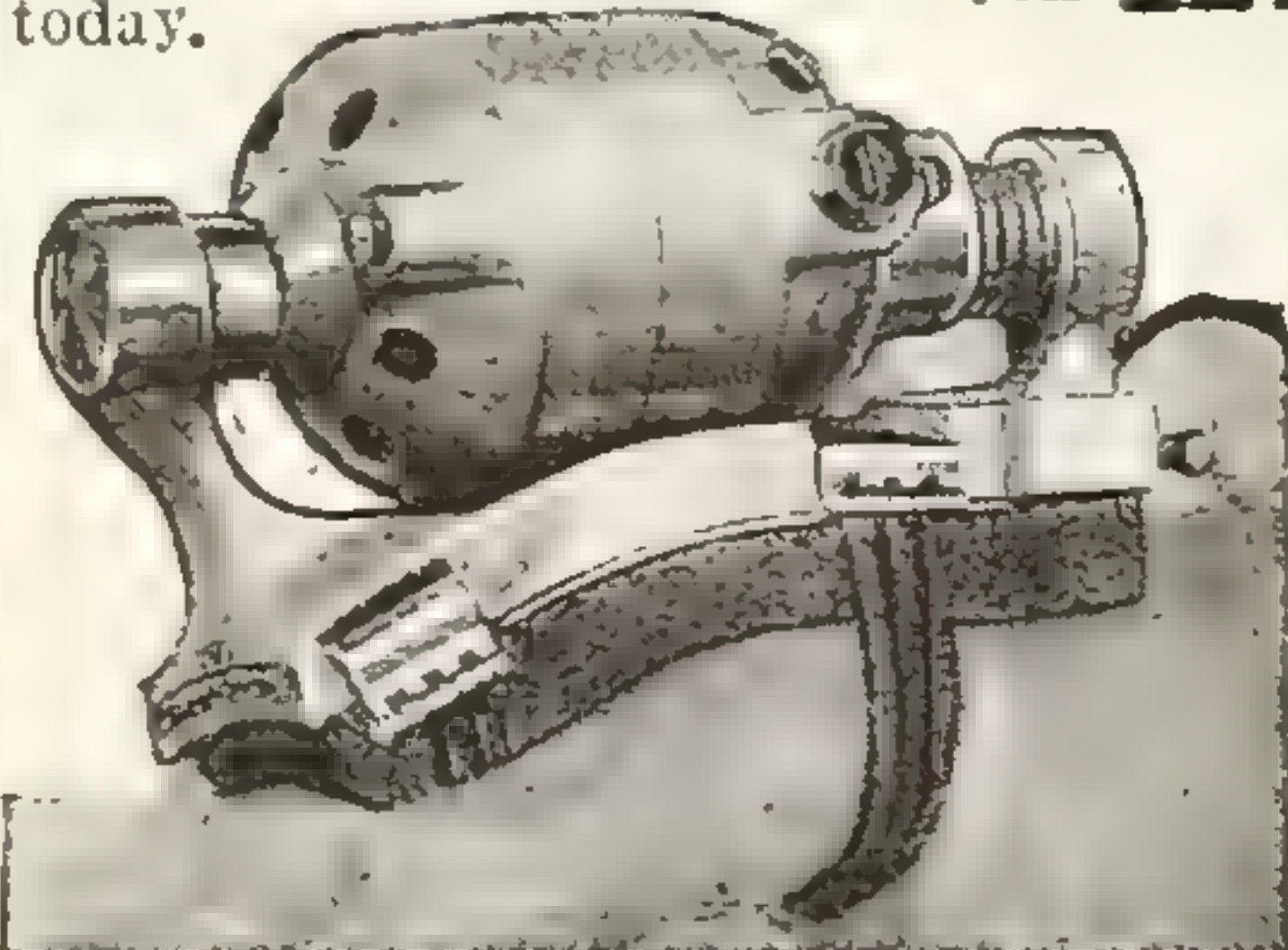
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Bill Boyd Doubles Back—Continued from page 51

fornia's steady progress. Bill told his chauffeur, the ever faithful Mose, to turn left, then right, now two blocks ahead.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed Bill, "it's gone."

"What's gone?"

"The place."

"What place?"

"Why, the grocery store where I got my first California job," Bill explained. "See that big red brick building? It used to stand there. Gosh, I never enjoyed a job so much in my life."

Then we heard the story of a fifteen year old lad, almost penniless, cast among strangers to work out his own existence.

"This was a week before Christmas," said Bill. "Perhaps I should have been grateful, because it was undoubtedly the holiday rush that enabled me to get a job right away as a clerk in that grocery store. The fact that it was a grocery store was the only reason why my healthy young appetite did not entirely overwhelm me. With food on every hand I doubt that any fifteen year old is going to starve."

"When the boss saw me raiding the cracker barrel he sensed my financial embarrassment and voluntarily advanced me a week's salary. He certainly was a good guy. So on Christmas Eve I was able to sit at a counter and gorge myself with turkey instead of prunes and raw carrots. But, somehow, my appetite was gone."

"I walked along one street after another. Through the windows I could see families gathered about Christmas trees. Happiness seemed to be everywhere. I'm afraid I thought I was the only lonesome and heart-sick person in the world. See that little hotel over near the railroad station? I took a room there. I can remember creeping into it and crying myself to sleep."

Incidentally, Bill's first job in Orange was not the first time he was in the grocery business. He drew a battered old snapshot from his pocket as proof of another time, when he was twelve. It showed him, a tow-headed kid, sitting majestically at the reins of a rickety delivery wagon bearing the blurred inscription, 'Siegfried & Lawyer, Groceries, 1051 Wheeling Avenue, Cambridge, Ohio.' Turning over the picture we saw inscribed in youthful handwriting the name 'Lawrence Boyd,' which was the first indication we had had that Bill's real name is Lawrence.

But Christmas comes only once a year, and with the usual rush over in Orange, Bill found himself without a job. As we rolled out of the little town, en route to San Diego in the star's big car, he unfolded for me a few of the subsequent events in his life. An orange packing house offered the next opportunity for work. This lasted through the season. Then the oil fields for several months and a jaunt to Flagstaff, Arizona, where he swung a double-edged axe as a lumber jack. After this came an offer as an automobile salesman and Bill took it. All this varied activity covered a period of several years.

Then came the war. In June, 1927, Bill enlisted, but he was discharged in August because of an athletic heart, developed in his high school days in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Although Bill was born in Cambridge, Ohio, he passed most of his youth in Tulsa, until a friend of his dead father gave him a hundred dollars and he started west.

Barred from active service Bill took a job running the Post Exchange at March Field, the aviation training school at River-

side, California. Later he was to make part of one of his most successful pictures, "The Flying Fool," at that very field.

At intervals friends had told Bill that he 'would screen well.' Although he scoffed at the idea, its repetition naturally made some impression and finally, in 1919, in the absence of a job, it took definite root.

It was while Bill was en route to Los Angeles, again in quest of the elusive job. He met Bryant Washburn on the train and again the subject of the screen came to haunt him. Washburn saw possibilities in Boyd. Bill saw only a big laugh in the suggestion. All he wanted was a job—any kind of a job. So far as becoming an actor—well, that was too ridiculous even to consider.

But somehow the job did not present itself. The panic was on. The Boyd bank-roll was reduced to silver and very little of that. What was that Bryant Washburn said about acting? Well, there might be something to it at that. There's no harm in trying. So Bill Boyd presented himself at the Paramount Studios and proceeded to talk himself past the man at the gate, who turned out later to be the father of Alan Hale, with whom Bill played later in several of his biggest screen hits.

Assuming what he believed to be an air of importance, Bill tackled the next man he saw.

"Where is Mr. De Mille's office—Mr. C. B. De Mille's?" he demanded. Being directed to the director-producer's very private sanctum, Bill found the door open and walked into the presence of C. B. unannounced.

"Well?" queried the director.

"Well," ventured Bill, "I want a job in the movies."

Impressed with the man's gall if nothing else, C. B. inquired if he had ever done any acting.

"Never," admitted Bill.

"Well, I don't see——" began De Mille.

Bill started out the door.

"All right—if you don't give me a job I'll work for somebody else."

"Wait a minute," said C. B. "That's the way I like to hear a man talk. You seem to mean business."

And William Boyd got his first part in a picture called "Love Insurance," starring Bryant Washburn, who was indirectly responsible for the screen career of the Pathé star.

To Bill it seemed that the dark clouds surrounding his life since childhood were about to part and let a little sunshine through. Temporarily that was true, but he was soon to know the heartache and privations of Hollywood's army of extras. The battle for survival was on again as Hollywood knows it. For more than a year things did not go so well. Occasional rôles helped to keep the square Boyd jaw up in the air. "Why Change Your Wife," "Bobbed Hair," "Forty Winks," "Feet of Clay" and "The Golden Bed" offered some opportunity and, more important, some funds.

Then came C. B. De Mille again in the guise of a gurdian angel. What he offered was the lead in the "The Volga Boatman!" This picture made Boyd a star, won him success, fame and the security of a long-term contract.

Among the pictures that followed were "Her Man O'War," "Eve's Leaves," "The Last Frontier," "Jim, the Conqueror," "The

Yankee Clipper," "The King of Kings," "Two Arabian Knights," "Dress Parade," "The Flying Fool," "Skyscraper," "The Leatherneck," "Power," "The Cop," "His First Command," and Boyd's latest one, "Officer O'Brien."

"Yes, sir," affirmed Bill, as we sped on along the smooth California highway, "a lot of things have happened since the first time I tried to reach San Diego and got sidetracked in that little grocery store. And I think that every bit of it did me a lot of good, even if it was a little inconvenient at the time."

We were passing the famous old mission at San Juan Capistrano. Bill called my attention to it.

"There's a reminder of real fortitude and courage," he said. "Think of the problems that those men faced three hundred years ago when they opened up this beautiful country out here for the development of civilization. How insignificant our own little troubles appear when we think of theirs."

It was another side of the droll, good-natured Bill Boyd—a serious, thoughtful side. We sped on for many miles in silence.

Chevalier's Secret—Continued from page 23

of Paris. How his early days were passed in extreme sordidness and poverty. He spoke of all the low dives he had danced and sung in—dives where cab drivers and ladies of the evening, those who had fallen to the bottom of the world, congregated for one last drink of absinthe to buoy them up to face another day in which there never could be anything new.

From café after café he was fired. For a long time he sang at the Casino des Tourelles for the sum of two dollars and fifty cents a week.

He even lost that job. And walked the streets for months until he found a spot in the Fourmi Music Hall, but this time his compensation was only one dollar a week.

From Fourmi he toured the provinces, later playing such larger cities as Rheims and Marseilles. Finally he achieved Paris, the Eldorado music hall. And then, the Folies Bergère as partner to the talented Mistinguette, and made a distinguished success.

Then came the war. At the first call, Chevalier dropped his grease paint and shouldered a gun. But he didn't drop his songs and his laughter until one day a shrapnel burst in his trench, and Chevalier fell on his face in the mud. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a German ambulance with an ugly wound in his shoulder. Twenty-six months in the German prison at Magdeburg followed. Then Armistice, back to Paris again with the *croix de guerre* on his breast, a wound stripe on his sleeve, a hole in his pocket and a cough in his chest. Nor was that the worst. He had his whole career to build over again. He had lost confidence in himself. Besides, it was harder to make people laugh in those days after the war. They had forgotten how.

But he staged a tremendous come-back. Once again he played at the Folies Bergère. Once again as partner to Mistinguette. Then came an enormous success in London and in Buenos Aires. And finally New York.

"When I arrived in America," Chevalier said, "I did not want to make my way singing naughty songs. Songs which we say in France have a *double entendre*. That is, two meanings: a nice one; and a not very nice one. I did not want to sing what you—what you call bar-room ballads. I wanted your people to love me."

"Always back in my head there was a rôle I have wanted to play. Always, all my life I have wanted to play—now, don't laugh—a romantic part. Yes, to play a romantic prince. Maybe you think that silly. But maybe not, if you recall my first beginnings—the poverty of Paris tenement life where one eats and sleeps little, works much and plays none at all."

"So when 'The Love Parade' was sug-

gested for me I was happy—for here was a story in which I could play a romantic rôle but yet a story that handled life as it really is. The story doesn't end with the marriage, with the Queen and Prince living happily ever after. It shows the little troubles that are bound to come up in every marriage; little troubles which cast big shadows and sometimes mean separation and lasting unhappiness, unless we use the only sure cure for everything—laughter. There can never be lasting tragedy in any home where there is much laughter.

"But yet, I haven't told you the answer to my success. I don't know what it is, unless it is that I have taken all I have learned in those years in the music halls. Taken all those little tricks—how to put my little song over, how to put my little dance over—then tie them up with all the happiness I feel. Not that mushy, running-over kind of happiness. But the grown-up kind."

"I tell you how it is. I feel as if I had seen all the bad in the world—and yet, the world, she looks fine to me!"

What Chevalier says about his secret is true. His eyes have looked a long time on the dark side of life but they have never grown weary. You are not with him more than two minutes before you realize he is the Happiness Boy himself. He absolutely exudes laughter and excludes gloom.

He has more sex appeal than any movie star I have ever seen. There is a fragrant, illicit quality about him which immediately starts a woman wondering if here is not the perfect lover. For he impresses you as being a sympathetic, understanding discreet man of the world. You realize that here is a man of the world who has somehow managed to retain a magical belief in romance. He makes you feel that despite the things he has seen—and he knows his world unquestionably—he still has the capacity of experiencing a real romantic, glamorous, but withal sophisticated passion. And he makes you feel that you are going to be the object of it!

He gives you the feeling that he is about to lead you through a door—like the door in 'Alice in Wonderland.' A door through which you will enter into a different life. A life where you will experience spicy, delicious pleasures forbidden by a humdrum world.

The secret of Maurice Chevalier's charm, to my mind, is this: Every woman who sees him on the screen or the stage will think to herself: "Of course, I am devoted to John. He has been a good husband to me for six years. And I would never do anything to cause him pain. But, if I ever should indulge in a flirtation—if I ever should be so foolish and so reckless—the one man in all the world I would pick out to be so foolish with would be Maurice Chevalier!"



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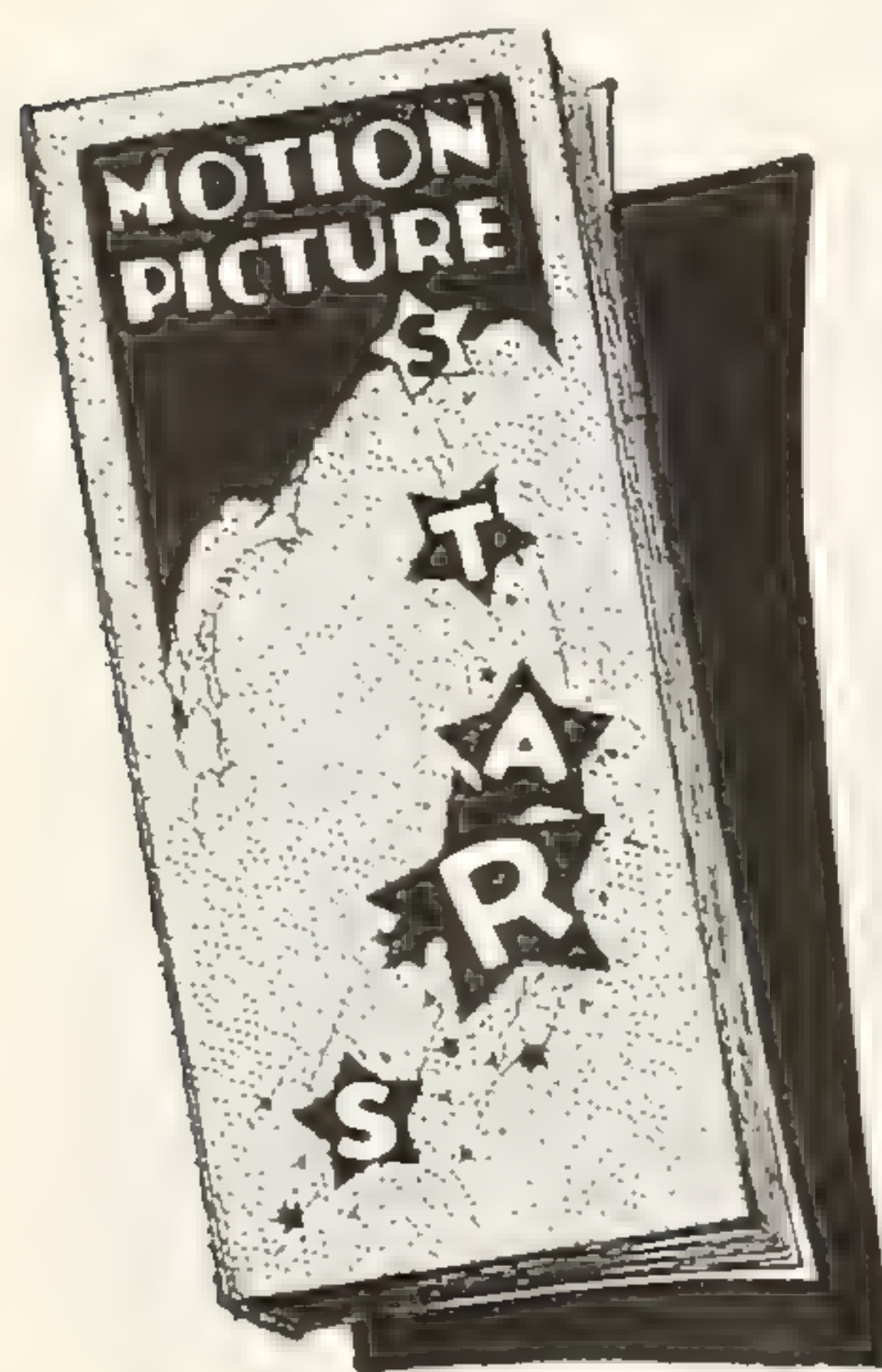


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What I've Learned from the Stage

Continued from page 33

When I got better and came back to location, what attention I had! My maid, my secretary, my masseuse, my hairdresser, my manicurist—they were all pulling for me. The director, Jimmy Cruze, was wonderful. The prop boys stood about holding chairs for me on the chance that I might become fatigued. A 'stand-in' girl stood while lights and other technicalities were being arranged. Everything was eased for me. Not only because I had a bad ankle. But everything is eased for every movie star who has reached the top.

I know now that I didn't really understand how lucky I had been. For in Chicago, when I started my act, I had only myself to depend upon. There was no director to smile encouragingly at me. No off-stage music to get my courage up. There was a cold audience, certain stage props, and the little act I had to offer. A little act which I had rehearsed for days and weeks, into which I had put my heart. But a little act, which, after all, was up against strong competition. The competition of troupers who had spent all their lives studying their specialties, studying new ways of pleasing their audiences.

Just before my act went on, a marvelous team of adagio dancers preceded me. I had watched the woman staring at me very disconcertingly. I knew what she was thinking: "Here I've been working all my life and I am a master of my art. I go out on the stage, turn myself inside out, and what do I get? A couple hundred dollars a week. And along comes this gold and white person with a little act, and pulls down thousands."

It was terrible to have to work against a thought like that. But I could understand how that woman felt. And all that week I made it my business to be nice to those adagio dancers. I wanted them to know that I knew and cared what they were up against. I tried very hard. By the end of the week we were friends. And nobody seemed happier than they when I received flowers or when an audience welcomed me with applause. When you give the best you've got—a real trouper will hand it to you.

But that first performance I didn't realize that. I didn't realize anything. I only knew I was standing in the wings with my heart beating a tattoo in my breast that could be heard, it seemed to me, as far back as the last row in the balcony. I only knew I had to follow a wonderful team of dancers and make good. Not tomorrow, next week, or next year. But in the next few moments. And I knew if I didn't make good, there would be no retakes!

In movies and real life we always have a chance to do our stuff over again if it isn't right. If a washerwoman finds a shirt still dirty, she can wash it over. If a typist smears her page or spills a bottle of ink over it, she can always re-type it. If a movie star doesn't get quite in the mood, there can always be retakes. But on the stage you have but one little string in your bow. You have to do your stuff to the limit of your capability and to the limit of your endurance. If you go over, all well and good. You return to your dressing room, drink a glass of water, dust some powder into your shoes, renew your make-up—and then go back and conquer another audience all over again. You do that three

times a day, and in some places four times on Saturdays and Sundays.

In the movies, one good performance and you have it there encased in celluloid for the rest of your life. Your hair can get gray, your teeth can fall out. You can get old, crippled or broken. But that performance can still be shown in Japan, Russia, Tasmania, Antarctica. However, on the stage, you have to renew your illusion at every single performance.

As I stood in the wings considering all these things before my first performance, I got the most awful case of stage fright I had ever had. My knees turned to water. My stomach did a good imitation of an express elevator in the Woolworth Building. Drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. I heard my cue, the opening bars of my dance music. I couldn't move.

Then like an arc of light the thought came to me: 'Maybe out there in that audience there's somebody who has seen you as Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan." Or in "Old Ironsides." Or in "The Case of Lena Smith." Maybe there's somebody out there who loves you. Not just because you're Esther Ralston, a movie star, but because you're a human being who has tried to please and bring them fun and romance for eleven movie years.'

So I made my entrance, broke into my dance the 'Boardwalk.'

Could I remember it? Yes, the routine was coming back to me. Hop on left foot, slap right foot down twice in front. Hop on right foot, slap toe down twice in back. Hop on right foot and kick left foot forward; hop on right foot and kick left foot backward. Drag right foot in circular slide around to back. Then stamp right foot, stamp left foot and stamp right foot again.

Like a soldier memorizing the manual of arms, my mind worked, propelling my feet. Could I keep it up? Dear Lord, what was the next step? Kick right foot in back of left knee, kick right foot in front of left knee, slide to right, twirl on toes once around to left and kick left foot high. Kick right foot out in front—each foot three times, do a stamp, slap your thigh—point right foot, point left foot—finish with a cakewalk strut.

Applause! People were smiling. Encore! I had done it! Weak and trembling I went back into my dressing room. I hadn't been there five minutes before there came a tap on the door. And there stood Amelia Foote, a little Chicago school teacher.

This little school teacher had been a steady fan of mine for five years. She had written me faithfully every couple of months for five years. Sometimes she'd write and say: "Esther, I like your hair parted in the middle. It suits your type better." Or, "Esther, I liked your last picture, but that's not the kind of rôle you ought to play. We want to keep you sweet." For five years all her suggestions have been fair, and constructive. And although I had never met her or even seen a picture of her, when the door opened and she came in and said: "I'm Amelia Foote," I held out my arms. We cried. Both of us. When I got a hold on myself a little I heard her saying over and over, "You're still my Esther."

That's what keeps me going. Every town I play, at every performance, there are always some people in the audience to whom I am and always will be their

Esther. Because of their friendship and constancy I am going to keep on until I learn talkie technique just as I learned the silent technique. And when I have, I'm coming back to you all again. With all the things the stage has taught me: how to take advantage of the present moment, of now; how not to think of tomorrow, next week or next year, but of to-day; how

to carry on even when you're sick and discouraged; how for every ounce of energy you give your audience, they return to you two tons of appreciation.

Yes, I am coming back to you screen fans again. I want to make you laugh, to help dry your tears, to take away the sting of your sorrows and to try to add a little to the misty beauty of all your days.

The Stage in Review—Continued from page 93

on by Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Company, and as directed by Miss LeGallienne herself, is the best acted, the best produced and the most completely materialized play of the imagination that I have seen in New York for years. The Civic Repertory in its beginnings was open to the most brutal criticism. Today it has ridden down all its critics. In its production of "The Sea-Gull" it has made history.

What is "The Sea-Gull" about? It's about Life—Disillusion. That is all I will tell you here. For a great play is to be seen, not word-rolled. As to acting, you will see Jacob Ben-Ami, as Trigorin, a writer, reveal to you the very secret mechanism of the soul of a disillusioned scribbler. You will never forget his confession to Josephine Hutchinson, who plays so beautifully the part of Nina, the sea-gull, who believed in the romantic love of the male and got slugged over the head with the club of Reality in the hands of His Majesty, the Father of Lies. There are Merle Madern, Paul Leyssac, Walter Beck, Eva LeGallienne and others: all perfect in their parts in a play in which Life parades before you with an ironic leer.

"Fifty Million Frenchmen"

What have fifty million Frenchmen to do with this tin-tinnabulatory, slap-bang, rattling, crackling, gurgling, bombinating, rataplanish, gingling, jingling, chortling, detonating, Dionysian, cock-tailing, cork-popping fantasia of Paris? Why, just this: every American—every son of a Yahoo—sees fifty million Frenchmen after he has been an hour in Paris. It's the cocktails at the Ritz bar, it's the wine in Zelli's or the good hooch down at the Halls that performs this feat of ocular thaumaturgy and transcendental boozy double-sight—or words to that effect.

Well, this E. Ray Goetz musical comedy, in which Herbert Fields, Cole Porter, Bel-Geddes and a raft of other men who know their business had a finger, just left me soused with enthusiasm, as you've seen, no doubt. I got a bigger laughing kick out of this musical comedy than I have out of any such concoction since the days when I first sang *Hinky-Dink-Parlay-Voo-Mademoiselle-from-Armonnières*—well, you know that gayly scabrous air.

If you can find more steam in any comedian on our stage than you'll find exploding out of the seven senses of Bill Gaxton, 'phone me his name (0020 Robins Reef). And there's beautiful Genevieve Tobin, certainly a good eye-full. Ah! Betty Compton—she'll make you laugh—and blush a sweet, old-time blush just as grandma used to put on when General Grant was around.

In a word, if you miss "Fifty Million Frenchmen" you are not a lover of physical, mental or belly-gurgling souses!

"Berkeley Square"

You must be born with the ghost-temperament to do the ghost thing convincingly. The reality of spooks, of a spooky universe, can only be conveyed to another by one who has literally seen spooks, whose nerves and emotions feel the ghostly.

Merely thinking it out won't do. Poe, Chopin, Lafcadio Hearn, Barrie, Shakespeare, Henry James, Strindberg, von Hoffmann—these are authentic ghost yarn-spinners.

Mr. John L. Balderston, the author of "Berkeley Square," does not belong to the goose-fleshers to the manner born. But he has thought out a clever, gripping and entertaining play, which when you take it apart—(now, you cannot take "Macbeth," Strindberg's "Dream-Play," or Barrie's "Mary Rose" apart; you can only argue with them to the end of your days)—turns out to be splendid trick-work plus eagle-eye on box office.

The story goes back and forth between Berkeley Square, London, of today and that of 1784. Peter Standish, an American, in his ancestral London house has discovered the secret of living over his love affair of 1784 either in a dream, an alcoholic transubstantiation or a psychic, and privately patented, time-machine a la H. G. Wells: which of these we are left in doubt about.

Leslie Howard carries the production in his usual fascinating manner, aided by Margalo Gilmore as the Lost Lenore. Gilbert Miller put this on in his own perfect way. (I note, by the way, that old-fashioned sentiment is coming back with long dresses.)

"The Living Corpse"

I traveled down to the Civic Repertory Theater on Fourteenth street to see how their new production, "The Living Corpse," by Tolstoy, compared with the moving picture version of the story which was made in Germany and which I saw in a private showing last spring but which was never shown here publicly because of its gloominess and its censurable angles.

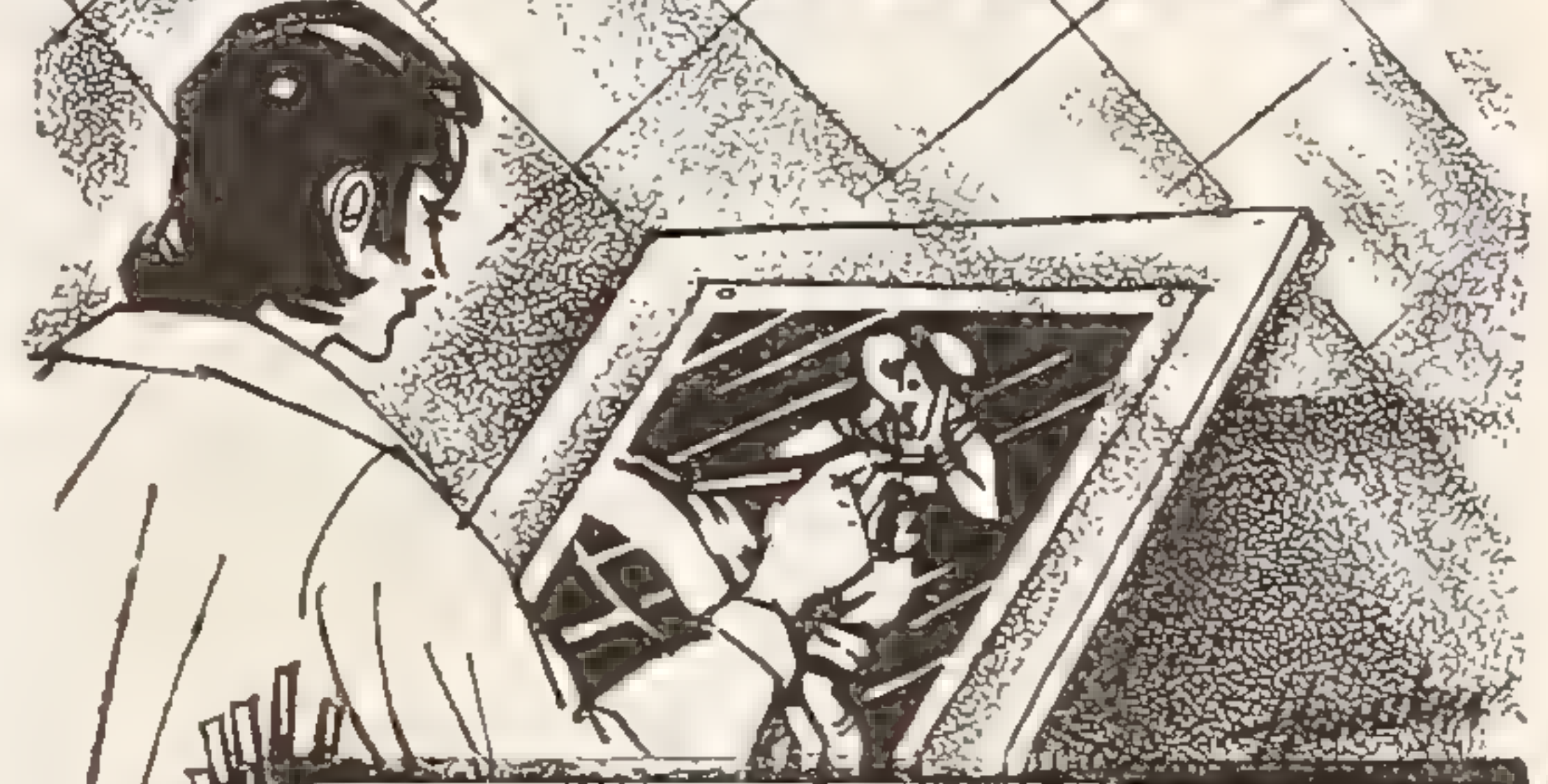
The greatest pictures I have ever seen (which means pictures I could see two or three times) are "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Patriot," and this German version of Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse." In many respects for pure tragic atmosphere and overwhelming satire, the Tolstoy picture was, to me, the greatest of them all. It far surpasses either the stage version of John Barrymore or the Civic Repertory's product.

It is in the picture version that the hatred of Tolstoy against all social institutions is brought out with the greatest force. In the play we see the portrait of a platonic idealist who is soused to the cupola all the time and who finally makes the world believe he is dead so that he can bring about the marriage of his wife with her platonic lover, two social stuffed shirts. When he is discovered and the bigamy trial is proceeding he ends his milk-soppy life with a bullet outside of the courtroom.

The Civic's production is rather heavy and drowsy, with Jacob Ben-Ami unconvincing and theatrical as Fedya and Josephine Hutchinson looking almost ethereally beautiful as the wife. Egon Brecher as a drunken 'genius' was very humorous—the best bit he has yet done.

I shall soon forget Barrymore and Ben-Ami as Fedya; but the picture I shall never forget. Score one for the screen!

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Trailing "Trader Horn"

Continued from page 66

got it but wouldn't lie down. He just walked around, perspiring until his clothes stuck to him and telling everybody it felt like a touch of gripe. Edwina wasn't working in the picture but she came down to the set every day. Harry Carey was laughing about the days in Death Valley when he used to think it was hot.

In three weeks we pushed off for Murchison Falls, up the Victoria Nile. We loaded the tenders and climbed into the same boat that took us to Panyamur.

It takes six hours to get up the Falls from where we were. The Nile flows into Lake Albert on one side and out on the other. Unless you know the country very well it doesn't look like a river at all. In every direction there is nothing but floating vegetation and papyrus. The course of the stream is changing constantly and the pilot had to take soundings all the way. The water was alive with hippos and crocodiles, and there was a large number of brightly marked tropical birds flying around the papyrus.

Finally the banks of the river became firm and the vegetation grew scarcer. The shore was sandy and there were large trees and dense growth on both banks. We saw elephants in one place. When they saw us they put up their trunks and ran back into the trees where we couldn't see them. We were all to learn more about the ways of elephants later. Renaldo sustained two broken ribs on an occasion when he shot an inch too high into a charging elephant's head. Carey firing through the thicket brought the elephant down almost on top of Renaldo. But our first elephants, because they moved away, did not startle us much—we were too busy watching the smacking jaws of crocodiles that scraped under our boat, and counting the chances of capsizing on a sportive hippo.

At the Falls we spent a month making crocodile sequences and a lot of scenic shots. We were camped in a spot that had been occupied by few white people in the history of the world. We had cleared the camp site of all brush for half a mile around in the hope of getting rid of the tsetse fly. In spite of that there were a lot of them around and the mosquitoes from the river were abundant. It wasn't the most inviting spot in Africa.

Edwina broke into the pictures there. She worked in a monkey skin, barefoot on the ground which was crawling with jiggers, and bareheaded under a sun that is capable of knocking over strong men like tin soldiers. It was a ten to one bet against her for that month and we were all wondering what Van would do about another leading woman after Edwina had been sent home with fever or sunstroke.

One morning we decided to make a dawn 'shot' five miles down the river in the heart of the jungle. All the men started out at 4 o'clock, armed with everything from elephant guns to can openers. The spot chosen was almost on the river bank, so Van asked me to take Edwina down in a row boat, saving her the long walk through the tall grass and bush, soaked with dew. A native would stand

at the river bank and signal us ashore, he said.

We left at five and got down there in about an hour—it was downstream. Edwina was wearing her abbreviated costume, barelegged and bare-armed, with a cork helmet protecting her from the sun. The country was pretty wild—nothing but elephant grass, low trees and bushes, and all of them drenched in the early-morning dew. The native told us that the party was waiting about one hundred yards away.

After fifteen minutes of very tough going, almost chopping our way through the clammy foliage, I asked the native where Van and the boys were. "Sijui, bwana," he said, grinning. We both knew enough about the language to know that that was Ali's quaint way of telling us that he didn't know. I confronted Edwina with what must have been a slightly under-slung face.

"Don't look as though all hope has vanished," she told me. "I think we can land a taxi right up here at the corner."

An hour later, guided by some shots the boys had fired, we found the location. We were soaked from head to foot and Edwina's arms and legs were badly sunburned and scratched, but she was laughing.

When Van told us that he had shot a buffalo on the way out and when I realized that I had been unarmed it dawned on me that getting lost was a minor risk compared to the danger of encountering something like a large snake or a bull buffalo. There weren't even any large trees to climb.

While we shot the pictures of the falls, proper, everybody had to walk two miles twice a day over a native trail through the densest part of the jungle. We did this, Edwina included, every day for a week to get the best pictures of those beautiful cata-racts that have yet been made. Once an elephant dropped a tree across the path. It took a day to clear it away.

The rest of the journey—the long months among the pygmies at Arebi in the Congo, shooting rhinos near the White Nile, making an elephant sequence near Wando—unfolded like a Jules Verne pipe dream. Through the entire scene Edwina remained the same wide-eyed kid that sailed from New York that day on the Ile de France. She was betting against tremendous odds, she knew, but she had her money on the table. She was calling Fate. There was no need to worry, then; only sit back and wait for the show-down.

It's all over now. Edwina is back in her own country. The fever, the heat, the insects and the canned food are part of a dream from which she awoke a bit tired, perhaps, but no less charming. Whether the reward she played for is worth the risk she ran is another matter; perhaps the pot holds nothing but I.O.U's. The world will know more about that when "Trader Horn" is released.

Our own guess is that if there is any fight left in old Mme. Justice she will drop her scales for a moment and give this little gal a great big hand.

You have read the psycho-analysis of Joan Crawford in this issue. Her husband, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., will be the subject of James Oppenheim's penetrating psycho-analytic portrait next month.

Hollywood, Home of the Arts

Continued from page 53

of the first of the great Russians, and now Michel Fokine, perhaps the greatest of all the foreigners.

Great directors: Richard Boleslavsky, director of the original Russian Art Theater in New York, now with Pathé. He conceived and directed that marvelous dream ballet in "Paris Bound." Larry Ceballos, who has done the big show pieces for Warner Brothers. Frank Reicher, the great German actor and director. Reicher alternates between acting and directing.

The cream of the literary circle has been corralled by the west. Sidney Howard is with Pathé. He is the author of "The Silver Cord," "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "They Knew What They Wanted," which will be Vilma Banky's next picture under the title of "Sun-Kissed."

Salisbury Field is now a staff writer at Metro-Goldwyn. He is co-author of "Twin Beds," the creator of 'Child Harold' cartoons and is well known as a fiction writer. And Zelda Sears, noted authoress and playwright, is also under contract to Metro. Miss Sears has had stage experience so she can pinch-hit for one of the stars and play one of the characters which she creates if necessary.

Ernest Vajda, well-known Hungarian playwright, is with Paramount. George Abbott, Bartlett Cormack, and John V. A. Weaver are other literary Paramount contract holders.

Stephen Vincent Benet, Pulitzer prize winner and other literary awards, is in Hollywood writing dialogue for D. W. Griffith's forthcoming picture based on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Benet, as you probably know, is the author of the 100,000 word poem, "John Brown's Body."

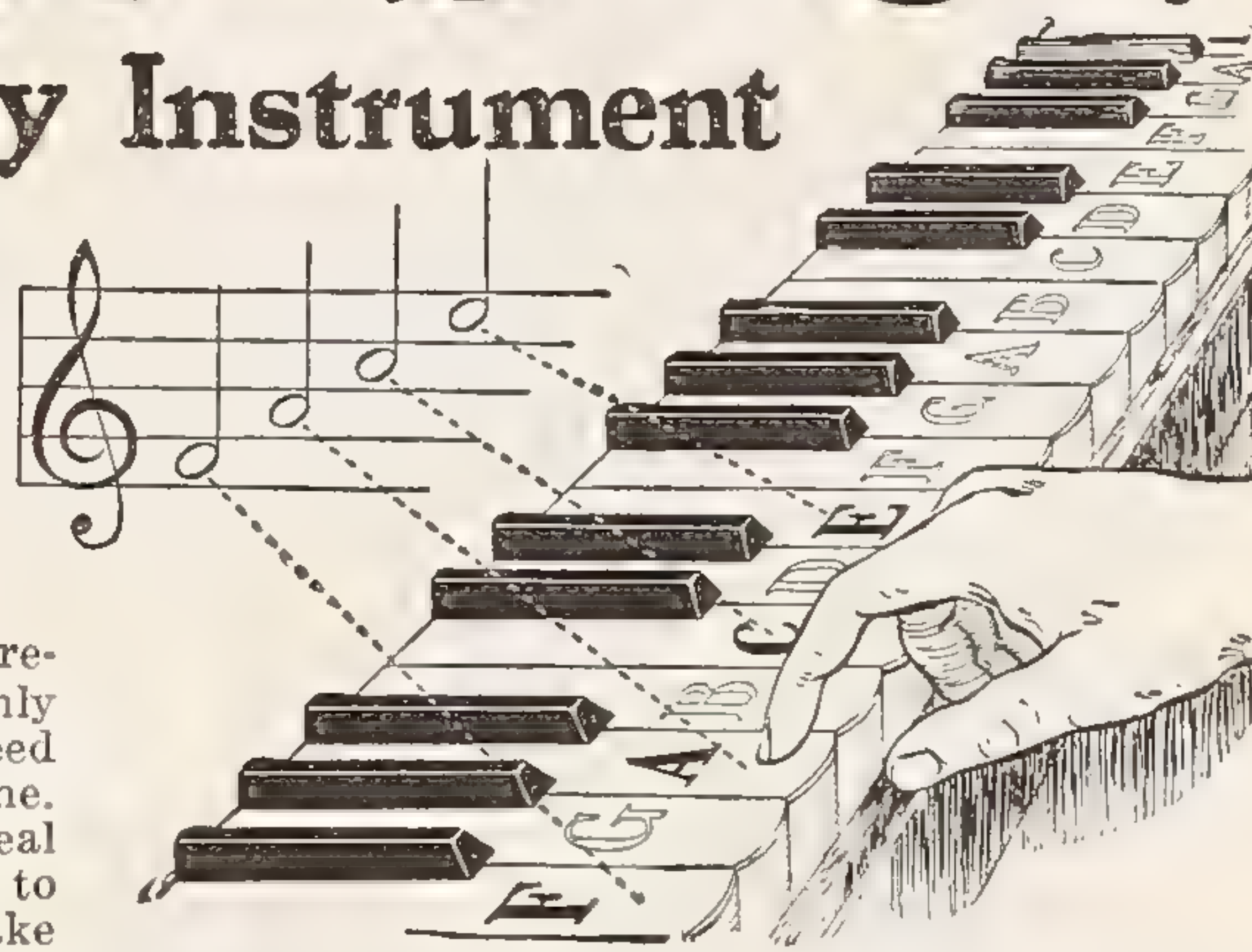
Clare Kummer is writing dialogue for Fox. Miss Kummer is a successful playwright and has also written a number of songs. Ben Ames Williams, famous writer of short stories, is also a Fox contract



Robert Armstrong and his wife, known to the stage as Jeanne Kent. Bob is the nephew of our cover artist, Rolf Armstrong.

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holder. Mr. Williams is writing an original screen story for Will Rogers. Among the other well-known writers who are sojourning in Hollywood are Gene Markey, Arthur Richman, Margaretta Tuttle, Rupert Hughes and Charles Kenyon.

Among the stage producers who have left Broadway for the great open spaces is George M. Cohan. Fling out the banners! Mr. Cohan has been invited by United Artists to write for and direct Al Jolson. Arthur Hammerstein has already started on his first talkie production. Even Flo Ziegfeld has joined Goldwyn as a producer and will make three Ziegfeld-Goldwyn productions, the first of which will be Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee." George Middleton, famous playwright, is now an associate producer at Fox Movietone City.

As for the composers and lyricists, they are Movieland's New Rich. So thick are they that it seems sometimes as if half the headlines in the papers now say: "Song Writer Sued for Breach of Promise" or "Song Writer Arrested for Speeding." If

there is any Tin Pan Alley left in New York the tin must be very poor and the pans small. Charles Wakefield Cadman, eminent composer, who has *At Dawning* and *From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water*, to his credit, is writing screen songs. The tuneful music of "Devil May Care" and "Rogue Song" are his contributions to the talkie art. Clifford Grey is theme songing it at Metro, too. Jerome Kern, Otto Harbach, Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein have been engaged by First National and Warner Brothers to write original operettas for the screen. They have signed five-year contracts.

Yes, even the great bandmasters have gone out Hollywood way—paging Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee and George Olsen!

Thus you see, dear fans, that your film favorites are not the only artists in Movieland. The whole world of Art has sent out its greatest exponents and if Southern California is not now the cultural center of the United States I should like to ask what place is!

And Now They Get in Your Hair

Continued from page 21

taken up with her own art, has little interest in the work behind the microphone. And, yet because of her silence, few people realize how much Greta does know about sound picture making. Her dramatic training in Sweden has stood her in good stead during the making of "Anna Christie" and from the excellence with which she has been able to project her voice it may be judged that the Swedish star knows more about sound picture making than her languid manner would lead one to suppose.

Marion Davies' energetic curiosity and love of life would not let her remain long in ignorance of what it's all about. She was among the first to probe the mysteries of sound. At her hospitable home she has had her private projection room wired for sound and often runs the projection machine herself. This requires a fairly detailed knowledge of the mechanics of the task.

Anita Page is also 'in the know' so far as sound and everything connected with it is concerned. Anita was sent to the University of Southern California to take courses in elocution and kindred subjects. From this it was a natural step for Anita to begin prowling about the studios on her off days picking up what knowledge she could about the apparatus that reproduced her voice in the theater. During the making of "The Broadway Melody," she and Bessie Love were constantly in the recording chamber and monitor room.

Just as an example, to clinch our point, I want to offer a few comments from Robert Montgomery.

Montgomery is the young star of "Possession" who had been a hit on Broadway for several years. Coming west under contract, he has made good in the movies. In his early twenties, Montgomery has a fresh and vivid outlook on the whole talkie panorama.

As this is written there is a slight production lull at the studios. Montgomery hasn't worked since the close of Norma Shearer's "Their Own Desires," about three weeks ago. But every day he has been at the studio. I have found him everywhere but in the window-washing department.

So I asked him what it was all about. "I'm not the only one," he said. "You'll find they're all doing it. Perhaps I'm a little conspicuous because I have been

driving rather heavy. But I'm new from the theater and I feel there is still a very great deal about the fundamental bases of this business that I've got to know before I can be sure enough of myself to be certain that I won't make any costly 'bobbles.'

"We actors are invading the sound departments, not because we distrust the technicians' explanations to us, but in order to translate these statements into our own language. Many of these sound men were trained far from the stage. They know their own stuff, wonderfully, but sometimes they have trouble passing it on to a poor dumb actor.

"So I've just messed around. I've been up in the monitor rooms by the hour. I have been allowed to twist those dials myself. I know by behind-the-scenes experience what it means to the recording men when an actor gets careless with his articulation. I have been in the recording room and have seen the strain sudden changes of loudness place upon the delicate photo-electric cell, or the needle of the disc-recording machines.

"I have been in the laboratories and I know how a recording can be affected by an improper printing for light values of the sound track from which the dialog is taken by the reproducing machines.

"It's all been very new, this intensive search for knowledge about phases of film production. I never studied so on the stage; and I understand this scurrying around is new stuff to the screen people. But, by golly, it's absolutely necessary. We're building a new technique, and the fellow that learns it first gets the gravy."

"The fellow that learns it first gets the gravy"—that then is the keynote of all this present breathless search for advanced talkie knowledge. The wise ones among the players know that the motion picture industry, in itself, is a very firmly established business. It could hardly be affected long by even such an industrial revolution as that brought about by the introduction of voice to the screen. In other words, it took this whole change 'in stride,' to use a race-course phrase. It didn't stop or falter, and its individual personal components have had to keep up to this tempo.

If they are not working, call them at the studio. They'll be there!

Color Makes the Form Go Round

Continued from page 25

have advanced as far in color photography as they moved in black and white in ten.

By expert use of color, Mrs. Kalmus points out, the producers are getting the effect of a third dimension on the screen. Sometimes by accident, now more often by design, you see a technicolor sequence that is truly stereoscopic. The figures stand out, round and real. The background falls away from the figures. A few more trials, a few more errors, and every technicolor scene will be like that.

It is a matter of shades and shadows, tricking your eye into an illusion of roundness and depth.

Edward Stevenson, in charge of costuming for First National, has gone far in painting curves on costumes to give depth.

"Fitting the form, now," he says, "is only half of the job. We are using color to create an illusion of the third dimension. And when we get that effect we are able to do anything we choose with figures. We can cut the curves and make a star slender or we can let them run wide and add fifty pounds."

No longer can a star wear outside the studio all the gowns she has used in a picture. Gowns now are made up with the same skill as faces and the beautiful lacy costumes in pastel shades that made Marilyn Miller stand out, a dainty, slender figure, in "Sally," would look something like a camouflaged battleship if worn at the Biltmore.

Colors in contrast, shading, strength here, weakness there, handled expertly by the artists and cameramen give the effect of actual perspective, and the figure that in black and white was flat against a background now stands out as if seen through a stereoscope.

Colleen Moore's slender figure needed roundness and more than a hint of voluptuousness for "Footlights and Fools," and technicolor, with painted costumes, gave it to her.

Shadows and highlights bring various effects. As dark make-up under a chin takes age from the throat and streaks on the cheeks add years—tricks that remodel the face—so does the designer lay colors on a gown or stockings or shoes to bring an appearance of curves or angles or thinness or weight.

Just any fabric won't do, in getting these effects. Several Eastern mills have prepared special dyes and textures—technicolor blue, technicolor lavender, etc., they call them—which perform under lights exactly the job that the designers wish. Some fabrics die under cross lights, some jump out at you with shades you never suspected they had in them.

The job of the color staffs, these days, is to harness these bucking colors and to use their eccentricities to the best advantage. When a color jumps back—that's the one to use on a background. A color that leaps forward—put that, of course, in front. And there you have perspective. It's not

quite as simple as all that, unfortunately, but that's the general idea.

In "No, No, Nanette," Bernice Claire needed to be made almost chubby, when she was the little Dutch dancing girl. Color added ten pounds and took two inches off her height.

White girls by the proper use of color were given Oriental face and figures in Richard Barthelmess' "Son of the Gods."

The costumer also must make his colors fit the moods of the story. In Paramount's "The Vagabond King," warm colors were used for situations of happiness and with tragedy came the menace of bright scarlet and deep black.

The art department must color its sets to fit into the mood of the scene. Rich blue and gold are used in "The Vagabond King" for suggestions of cold majesty, and somber grays and browns for the gallows and for the meaner sections of Paris.

The old ideas of make-up are thrown aside for technicolor. While it wouldn't do to go to a party, in many instances, in a gown made up for technicolor, your technicolor face probably would do rather well.

John Collins, make-up artist for Paramount, is one of the pioneers in color make-up. He has taught the actors to use mascara and grease paint sparingly, so that they look like human beings, rather than dolls.

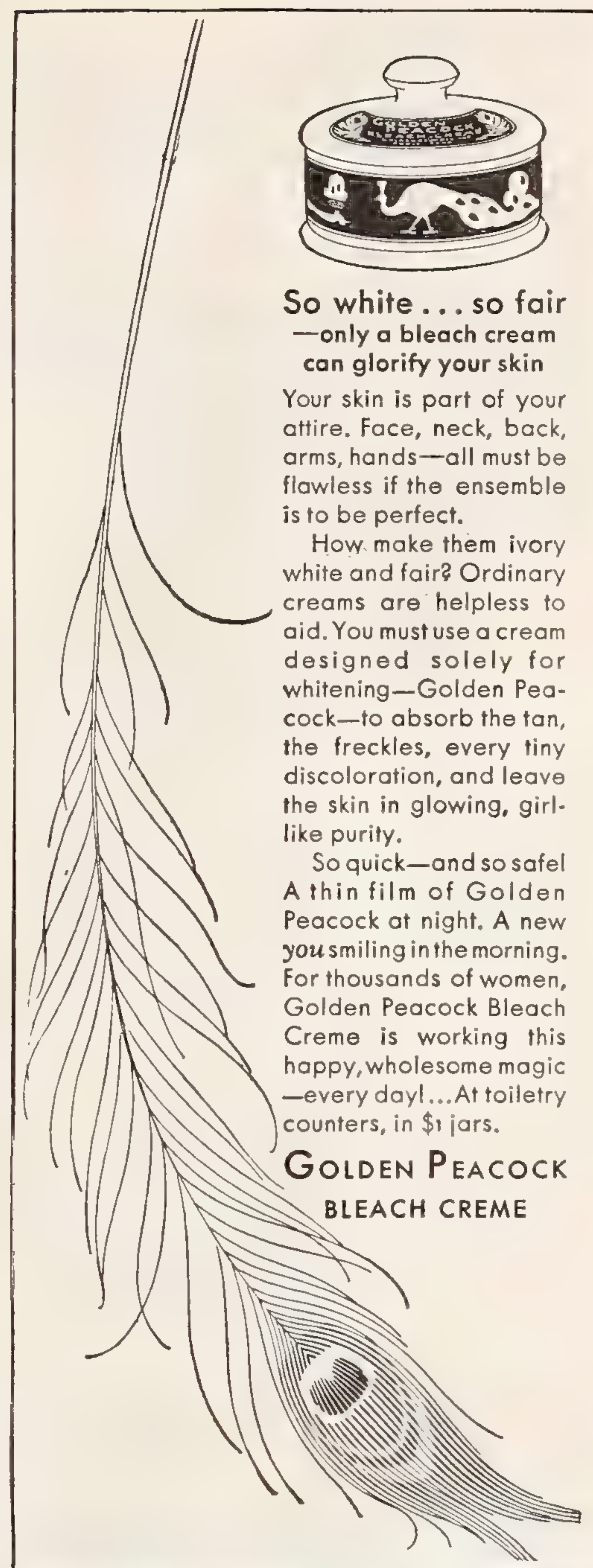
Some actors with ruddy or dark skins are able to work entirely without make-up. George Bancroft and Jack Oakie, for instance. Dennis King requires only a thin coating of light grease paint, and Jeanette MacDonald could go right from the studio stage to the theater and not touch a tint. Lillian Roth, as the vagabond maid in "The Vagabond King," needed dark hues, because of her characterization, as did Warner Oland, as the villain.

Lawrence Tibbett, in making "The Rogue Song" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, found, with Lionel Barrymore, the director, many opportunities to blend harmony with color. Spring songs are enhanced by spring colors. For dramatic songs, somber hues are used. Color puts the audience into the proper mood even before the first notes of the song are heard.

Every department in the studio is affected by color, just as it was by sound. Color is making new material available. For instance, Universal, in its Paul Whiteman picture, "The King of Jazz," is to stage George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, in blue. It's a job that would fall flat in black and white.

As the various departments in the studios learn the knack of color, new effects are certain to appear in every new technicolor picture.

Anything is possible in motion pictures. Perhaps someday a producer may need an elephant, when no elephant is available, and his clever color experts will take a camel and color him up until you can't tell him from Jumbo. Why not?



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Hollywood, I Love You — Continued from page 19

said. 'I know,' she said. 'That's what worries me.'

"Well, of course, I knew I was pretty good in New York but such a quick tribute certainly made me feel dandy. I would have told her so but she wasn't there. She

had just got a memorandum to try white, maybe it would photograph yellow."

"How did you like Hollywood, really?" I murmured.

"Well, last night I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed I was back there!"

On Location with "Sergeant Grischa"

Continued from page 59

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wrong. I had to have personal stationery printed for each one of the principals who play military rôles. That means getting the title of each one and their business translated correctly into Russian and German. This death sentence, the proclamation and other legal documents took weeks of research to get right. Even the Russians were not sure of the true text of these official papers. That's not surprising—how many of us know the text, letter perfect, of our Declaration of Independence? The proclamation had to be printed in three languages, French, English and Russian, on the same sheet of paper. After the translating had been managed, the printing had to be done in twenty-four hours. There's only one Russian printer in Los Angeles—and did I rush him! When he got through it had to be taken to the French and English printers—whew!"

I could see the sense of having the proclamation right because a close-up had to be taken of the text, but for the life of me I couldn't see why letter-heads mattered. It seemed to me that any old thing would do. But Brenon doesn't work that way.

"He steps into a picture just as he would step into another country. Everything has to be authentic. It helps put the players into the right frame of mind—adds to the spirit of make-believe; and then, too, in a close-up, a camera is apt to pick up the words if the letter is in the hands of the player or in an open file. Can you imagine the shock to an audience to think an actor is reading a supposedly Russian letter and see 'Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood, California' at the top?"

Then Bill began pulling out drawers, opening trunks and packing cases until my head whirled. There were, just to mention a few of the fifty thousand working props used in the picture, a Russian spoon with the faces of two ladies carved, one on either side, symbolizing the two women who influenced *Grischa's* life. There were Russian and German buttons, Russian coins, four of them gold pieces of different values up to ten dollars each. Icons, prayer cards, Russian playing cards worth \$100 a pack, German playing cards worth almost as much. A cross of St. George for valor and bravery, an imitation cross of the Blessed Sacrament, cigarette cases and Russian, German and Spanish cigarettes and cigars of all kinds, about fifty brands in all.

In the prop drawer for foreign smokes were also to be found chewing tobacco, German snuff; pipes, the oddest looking things, and some Italian cigars smoked by heavy wine drinkers. "One puff of that and a man not used to it would be under the table," Bill told me. The Polish pipes were interesting, all with wind tops on them to keep the breeze from blowing out the light or the snow from sifting in.

In the gun box were to be found a pair of barbed-wire entanglement pliers with insulated handles for cutting charged wire. I held a nail three inches long which Bill cut as easily as though it were made of butter. There were German rifles, carbines; a pistol holding twelve cartridges, very dangerous to use because of the kick; soldiers' drinking cups, bayonets, all of them real, all of them having been used in the war.

Chester had a bayonet duel and just to be on the safe side Bill produced two bullet proof vests for the combatants to wear.

This may give you a sight idea of the

duties of the property man. Almost all the prominent directors, that is to say, those assigned to the most responsible pictures, are very particular as to detail.

Mr. Brenon called lunch and invited me over to the little open space around a bench where it was being served. Betty arranged the quaint Russian costume she wore which she declared was 'awful.' "However, now that long skirts have come in I'm in style at least," she said. Betty loves long skirts for evening wear because they are so graceful. "I always did want to wear trains and now I can do it without breaking all the conventions. But for street wear, short skirts are the thing. I don't think women will ever go back to them for daytime use."

Betty thinks women look so much better with waist lines — she couldn't bear the straightdown-long-belted style and is glad to get a change from it.

"Has anyone any salt?" Mr. Brenon wanted to know. None of us had. "Mr. Lissner," he called. Ray Lissner has been his assistant for I don't know how many years. When Mr. Brenon has a complaint or a formal statement to make, his assistant is 'Mr. Lissner,' any other time it's 'Ray.' On this occasion Mr. Lissner was wanted. "Find out how many people haven't salt and find out why they haven't. Salt and pepper should be served in every box. The studio is paying for the service and it should be given." Later he saw Betty eating some apple pie. He had none. "Have you some pie, Helen?" he asked me. I had, so had Chester and Herb Moulton, my escort from the publicity department. "Mr. Lissner, why haven't I some pie? Find out how many people haven't pie and have Bill Billings see to it tomorrow that every box is the same." The two boys offered him their pie. "I don't want it," he said laughing, "but there is nothing that will spoil the morale of a troupe like poor or insufficient food. Probably half of those workmen and soldiers are pieless and if one has it all should have it."

That's just one of the reasons why Her-



Thelma Todd teaching her dog new tricks. He might make a comedian some day, who knows?

Bert Brenon is so popular with his staff. The studio declares him to be a very demanding person but he gets results and he sees to it that his staff and all of his players are well paid and well treated.

Betty didn't have to work in the afternoon so she hailed what she calls her location car, a Lincoln, and we walked over to it with her. It looked pretty swanky, I thought, to be delegated to the location class which means hard usage.

Watching her climb into her town car I thought the Russian costume looked so incongruous that I asked the 'still' man to shoot Betty, just for your benefit!

While the next scene was being set I was conducted over the 'forest' through which Chester Morris escapes from the prison. The trees, sixteen hundred of which were to be dead, had been supplied by Joe Evergreen, a Japanese whose real name is Juro Hirai. It was too much for the American tongue so, for the seventeen years he has been in business he has been known as Joe Evergreen. He is asked to supply everything from a pansy to a pine tree for pictures. He provided New England shrubbery for one, Fiji Island jungle stuff for another; the Spanish garden for "Rio Rita"; the oasis for "Beau Geste"; the apple orchard for "General Crack," and others.

The 'forest' was covered with 'snow' which is made of gypsum and unbaked cornflakes; gypsum on the ground and cornflakes for the falling snow, tons of it. There was an enormous arc light used in the war on the Austrian front. It could be adjusted about twenty-five feet in height. Besides flooding the battlefield with light it provided a guide for airplane landing. The inscription read 'C. D. Magirus, Aktien Gesellschaft, Ulm am Donau,' which means Ulm on the Danube. It was brought over here by RKO at a cost of eight hundred dollars, not especially for this picture, but *Grischa* is the first film for which it has been used.

A huge silver balloon floated above the location to warn airplanes that a sound picture was being taken and to keep off the territory. It was hard to keep people on the ground quiet, though. There were dozens of automobiles and seven touring busses which transported the soldiers. Workmen were finishing the cathedral and a gasoline air compressing engine was being used to spray paint on the pillars. There were portable emergency generators and a lot of other gadgets scattered about. A huge police alarm was used to warn all

hammering to cease and for everyone to hold everything. But out in the open it sounded like a tea bell, Mr. Brenon declared, and after two takes had been ruined he was frantic.

"We'll have to wait till the trains go by," came from the sound department. A whistle about three miles away had blown during the last take, but Mr. Brenon didn't mind that. "It's just loud enough for people to know what it is and it lends atmosphere to the scene—they have trains in Russia!" This particular scene where Chester is arrested was supposed to have been at a Russian peasant's cottage. "But something will have to be arranged to insure quiet," he raged. "Get a siren—get anything that will let everyone on the ranch know we have started the scene."

"That's going to please Eddie Horton," laughed Chester. It seems that Edward Everett Horton bought some land on Ventura Boulevard to get away from Hollywood and pictures. He built a beautiful home and had the grounds landscaped to his utter satisfaction and then, with the whole of San Fernando Valley to choose from, RKO buys fifty acres of land directly adjoining the Horton estate!

I asked Major Hans Joby of the 1st Bavarian Infantry, 3rd battalion, and now technical man for all German atmosphere whether the soldier extras ever did anything else in pictures and why they had chosen pictures after they left the war.

"After four years in the trenches it was pretty hard for some of the boys to snap into business and office work," the Major said. "Pictures were more like what they had become accustomed to. All these men have seen service; all are from different nationalities. They have become known as soldiers and so they are types and are rarely called upon to do anything else. They always work when I have a war picture; I can depend upon them absolutely."

Major Joby saw service on five fronts during thirty-six months of the war so he should know his military maneuvers.

Jean Hersholt, Paul McAllister, Alec B. Francis and Gustav von Seyfertitz are other important players in the cast of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." The picture has all the ear marks of being swell entertainment, so you'd better not miss it. And although it is a war picture, it is unusual in that there isn't a battle scene, and not a shot is fired. It all has to do with the dramatic moments in the life of *Sergeant Grischa* and the girl he loved.

Joan Crawford Psycho-analyzed

Continued from page 29

feet solidly on the earth.

What do you make of it? Don't you think Miss Crawford is running herself down a bit, due, possibly, to one of her moods?

The way I see the picture is this: Joan Crawford belongs to the extraverted feeling type of woman, that is, the type which is sociable, adaptable, with charm, grace and vivacity, and while feeling is queen in her, this queen is about equally served by the two hand-maidens, *sensation* and *intuition*.

The feeling of inferiority is probably strong, a hang-over from her early days. But it must have been this feeling in her poor childhood and youth which awoke a burning ambition to rise to the top. Most of those who have succeeded con-

spicuously, started life with a handicap of inferiority. The uncouth rail-splitter doggedly sets himself to learn to read and write, to become a good mixer, to become a lawyer, to become a politician, and finally, to become President. The feeling of inferiority in a person of possibilities is almost unbearable; it is a gadfly stinging the sufferer into overcoming it.

But this feeling makes for introspection, moodiness and introversion. So I should say that Joan Crawford is an extravert, with a generous slice of the introvert mixed in. And, of course, the hard fight she has put up has strengthened the extravert. On the other hand, the introverted side means depth, and that is why she has gradually deepened and become an unusual artist. One feels that there is more to

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Joan Crawford than she has yet brought into daylight; she has not reached the zenith of her possibilities.

As to the above-mentioned hand-maidens, she has a markedly sensational side, something wild and of the dance, something that craves excitement and also produces it. Intuition, also marked in her, is another reason for her success, and has acted as a balance wheel to the sensational side. Women who are mainly sensational usually grow more and more reckless and extravagant in the search for excitement, pleasure, and all the things of the flesh. Often they dash themselves to pieces, as did the beautiful Barbara LaMarr.

But intuition, which is a noble thing, the gift of artists, inventors and those who see into the troubles of others, may also be a hard thing. If one is ambitious, it helps you up. Your intuition sees possibilities. "That man can help me." "Now is the time to strike." "I must change my conduct to get by with these people." Hunches. This leads to the development of a hard practicality, and this practicality simply won't allow the sensational side to run too much amuck. In fact, the sensational side may even be used as part of the play, to attract attention, to be the life of the party, to

entertain others, to make oneself liked and sought after.

That explains, I believe, the contradiction in the two answers: "I am very idealistic" and "I am very practical." Barbara LaMarr was far too unconcerned about her own interests. She gave joy, kindness, help, pouring out all she had in reckless love and delight. Joan Crawford has had her hand on the steering wheel, she has seen what she wanted and the way to go, and her career has strengthened and deepened her both as a woman and an artist.

My own bet is that Joan Crawford has too much of the real stuff in her to get side-tracked for long in the realm of sweetness and light. Sweetness she has, but it is only one of her traits among many. There's a bit of devil in her, a bit of the barbaric and wild; good stuff that makes for power. As the psychologist, Jung, puts it, anything too pure or refined is too "thin," too one-sided; and therefore lacks greatness. I take it that the energy, the devilishness, the I-don't-give-a-hangishness, which, combined with practicality, brought Joan Crawford to stardom and success, will go on putting in their good work; however much her new life modifies her nature, and bring out possibilities that will make her a lasting power on the screen.

"My Buddy"—Continued from page 27

sorts of dangerous stunts in the air, and there is a lot of shooting and bombing going on all the time. That is why they got so exclusive.

I parked my car out of range of the cameras (I could see them over by one of the big hangars) and walked over to where Director William Wellman and his technical crew were at work.

Buddy and three other fliers were in the air, having a terrifically exciting fight, and a fast camera plane was scouting around them in a circle, photographing the action as they went through it.

One ship, with a big star and circle painted on the lower part of the wings, was out-flying, out-racing, out-thrilling all other ships in the flight. It fascinated me to watch it.

"In that ship," I thought to myself, "is some foolhardy stunt flyer who doesn't care for his life."

Of course it was Buddy Rogers. I know that you're 'way ahead of me.

When he finally dropped to the ground, making a perfectly grand landing, he jumped from the cockpit with that gorgeous smile of his turned on full blast.

"Was that O.K.?" he called, as he ran up to Director Wellman. "It side-slipped a lot on that last Immelman turn and I'm afraid I got out of range of the camera plane, but the rest of it seemed to be all right to me."

"It was fair," Wellman replied. "But we'll do it over again."

"Right!" said Buddy. "Call me when you're ready."

He went over to the prop truck to get a drink of water. I followed him.

"Hello, Nancy," he called, as he caught sight of me. "Want a thrill? I'll take you up for a ride if you'll go. Gee! It's the first time since 'Wings' that I've had a chance at a ship and it's great."

He was so excited that his face was fairly beaming. He spilled water all over his chin in his haste to drink it quickly. He wiped it on his sleeve.

"I've come out to interview you for 'SCREENLAND,'" I told him. "I didn't

come out to lose my life. As a matter of truth, I didn't really come out to interview you. I just happened to be driving by, stopped out of curiosity, and here you are. You seem to be pretty much up in the air. Come on back to the studio lunch room, where I can be sure you'll calm down and stay on the ground. You've got to do an interior scene anyhow—and I've got to work in 'Honey.'"

Back in the studio lunch room, with both of us made up to appear in our parts, he looked as if he'd stay put on his seat for a few minutes, especially with a healthy meal to weight him down. Feeling he was practically at my mercy, I began.

"As an interviewer I ask you: to what do you attribute your great success?"

"Aw, don't razz me, Nancy," he protested. "Do you sure enough have to write an interview? Well, tell 'em that my ideal girl is one who can roll brown paper cigarettes with one hand, that my favorite author is Ring Lardner, that I think talking pictures are just in their infancy, and that I'm kind to my mother. Also tell 'em that my favorite actresses are Mary Pickford and Nancy Carroll, that my favorite director is Bill Wellman, and that Tom Heflin is my favorite senator. After that put down what you want."

I tried to make him be serious.

"Please don't make fun of me," I pleaded. "I really do have to write a story about you. And I'm just a girl trying to get along, and the rent's due and I haven't had anything to eat for three days. No cake, anyhow."

"We're just in time," Buddy assured me, and he reached over to the next table and took a piece of cake belonging to his director.

"Here, take this," said Buddy, grandly. "Wellman doesn't mind. I ate mine. But I'll share your cake with you."

And so, sitting there talking, we ate it together.

"But, seriously," said Buddy, munching his cake, "I never had a better time in my life than making pictures. You can point out that in your interview if you want to."

"I thought that I was having all the fun that anyone possibly could have when I was in school at Kansas U, playing in the dance orchestra, going to classes, getting the work out of the way. And later, when I went back to work for Dad on the paper in Olathe, I thought that it was great. But since I've been in pictures in Hollywood I know that I will never enjoy anything more."

"In the first place every new picture is an adventure; a lot of real excitement. Why, in the last one, 'Half Way To Heaven,' we had days and days of thrills on the flying trapeze. And now, in 'Young Eagles,' why—it's just like being back on 'Wings' again."

It was during the making of "Wings" that big picture of aerial warfare, that Buddy Rogers learned to handle a plane. He does it like a real veteran. I could see that as I watched him when I first

glimpsed his ship in the air.

That is typical of Buddy. Anything he does he does well. He has the physical and the mental equipment to accomplish this.

I don't believe that the general public realizes Buddy Rogers is a shade more than six feet tall, and that he weighs one hundred and seventy five pounds. He would be a likely candidate for any football squad, and I daresay he'd make considerable of a name for himself in that sport.

Around the studio where he and I work few people have more friends than he. You hear him called 'Buddy' by everybody. And they are sincere when they tell him that 'I'm glad to see you,' and they know he is sincere when he says the same thing to them.

I like Buddy a lot. But, as I warned you before, perhaps that is just because I like boys, particularly my brother Tommy.

In New York — Continued from page 91

She was a frank, brilliant girl, with long, straight, wild hair and a tomboy manner. "There are three things I want in life," she told me then. "To be married, to have a baby, and to go to Europe."

Since that time she has received all three wishes. And happiness agrees with her. She is much prettier now. She has lost that gauche quality she had. Her face is softer, her hair is short and cleverly waved. Where she used to be merely good to look at, there is a startling, emotional quality about her now. You feel here is a woman who is always on the brink of exciting events. They may be wonderful. They may be tragic. But they will always be happenings which will stir up the depths.

"I don't know what picture I'll make next," Miss Boardman went on. "The film I enjoyed making most of all was 'The Crowd.' King directed me and I think it was the best work I've done. Of course, the rôle I would like above everything would be to play Catherine in Ernest Hemingway's 'Farewell to Arms.' There's a real woman for you!"

"There hasn't been the slightest suggestion of my doing it, but I'm going to keep on hoping, for"—she laughed in that deep husky voice of hers which belies her almost fragile figure—"my wishes have a way of coming true."

A little gem from the light operas—that's Marie Saxon, the slim, blonde, song-and-dance girl who has made her talkie debut in "The Broadway Hooper."

Marie is what I would call the bright musical comedy light in a city full of bright musical comedy lights. She has made hit after hit in the Broadway successes of "Battling Butler," "Merry Merry," "The Ramblers," "My Girl," and "Up's a Daisy." Harry Cohn, one of the big bosses at Columbia Pictures was a friend of Marie's husband. He met the wife, and signed her up—with a big contract and a salary to match.

Miss Saxon is a darling. A remarkably sincere and well poised hostess, possessing seemingly an imperishable spirit of gaiety. Last week she gave a party at her husband's apartment. He, by the way, is Sid Silverman, son of Sime Silverman, owner and editor of the famous theatrical paper, *Variety*. Both father and son swing a pithy pen. They can say more—and funnier—in less space than almost any scribe on Broadway.

Sid's apartment, I vow, is only a tiny bit smaller than the ex-Kaiser's palace at Potsdam. Enormous rooms and tons of

them. All furnished so livably. Marie's boudoir quite won my heart. Panelled in rose petal satin, with a big white bear skin on the floor, it is a lovely setting for her beauty.

I think Miss Saxon is to be envied. In addition to her talkie success, she seems surrounded with love, warmth, color—a real home and real folks. And to a trouper, familiar with one night stands, and hot dog lunches—that must be Seventh Heaven!

* * *

They are certainly saying it with parties these days in New York. It's been almost two weeks since I've had to buy my own afternoon tea. This time it's Joan Bennett who's passing out the buns.

Joan, just to keep you straight, is the youngest, tiniest and sweetest Bennett girl. Constance is the *grande dame* of the family. She lived in Paris a long while and is a distinguished personage. Barbara, the second sister, is married to Morton Downey, the honey-voiced tenor. And Joan—well, Joan married at seventeen, was a mother at eighteen, and now, at nineteen, is a free lance, matrimonially speaking. That is, she is free to look forward to a Happy Prince.

There is something terribly wistful about Joan Bennett. She is reserved and modest. The other afternoon she was dressed in black velvet trimmed with ermine, and a tight little raven hat which rested gently on her golden hair. She sat huddled in a big chair with not much to say. But like a child in a strange world, her eyes roamed the room as much as to ask: "All you grown-ups here, are you my friends—or aren't you?"

Joan, because of her splendid work in "Three Live Ghosts" and "Bulldog Drummond," is about to be starred in "Smilin' Through," Norma Talmadge's silent success of several years ago. An unusual honor for one so young whose career has been so brief.

With Miss Bennett were the three musketeers from the United Artists lot. John W. Considine, the big executive, with his pink cheeks and prematurely gray hair; William Cameron Menzies, the artist, who has created many of Douglas Fairbanks' finer sets; and Thornton Freeland, the brilliant director of "Three Live Ghosts" and other films.

Considine is thirty-two; Menzies, thirty-three; and Freeland, thirty-one. There is a marvelous spirit of camaraderie between the trio of them. And they treated Joan much like three large and worldly brothers would treat their little sister.

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Arthur Lake is—can you believe it?—really as boyish and buoyant as he seems on the screen. He is still unspoiled, and when he and his sister Florence came to Manhattan they saw all the sights. "Even went down to Wall Street and looked it over," said Arthur with a grin. "Naive,

aren't we?" But I like him that way. He's a really nice boy. And he has a disarming modesty for so fresh and frolicsome a young man. Radio Pictures had just signed him to a long-term contract and his trip to New York was in the nature of a celebration. The best of luck, Arthur!

Getting Into Character—Continued from page 31

Even when they begin to see things they sit fascinated, hypnotized apparently, their eyes getting larger and larger with terror like a bird that is being lured by a snake. I went about searching for drunkards so that I might watch what they did. That isn't as hard as you might think in this land of sobriety," she smiled. "Of course, as I had a scene to play I couldn't do just what the absinthe addicts did but I tried to give the impression that I was inert and staring even when my body had to move across the room. It took some practice but most of all I tried to get into the mental state of a person steeped in liquor.

"Just now our house has gone Austrian. I'm playing a Viennese girl in 'Sarah and Son' and Ralph (Ralph Forbes) is playing a German boy. We often have to eat our dinner in costume when there are night scenes to take and we chatter in German to brush up our dialogue. I never could speak German so I have had to study hard for this picture."

Corinne Griffith went to Europe before she did "Prisoners," partly for a vacation, but she traveled all through Hungary studying the manners and customs of the people, taking photographs of houses and inns and farms she thought would be of value to the technical department. She talked with the women and sat in several cheap restaurants to watch the waitresses, because that is what she had to play in "Prisoners."

George O'Brien never had to train specially for any part he ever played. He had to brush up on some of them, but as a boy and the son of San Francisco's Chief of Police he had opportunities to learn snatches of everything he has since been called upon to play on the screen. For instance, he spent several weeks at the Eureka logging mills, and that experience will come in handy in his next picture, as yet un-named. Years ago the *San Francisco Examiner* sent several boys out to see how riveting was done. George was one of them. He played football in college, and learned about ships from the Navy during the war. He was taught boxing by some of the crack boxers who visited San Francisco; and when he did "Is Zat So" it was merely a matter of brushing up. This was just after he played "Sunrise," a mystic, strange, atmospheric sort of part. George declared all he had to learn how to do there was to murder, and he drew the line at practicing up on that accomplishment! Art is art and all that, but an actor has to draw the line somewhere. Right after that, before he had shaken the mystic quality of "Sunrise" from his mind, George was scheduled to do "Is Zat So." "I went out on the road with Leo Houch for ten days," George told me, "and lived, ate and slept tight during the whole time. I worked myself right into the atmosphere of it and then came back to the studio."

George told me that when Richard Dix played the carpenter in "The Ten Commandments," Cecil De Mille advised him to hang around the shop for a few days to get a line on the professional way to handle tools. So Richard got himself hired as a laborer. Twice he was balled out by

the boss—once for neglecting to punch the time clock and once when he stooped over too far and the nails fell out of his overalls. A good carpenter never lets the nails fall out of his pockets, it seems.

I heard that in one picture in which he was required to play a riveter Richard actually spent a day or two on the job so as to get the hang of it. And Gloria Swanson spent three or four days behind the ribbon counter at Gimbel's in New York, riding to and from the store on the subway which she had never seen before, just to find out what it was like to buck the crowd after a long day on one's feet in a department store.

But the palm goes to Bebe Daniels for being the best little research worker that I have talked to in Hollywood. Bebe's picture career is long and her parts many, as you all know. She has always had a passion for doing things right, "or as right as possible," she told me the day I visited her in her beach house. "Even when I was in comedies I studied up on everything, costumes and all. My grandfather left us a wonderful library—some twenty or thirty thousand books; it was supposed to be the most complete private collection in California until the Huntington library topped it. But we move about so much and none of our houses are large enough to accommodate grandfather's books, so they are all in storage. But I go to the public library here and if I can buy a book that will help me I do so, and gradually I have collected a motley assortment myself. Then if I need instruction on any particular thing I go to an authority and take instruction like any school-girl."

Even when Bebe did comedies she was careful to be accurate. In "She's a Sheik" she had to use a scimitar and took lessons on the way to handle it. In "Senorita" she had to fence; in "The Campus Flirt" she had to sprint, and trained with Charlie Paddock. After two and a half month's training she was able to make the tape in thirteen and a quarter seconds. In "Take Me Home" she had to juggle, and that was the most amusing of all the things she had to learn. Bebe is a fine swimmer but for "Swim, Girl, Swim" she practiced the Australian crawl with Gertrude Ederle who also appeared in the picture. Gertrude was Bebe's house guest for several weeks and the two girls swam every day in the front yard, which is the ocean. She learned to drive a speed boat for "The Palm Beach Girl" and went to the Bowery in New York on amateur night to get atmosphere for another picture. She learned the professional way to manicure nails for another, in which she played a manicure girl. When she did "Sick-A-Bed" with the late Wally Reid she had a nurse teach her how to take a pulse which is seldom done correctly by a non-professional; how to take blood pressure, use a stethoscope and take a temperature.

For "Sinners in Heaven" with Richard Dix she had to play a native girl who knew nothing of civilization. Bebe was in New York at that time and went to the Metropolitan Museum to get the right dope

on costumes. She told the costume department what she wanted but evidently did not make herself clear for when the costume followed her to Florida where the picture was made it was a fairly presentable batik gown. Bebe didn't like it and didn't want to wear it. One day she was stretched out on the beach staring idly at the palm trees. The shreds hanging from them gave her an idea. She made herself a palm leaf gown, sewing it together with its own shreds. That seemed to be more like the clothes described in the books she read. There is a bark in the South Seas that if pounded hard for an hour or more will flatten out into yards of material. Both men and women use it for clothing. The process has since been described in Robert Flaherty's "Moana of the South Seas."

Bebe was supposed to be a telephone operator in "The Crowded Hour" and she was just a little bit upset by what she had to do to get atmosphere for this picture. And then, after all, the sequence was cut out. She went to the Biltmore Hotel where she had formerly stopped and told the manager what she wanted to do. He arranged for her to be taken on as an operator and the next morning Bebe reported for work in a little dark blue serge dress. She was put in the gallery at first but couldn't get enough contact with the crowd, so was transferred to the booths on the main floor.

Only the expert operators were sent down from there so the girl on duty thought Bebe must be good. "Take the board while I add up these figures, will you?" she asked. "Sure," said Bebe, praying no calls would come in. But they did, and how! Bebe was soon all mixed up and had a shock or two when transferring lines. The girl looked at her a few times when things were obviously going hay-wire and decided that the new girl might be good but she was sure out of practice. "Here, you add up this column, and I'll take the board," she offered, and Bebe abdicated with a sigh of relief.

The second day two of her friends recognized her and spoke, but she pretended not to know them. They knew she was masquerading for some reason but she let them think it was just a coincidence that she looked like Bebe Daniels. One of them marched over to the flower shop,

ordered a dozen orchids and presented them to her. Then he tried to date her up. "We are not allowed to mix socially with the guests," Bebe said primly. "Go on," her side partner nudged her as the gentleman walked away. "What's the idea of turning down a millionaire—don't you know who that is?" "Yes," said Bebe. "But I didn't want to go out with him."

The third and last day she brought her co-operator a big box of candy. "I couldn't buy her anything swanky," explained Bebe, "because I didn't dare let her suspect who I was or the experience would have had no value. It was necessary for me to get the back-stage chatter, so to speak. But I did want to give her something for her kindness to a girl whom she thought was green and needed some help, and I'll never forget the reproach in her eyes as she thanked me. 'You shouldn't spend your good money on me, kid,' she said. 'It's awfully sweet of you but you ought not to do it.' Just before it was time to go home she asked me whether I lived up town on the east side. I said I did. 'That's nice,' she replied, 'Because we can ride together on the way home.'

"Well, I was floored! I thought I'd never get out of that because my car always waited for me and I could see what that would look like. Sure enough, there it was, and when my chauffeur saw me he sprang to open the door. Under my breath I said, 'the front seat. The front seat!' Then I told my girl friend that the young man always met me. She took that to mean that he was my sweetheart and when I told her that the front seat was wide enough for three and invited her to ride home with us she laughed and refused. 'I don't want to butt in—I know how it is,' she said. So I clambered up on the front seat with my cheeks burning and my heart heavy because I had to deceive a straight-shooting, fine girl. How she and the bell hop who thought I was a nice kid and wanted to date me up must have hated me when they found out who I was! That was the only time I ever felt uncomfortable while gathering atmosphere."

In her latest picture Bebe has to play a guitar so she promptly started to take lessons from the best professional she could find.

Ask Me—Continued from page 106

Studios, Burbank, Cal. Clara Bow is 23 years old. Her hair is red and her eyes are brown and her smile is worth a pretty penny to the exhibitors.

Marie from San Jose, Cal. After reading my department for two years you have finally found yourself! All members of lost and found columns please make a note of this. Glenn Tryon was born in Julietta, Idaho, but he doesn't say when. He has black hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He has appeared on the stage in over 200 plays and has been in pictures for 5 years. He is in "Broadway" with Evelyn Brent and Myrna Kennedy. You can reach Glenn at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Jason Robards was born in Hillsdale, Mich. He has played in "Irish Hearts," "Tracked by the Police," "The Heart of Maryland," "Some Mother's Boy," and "On Trial" with Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson and little Vondell Darr. Einar Hanson died June 3, 1927.

Another Dione from Phoenix, Arizona.

Drop in some time and we'll exchange sympathy and what-not over our names—but I'm crazy about mine and I'm going to stick to it. Diane Ellis is the player you refer to with George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe in "Is Zat So?" She was born Dec. 20, 1909, in Los Angeles, Cal. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 106 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. You can write her at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Alice Day can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mrs. T. A. B. of Minneapolis, Minn. Could I refuse you a slice of information when you are such a close follower of SCREENLAND? Oh, la-la and the grand things you say about us! Jean Darling is the leading lady with "Our Gang." She was born Aug. 23, 1922, in Santa Monica, Cal. She is 47 inches tall, weighs 46 pounds and has pale yellow hair and deep blue eyes. She has appeared in 25 or more comedies with "Our Gang." You can reach her at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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